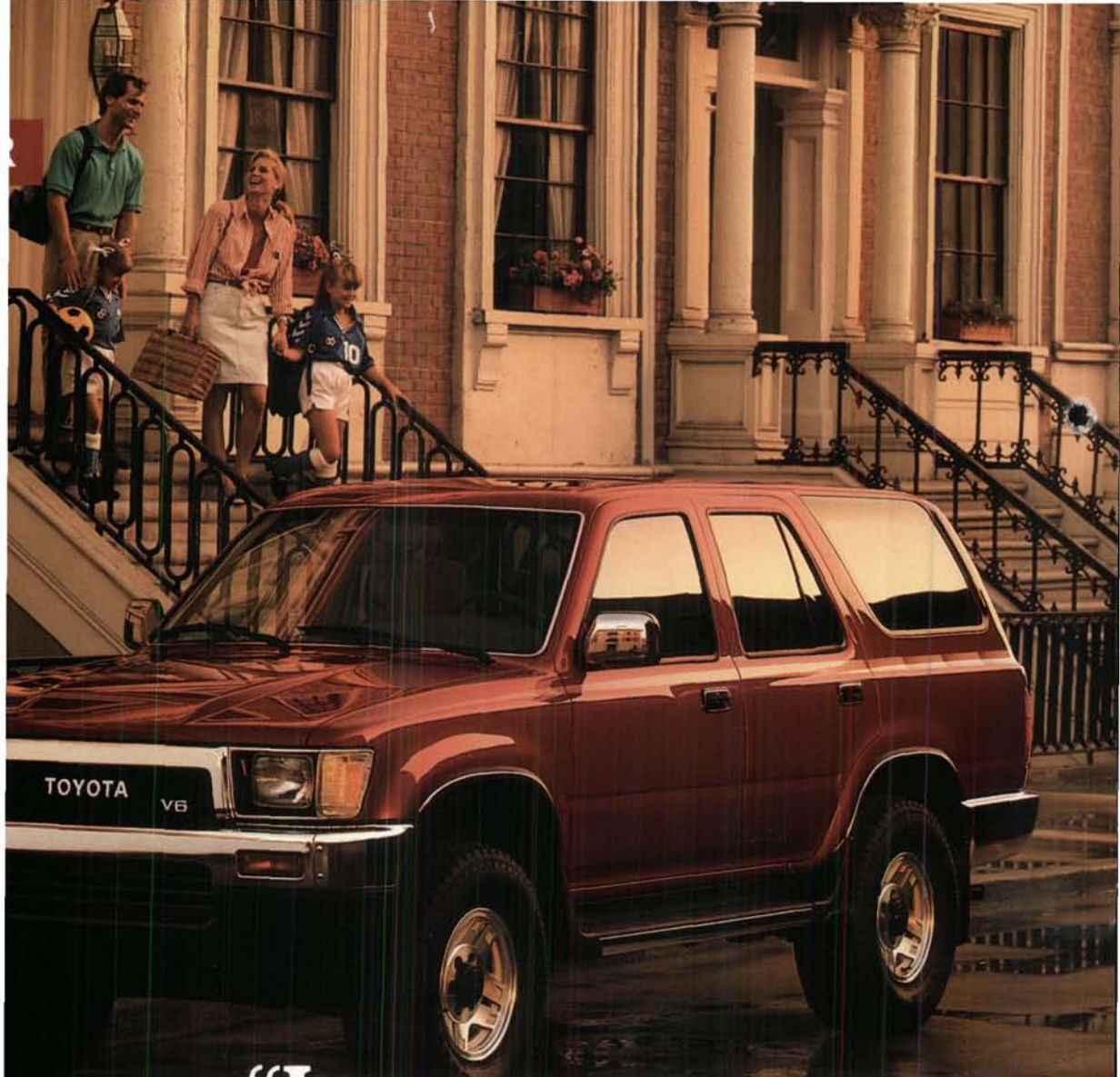
June 24, 1991

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"IT'S THE ONLY 4-WHEEL DRIVE TO HAVE IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS."

Families that purchase the Toyota 4Runner 4WD 4-Door SR5 V6 to explore wilder terrain quickly discover it's the ideal way to make tracks in the urban jungle too. With 4Runner's luxury interior and optional CD player, plus advanced 3.0-liter 150-hp engine, shift-on-the-move 4-wheel drive and rear coil-spring suspension, it is equally at home in the country or the city. But that's just the point. Where you go is your concern. Getting you back is ours. Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA if you'd like a 4Runner brochure or the location of your nearest dealer.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA

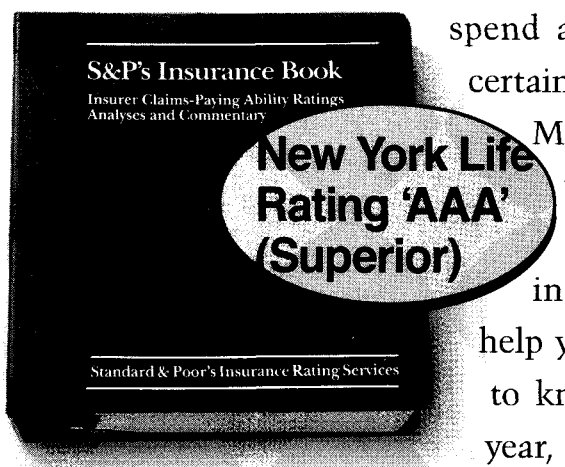
OU TO
GHTLY!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

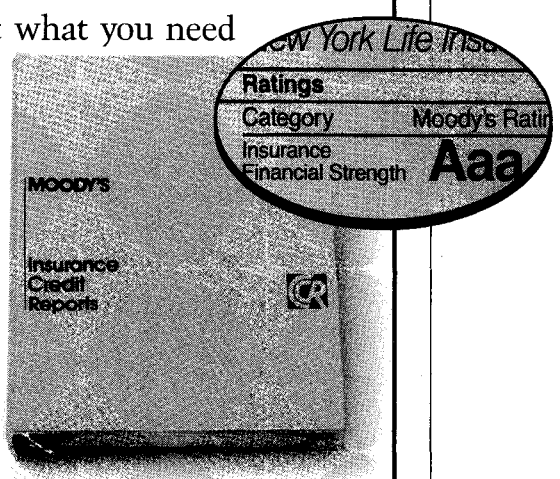
©1990 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

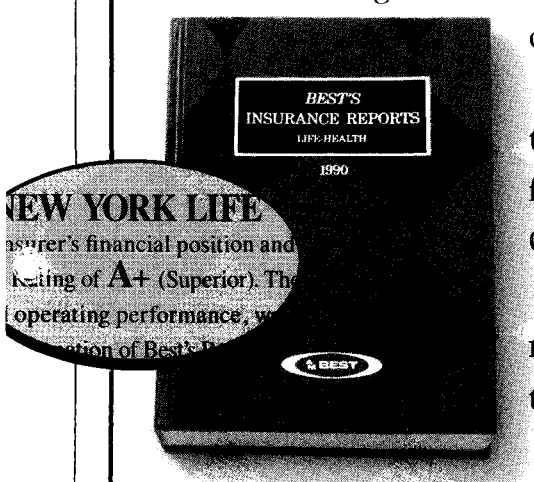
Financial institutions judge you by your credit rating. Shouldn't you do the same to us?

It only makes sense for you to be as careful with your money as we are with ours. That's why we encourage you to check up on us before you ever spend a cent with us on insurance. Be certain we'll be able to pay any claims. Make sure that we'll be here when you need us.



Fortunately, there are three independent organizations that can help you find out what you need to know. Each year, *Standard & Poor's* rates insurance companies on their claims-paying ability. *A.M. Best* focuses on financial strength. And *Moody's* looks at the degree of credit risk.





You'll be interested to note that all three firms have awarded New York Life Insurance Company the highest ratings possible.

Proof positive that a cautious approach to money pays off in the long run.

For information on any of our products and services, call your local New York Life agent or 1-800-695-4331.

NEW YORK LIFE

The Company You Keep.®

© 1991 New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. All rights reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Absolute efficiency.

Pure luxury.

At Le Meridien doing business is made easy by our enviably central locations and consummately professional staff. Forgetting business is similarly effortless thanks to amenities like relaxing health facilities and award-winning cuisine. Who says doing business can't be a pleasure? For reservations, call **(800) 543-4300** or your travel planner. And don't forget to ask about L'Invitation, our frequent-guest program.

Le MERIDIEN

The service you expect.

BOSTON
CHICAGO
MONTREAL
NEW YORK

Travel Companion of Air France
Over 50 Hotels and Resorts Worldwide

In North America: Boston · Chicago · Montreal · Nassau, Bahamas · New Orleans · New York · Newport Beach San Diego · San Francisco · Vancouver

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

RECEIVED
JUN 21 1991

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JUNE 24, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN		3
THE TALK OF THE TOWN		21
"BOB DYLAN IMITATORS' CONTEST"	*John S.P. Walker*	26
"FORAIN"	*Mavis Gallant*	27
"I ANSWER YOUR QUESTION WITH A QUESTION" (POEM)	*Deborah Gottlieb Garrison*	30
A REPORTER AT LARGE (GOLDEN MONKEYS)	*Diane Ackerman*	36
"THE END OF THE OPERA" (POEM)	*Howard Nemerov*	38
REPORT FROM BAGHDAD	*Milton Viorst*	55
THE THEATRE	*Mimi Kramer*	74
AROUND CITY HALL	*Andy Logan*	76
BOOKS	*Louis Menand*	81

COVER: *Benoît van Innis*

DRAWINGS: *Stuart Leeds, Danny Shanahan, Tom Cheney, Edward Koren, George Booth, James Stevenson, Mick Stevens, Robert Weber, Jack Ziegler, Gahan Wilson, Julie Zickefoose, Robert Mankoff, Leo Cullum, Glen Baxter, Al Ross, Michael Crawford, Ed Fisher, Charles Barsotti, Richard Cline, Roz Chast, J. B. Handelsman*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager/cfo; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and associate publisher; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVII, No. 18, June 24, 1991. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885.

© 1991 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $56.00. Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

TO baby boomers and their children, the term "social club" has connotations both tragic and suspicious. To their parents, at least those parents who grew up in the thirties and forties in certain parts of New York, the phrase meant something altogether more innocent: a meeting place for teen-agers. "The clubs were spawned out of a need for space and privacy," says Leah Kornfeld Friedman, whose play about one of them, "Club Soda," opens this week at the WPA. "In neighborhoods where everyone lived in small apartments, and where those apartments often had large families in them, there was nowhere for kids to go to, so a group of guys would get together and rent a basement." The basements were generally in two- or three-family dwellings, and the rent, says Friedman, was "dirt cheap—maybe thirty dollars a month." Only young men were allowed as members, but the clubs would have socials, when young women would be invited to dance—to 78s. ("No parents ever set foot in these places," Friedman says.)

Some clubs, inevitably, were more prestigious than others. In this category, along the Brownsville-to-East Flatbush axis, the setting for her autobiographical play, Friedman remembers fondly the Hi-Hats ("They were a speck younger than my group") and the Cherokees ("They were named after a Charlie Barnet tune"). "And there really was a Club Soda," she assures us. When asked to trace the phenomenon's arc, Friedman becomes somewhat more circumspect. "The clubs may have begun in the thirties, but they flourished primarily in the decade after the war, and primarily in Brooklyn, although I understand that the Bronx had them, too." And why were there none in Queens? one wonders. "Apartments there were bigger—Queens was a place people moved *to*."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Bergman On Stage—The Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden presents Ibsen's **A Doll's House**, with Erland Josephson. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish, with simultaneous English translation. Opens June 18 at 8, and runs through June 20. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 1-718 636-4100.) (*)

Circle Repertory Company—The final play of the season is **The Balcony Scene**, by Wil Calhoun. With Jonathan Hogan, Cynthia Nixon, and William Fichtner. Previews begin June 19. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Club Soda—A comedy by Leah Kornfeld Friedman, directed by Pamela Berlin. Preview on June 18. Opens June 19 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Dionysus—An adaptation of Euripides' "The Bacchae" written and directed by Tadashi Suzuki. In Japanese, with simultaneous English translation. Opens June 20 at 8, and runs through June 23. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. For tickets, call 752-3015.) (*)

El Esplendor—A work created and performed by Grupo Zero, a Mexican troupe, and El Taller, a Californian outfit. Opens June 19 at 8, and runs through June 23. (Pregones, 295 St. Ann's Ave., the Bronx. 585-1202.) (*)

Getting Married—A production of Shaw's comedy, with Victoria Tennant, Lee Richardson, Nicolas Coster, and Linda Thorson. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews through June 25. Opens June 26 at 6:45. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

Lips Together, Teeth Apart—Christine Baranski, Anthony Heald, Swoosie Kurtz, and Nathan Lane in a new play by Terrence McNally. John Tillinger directed. Previews through June 23. Opens June 25 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Oguri-Hangan Terute-Hime—The Yokohama Boat Theatre of Japan in an experimental work. In Japanese, with English supertitles. Opens June 20 at 8, and runs through June 22. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133.)

Othello—The first of three plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival's free summer series in the Park. Raul Julia, Christopher Walken, Mary Beth Hurt, and Kathryn Meisle lead the cast. Directed by Joe Dowling. Previews begin June 21. (Delacorte, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Prom Queens Unchained—A musical by Larry Goodsight, Keith Herrmann, and Stephen Witkin. In previews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Stitsha—A play by Cont Mhlanga, presented by Zimbabwe's Amakhosi Theatre. Opens June 19 at 8, and runs through June 23. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.) (*)

Tattoo Theatre—A wordless play by Mladen Materic, presented by the Open Stage/Obala company, of Yugoslavia. Opens June 19 at 8, and runs through June 22. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793.) (*)

Today Is My Birthday—A play by the late Tadeusz Kantor, presented by Poland's Cricot 2 company. In Polish. Opens June 18 at 7:30, and runs through June 23. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710.) (*)

NEW THIS SEASON

And the World Goes 'Round: The Songs of Kander & Ebb—A musical revue, with Bob Cuccioli, Karen Mason, Brenda Pressley, Jim Walton, and Karen Ziemba. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Breaking Legs—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia can seldom have been funnier than as a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Victor Argo, Nicolas Surovy, and, above all, Sue Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Charge It, Please—A comedy by Carlos Gorbea. Three performances a week are in English; four are in Spanish. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes July 7.)

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare (Abridged)—A presentation by Reed Martin, Jess Borgeson, and Adam Long, three actors from L.A. known as the Reduced Shakespeare Company. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 279-4200. Closes June 23.) (*)

Encore!—A revue of songs from musicals that the Jewish Repertory Theatre has done in the past. (344 E. 14th St. 505-2667.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Presenting the 1991 festival of one-act plays. Series C: "The World at Absolute Zero," by Sherry Kramer; "Salaam, Huey Newton, Salaam," by Ed Bullins; "The Last Yankee," by Arthur Miller; and "Big Al," by Bryan Goluboff. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes June 23.)

Fridays—A 1981 play by Andrew Johns, with Henderson Forsythe and John Peakes. Presented by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes June 23.)

The Good Times Are Killing Me—The cartoonist Lynda Barry devised this memory play of words and pop tunes about a racially mixed neighborhood. At the heart of it is the friendship of two little girls, one white, the other black, who are delightfully portrayed by Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson. The undercurrent of serious comment on race doesn't add much, but every humorous scene scores a bull's-eye. Also with Kim Staunton, Wendell Pierce, and Holly Felton. Mark Brokaw directed. (5/6/91) (Second Stage Theatre, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes June 30.)

Gypsy—The Tyne Daly-led revival of the great Laurents-Styne-Sondheim musical has returned to Broadway for a limited engagement. It is so delightful—and the cast so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). (12/4/89) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

The Haunted Host and **Safe Sex**—A double bill consisting of a 1964 comedy by Robert Patrick and a revised 1987 comedy by Harvey Fierstein. Mr. Fierstein and Jason Workman make up the cast of both plays. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame—Everett Quinton's new show, which is billed as "a quasimusical." (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Closes June 23.)

I Hate Hamlet—In Paul Rudnick's jokey farce, Nicol Williamson gives a stunning comedy performance as the ghost of John Barrymore, summoned to aid a young Hollywood actor who has been booked to play Hamlet in the Park. Mr. Williamson is ably supported by some of the other actors, but the show boils down to a marvellous solo turn. (4/22/91) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Closes June 22.)

Jackie Mason: Brand New—The comedian brings his one-man show to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Lost in Yonkers—There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Lusting After Pipino's Wife—A comedy by Sam Henry Kass. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 564-8038.)

Mambo Mouth—John Leguizamo portrays seven Hispanic characters in a one-man show, which was seen this spring at the American Place Theatre. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Miss Saigon—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

Mr. Gogol and Mr. Preen—A new comedy by Elaine May, with Zohra Lampert, William H. Macy, and Mike Nussbaum. Directed by Gregory Mosher. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Nova Velha Estoria—A work performed by the Brazilian troupe Grupo de Teatro Macunaima. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Closes June 23.) (*)

Once on This Island—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Only the Truth Is Funny—The comedian Rick Reynolds' one-man show. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Pageant—A musical spoof of beauty contests.

The New York International Festival of the Arts is taking place all over the city through June 23. For recorded information about performances, call 768-1818; for tickets, call the individual box offices. Festival events are indicated by an asterisk.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

PENN & TELLER'S REFRIGERATOR TOUR—The heavenly twain meet again. The new tricks are just as mysterious (and frightening) as the old ones. As for the tricksters, their bogus candor is intact, and they've never been funnier. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

RED SCARE ON SUNSET—Charles Busch wrote and stars in this comedy about an actress battling Communism in nineteen-fifties Hollywood. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. The cast also includes Julie Halston, Judith Hansen, Arnie Kolodner, and Andy Halliday. Seen this spring at the WPA, the show resumes perfor-

Raul Julia and Christopher Walken in "Othello"

mances here on June 21. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

THE SECRET GARDEN—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. *Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary* in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SELLING OFF—Dody Goodman and Andrew Bloch in a play by Harris W. Freedman. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

SONG OF SINGAPORE—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent (led by the winsome and versatile Donna Murphy) cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night, the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

STATE THEATRE OF LITHUANIA—Presenting two plays: **UNCLE VANYA,** by Chekhov (through June 30) and **THE SQUARE,** a collaborative work by Eimuntas Nekrosius and the company (through July 7). Both in Lithuanian, with simultaneous English translation. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES—A faithful revival of Frank Gilroy's bleak play about a Bronx couple named Cleary, on the weekend, in 1946, when their son returns from the Army. The actors are John Mahoney, Dana Ivey, and Patrick Dempsey, and they are first-rate. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes July 7.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF FIRE—Ron Rifkin gives an impeccable performance as a publisher—a refugee from Nazi Germany—whose difficulties with his grown children are no greater than those with himself. The play, by Jon Robin Baitz, is not flawless, but it is consistently absorbing and very well acted, under the direction of Daniel Sullivan. With Patrick Breen, Jon Tenney, and Maria Tucci. (4/1/91) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 30.)

THE SUM OF US—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH—Shakepeare's play, reset in present-day Africa. Performed by a troupe of actors from the Royal Shakespeare Company and the Royal National Theatre of England, and directed by Stephen Rayne. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Closes June 23. For tickets, call 307-7171.) (*)

THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging, amusing Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one last month. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991½:** A source of continual merriment, this revue (which has been newly revised) is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) (*) . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** *Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek* salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and *contains not one ghost of an idea.* Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play *other than that it represents a perfect meeting* of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a *wistful comedy about race, class, money,* imagination, collective conscience, the individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN:** This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray, it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes June 30.)

DANCE

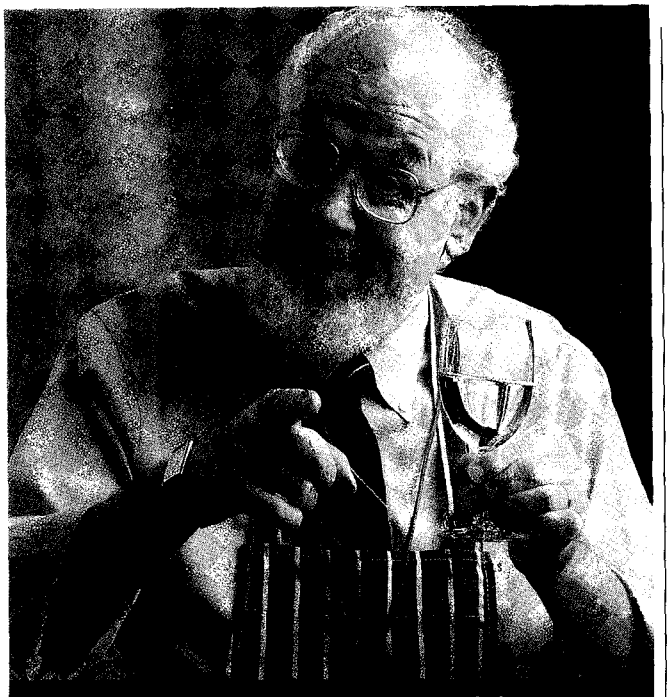
PUSHKIN's verse novel, "Eugene Onegin," set in eighteen-twenties Russia, looms as one of a handful of literary masterpieces that actually convey hard information about dances and dancers of their period. Pushkin really looked at theatrical dancing, at social dancing, even at dancers' feet—and he knew how to place things in context. He distinguished between urban and rural forms of the mazurka, for example. He caught the giddy intoxication of the waltz in a few cut lines. He also fashioned an exquisite cameo of opera-house ballet: an account of a performance by the ballerina Avdotia Istomina (1799-1848), on whom the poet himself apparently had a crush. The passage is good reading as well as good journalism. He took the trouble to give us Istomina in action, performing ballet steps in sequence, which means that we get not only a record of a legendary performer but also a few splinters of choreography by Istomina's ballet master, the legendary Charles Louis Didelot (1767-1837), whose popularity among his contemporaries can be compared to that of Balanchine in his day. When Onegin's ennui prods him to yawn and remark, "Ballet . . . I've had enough—now even Didelot's tedious stuff," the reader knows that this man is seriously bored.

The mating of Pushkin and Tchaikovsky, for whom dancing seemed to mean life, was a match made in Heaven, and the opera of "Eugene Onegin" is a joy to the ear and a flame to the soul. The Bolshoi Opera will give the world première of a new production at the Met this week. As it happens, Kultur has recently released a videotape of a 1958 Russian movie that documents, in full freshness, the Bolshoi's previous production, a handsome and understated staging that director Roman Tikhomirov opened up to include wheat fields and birch groves. The film's magnificently staged (and uncredited) social dances—a waltz, a mazurka, an écossaise—are often in the background, but they certainly contribute to the magical, breathless, and thoroughly dancelike power of the whole.

The Bolshoi's repertoire at the Met will also include the elaborate opera-ballet "Mlada" by Rimsky-Korsakov. On June 28 and 29, the Bolshoi ballerina Nina Ananiashvili will perform the title role. Bolshoi dancer Svetlana Slavnaya will take over the part on July 1 and 2.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—June 18 at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ June 19 at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Calcium Light Night," "Quiet City," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ June 20 at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Ash" (première), *and* "In G Major." . . . ¶ June 21 at 8: "Episodes," "Ash," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ June 22 at 2: "Mother Goose," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Duo Concertant," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ June 22 at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Ash," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ June 23 at 1: "Jewels." . . . ¶ June 23 at 7: "Episodes," "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze,' " and "In G Major." . . . ¶ June 25 at 8: "Mother Goose," "Pas de Deux," "Duo Concertant," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ June 26 at 8: "Apollo," "Quiet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"This Semillon Chardonnay always complements my cooking. And what cook doesn't appreciate flattery?"

Jeff Smith, *The Frugal Gourmet*

This dry white is one new wine you absolutely must try, for it's a wine that celebrates food. It blends all the richness of Chardonnay with the fresh, crisp character of Semillon. It's spectacular!

COLUMBIA·CREST

© 1991 Columbia Crest Winery, Paterson, WA. Columbia Crest is a U.S.P.T.O. reg. trademark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANCE–Cont'd

City," "Allegro Brillante," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. The season continues through June 30.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the season. June 17 at 8: "Don Quixote." . . . ¶ June 18 at 8, June 19 at 2 and 8, June 20-21 at 8, and June 22 at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performances of the engagement. June 21 at 8, June 22 at 2 and 8, and June 23 at 3: "Flower Festival in Genzano," "Adagietto No. 5," "Voluntaries," and "Fête Noire." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100.)

Matthew Nash Music and Dance—Presenting "Title Search and Other Dances," a program of new and repertory works. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 924-0077. June 19-22 at 8.)

Compagnie Preljocaj—A French contemporary dance group in its U.S. début. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. June 20-22 at 8 and June 23 at 3.) (*)

NIGHT LIFE

Johnny Thunders, who died this past April, at the age of thirty-eight, was the quintessential rock rebel. As a co-founder of the glam-punk band the New York Dolls and, later, the leader of the raucous Heartbreakers, Thunders was New York's all-in-one answer to Keith Richards, Johnny Rotten, and David Bowie. Thunders was a forceful, intuitive guitar stylist, but he was equally heralded for his brinksmanship. The Replacements honored him in the early eighties with the unsentimental paean "Johnny's Gonna Die," and Sylvain Sylvain, a former Doll, was quoted in a 1987 biography of Thunders as saying, "There's a certain charisma about a guy that everybody thinks is about to drop dead. It's like when Daffy Duck blows up onstage and then you see him as an angel in heaven saying 'Yeah folks, it's a great show, but you can only do it once!' "

On June 19, some of Thunders' friends and former bandmates will perform in a benefit at the Marquee; part of the proceeds will be used to set up a fund for Thunders' four children. The lineup includes, among others, Sylvain, David Johansen (also a former Doll), and members of the Heartbreakers. We spoke recently to two of these last, Tony Coiro and Walter Lure, who reminisced about Thunders' stomping days.

Coiro: "Once, the Heartbreakers were on a two-month tour, and we had to get from New York to Portland, Oregon. In the course of an eleven-hour trip, we got thrown off the plane, we got thrown off of Amtrak for having a chili fight in the dining car, then we got on a bus and we got thrown off of that, too. We ended up about twenty miles from Portland, and had to take two cabs to get to the show. But we made it just about in time."

Lure: "Before I knew Johnny, I used to see him at concerts, in the sixties. He'd be there with his girlfriend, dressed in his best English clothes. He was almost like a socialite—you'd see him everywhere. You can even see his face in a concert scene in 'Gimme Shelter.' "

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (255-7373)—A reincarnated blues bar: the first Abilene led a low-profile life in the East Twenties until 1987; this one opened last year. The club, which is spacious, cheerful, and as plain as a brown-paper bag, won't win any prizes for atmosphere, but it has all the ingredients of a good blues bar: cheap grub, a modest cover charge, and a non-trendy crowd. The guitarist-singer **Hubert Sumlin**, who spent a quarter century backing up Howlin' Wolf, leads a group here June 21-22.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? The **Arturo Sandoval** band and the **Bobby Hutcherson** quartet appear June 18-23; the **Paquito D'Rivera** sextet and the **Les McCann** quartet start up on June 25. Music from nine. Dining.

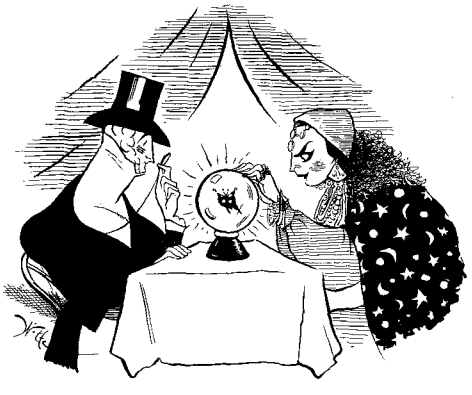
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. Pianist **Mike Le Donne** and bassist **Peter Washington** are in charge through June 22, with **Ben Riley** on drums through June 19 and **Kenny Washington** thereafter. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **Bobby Short**, who is approaching the end of his twenty-fourth springtime stretch here. Mr. Short, who is accompanied by a bassist and a drummer, commands the room like a jovial, mischievous headmaster. He has trouble sitting still, it seems: he keeps rising from the piano bench to snap his fingers, emphasize a lyric, or address the audience. His selections are uniformly witty and sly—Porter is a great favorite—and his own patter rises to the same standard. "I use a lot of French," he'll say, with his crisp, haughty-sounding diction, "because I find that it makes the cover charge more digestible." Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **Barbara Carroll** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal fans, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across the floor, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. **Bob January and the Satin Swing Orchestra** take the bandstand on June 23. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club, a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. The much-heralded college radio stars known as **Fishbone** will be here June 17. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. **Arthur Taylor's Wailers** are slated for June 18-23. Taylor, who is a drummer, has a formidable technique, but he uses it to energize his band members rather than beat them into submission. When a musician takes a solo, Taylor stays with him at every turn. And, like a good conductor, he can keep tabs on everyone at once. Tenor-sax ace **Clifford Jordan** and his big band begin work on June 24. Music after nine.



Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Young, loud, and rude. N.Y.U. students like it here, as do punks, weekend punks, and anyone with a taste for rough-and-tumble garage-rock music. There's not a lot to look at—except the band and your fellow-patrons. A few upcoming highlights: the **Funky Knights** on June 19; the **Surreal McCoys** on June 21; the **Waldos** on June 22; and **Phoebe Légère** on Mondays. Shows Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, Sundays through Thursdays at ten.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music to be heard most nights, including gospel on Mondays, zydeco on Thursdays, and country on Fridays. Shows after nine.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room has Hibernian sounds on Fridays and bluegrass on Saturdays. Sets at nine and eleven.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **Scott Hamilton**, a Providence-born tenor saxophonist whose big, breathy tone summons the ghosts of Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins, holds forth with a quintet June 18-23; the jazz-blues singer and lyricist **Mose Allison** begins a visit on June 25. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—With jazz you get eggroll. At this posh-looking, two-floor Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of businesspeople and a lot of hanging plants. Clarinettist Rick Hardeman is currently in residence here, leading a quartet. Music from six-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A frat house for the avant-garde. In some ways, the Knitting Factory doesn't really belong in New York: the cover charge is too reasonable, the management is too laid-back, the audiences are too polite. It's a slice of post-collegiate counterculture that somehow landed on Houston Street, of all places. The music is another story—much of the time, it exemplifies urban angst. A festival called What Is Jazz? kicks off on June 21. Artists include the **Jazz Passengers** June 21-22; a quartet led by **Oliver Lake** (from the World Saxophone Quartet) on June 23; **Ronald Shannon Jackson** on June 24; **Gerry Hemingway** on June 25; and **Bobby Previte** on June 26. Music after nine.

Lauterbach's Brooklyn Beat, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled restaurant and bar featuring a load of snazzy Gibson guitars, some Washington Square-style portraits of folks like Bo Diddley and Dr. John, and funky French fry–potato chip hybrids. Performers this week include the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SLEEPER

The last time a koala was in the Bronx Zoo, Woodrow Wilson was in the White House. When that koala's supply of eucalyptus leaves expired, so did the koala. It seems that these marsupials feed on nothing but *eucalyptus, and only a fraction of the genus's six-hundred-odd species at that. To avoid making the same mistake with Katherine, a six-year-old koala now on loan from the Los Angeles Zoo, her Bronx hosts are flying in fresh bunches of the stuff from Florida twice a week, incurring a monthly tab of around a thousand dollars. So far, Katherine shows no preference for any of the fifteen varieties available to her, favoring some one day and others the next. "That's not too hard for us to understand," says a curator. "We don't eat the same thing every day."*

The exclamation point in "Koala!," the official name of this animal exhibit, belies the hyperbolic inertia of its star. Katherine, who has a nose like Barbra Streisand's and bushy nimbi around her ears like Larry Fine's of the Three Stooges, expends about as much energy as a Monday-morning commuter. Clinging to an irregular arch of tree limbs, she sleeps approximately twenty hours a day, with a look of what appears to be supreme disdain on her puckered face. Occasionally, she opens her eyes and gropes slowly for her precious eucalyptus branches; she'll bite off a single leaf, chew, swallow, repeat the motions a few times, and nod off again. In koaladom, this constitutes a veritable feeding frenzy. So determinedly withdrawn is Katherine that one recent visitor was obliged to assure an apparently unconvinced child, "Yes, it's real!"

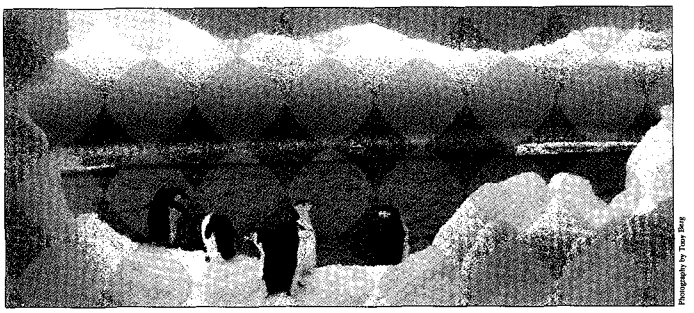
fired-up blues and R. & B. guitarist **DANNY GATTON** on June 18; the long-lived rock, blues, and rockabilly group **NRBQ** June 19-20; and zydeco notable **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO** on June 21. Music after nine. Dining.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club, just off the West Side Highway, that is one of the city's main venues for college-radio fare. A Johnny Thunders Memorial Benefit takes place on June 19. **DRIVIN-N-CRYIN,** who'll perform here on June 20, is a solid, Georgia-based rock band. Its latest record, the well-received "Fly Me Courageous," sounds a little like a mid-eighties throwback—it's full of distorted guitars and mid-tempo, riff-oriented rockers. The Welsh-born singer-songwriter **JULIAN COPE,** who once headed up the Teardrop Explodes and who's known for his idiosyncratic pop, appears on June 26.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the aroma coming from the nearby Maxwell House factory might give them a boost. **STEVE EARLE** and **BUTCH HANCOCK** share the bill on June 20.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes, panelled ceiling—has more of a country-club feel. Carol Woods is currently singing songs made famous by the late Pearl Bailey. Tuesdays

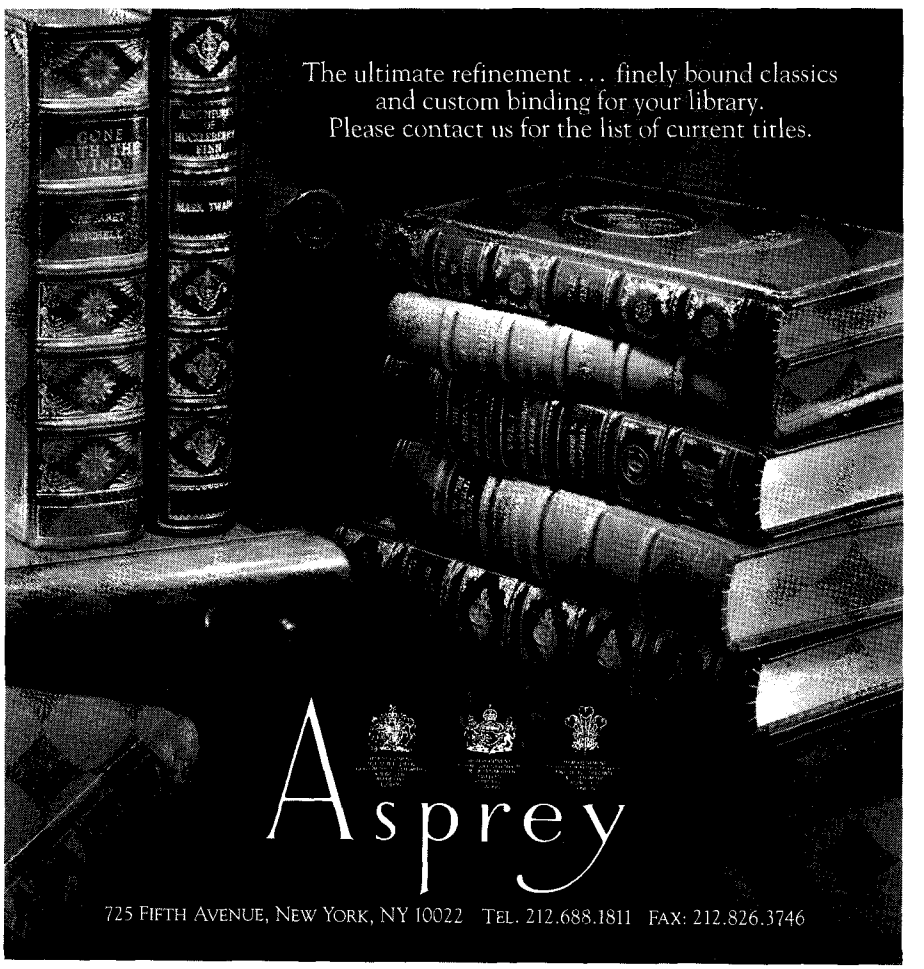
Strictly For The Birds



And for the sea lions, humpback whales and ice mountains: just a few of the reasons to visit Antarctica with Society Expeditions. We've been traveling to earth's last and most majestic frontier longer than any other company in the market today. With Society's expert lecturer-guides and Zodiac landing craft, you'll go adventuring in a unique environment others merely sail through. This year you can make the trip aboard the new ice-hardened Society Adventurer: comfortable, ecologically self-contained and equipped to show you the secrets of the land where nature endures in an eternity of ice.

Society Expeditions
Abercrombie & Kent

For your free copy of the Society Expeditions Spirit of Discovery brochure, call your travel agent or 800-426-7794.


The ultimate refinement . . . finely bound classics
and custom binding for your library.
Please contact us for the list of current titles.
Asprey
725 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022 Tel. 212.688.1811 Fax: 212.826.3746

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot.* There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" **BETTY BUCKLEY** is in session just now. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It looks like a plain old steak house, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. On June 20, at eight-thirty, you can hear Dixieland, Chicago-style, and New Orleans-style jazz performed by the Salty Dogs, a seven-member group that started out in 1947 as a campus combo at Purdue. Show times vary on other nights.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A sprawling rock club in the kind of neighborhood you wake up in after you've been kidnapped. It features a broad stage, mobile-home-size speakers, plenty of room to shimmy, and, for the sedentary, a giant Big Brother video screen. The **DIVINYLS,** who appear here on June 20, are something of an overnight sensation. Their quick trip to the moon was propelled by a mediocre pop tune with the headline-grabbing title "I Touch Myself," and, not a little it seems, by an album cover that shows lead singer Christina Amphlett doing just that. On June 22, at eight, there's a diverse bill of jazz, blues, and pop that includes **BOBBY (BLUE) BLAND, JIMMY MC GRIFF,** the **HARPER BROTHERS,** and **ELVIN BISHOP.** Shows usually begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to "score." Last fall, after a long slumber, the Tea Room's small, red-gold-and-green cabaret reopened with a series of performances. **PHYLLIS NEWMAN** appears on June 23. Shows Sundays at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The **JOHN ABERCROMBIE/RANDY BRECKER** quartet is in swing through June 23; the **CONNIE CROTHERS/LENNIE POPKIN** quartet appears on June 25. Pianist **JOHN HICKS,** who'll be leading an all-star group here as of June 26, has been remarkably productive in the last year or so. Aside from releasing his first solo album, Hicks can be heard on new albums by Gary Bartz (who'll be with him here), David Murray, Roy Hargrove, and Peter Leitch. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, the **HERMAN FOSTER** trio is performing June 19-23. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. The **BUSTER WILLIAMS** quintet holds sway through June 23; bebop pianist-about-town **TOMMY FLANAGAN** leads a trio as of June 25. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** Music after nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Pianist **PETE MALINVERNI** and bassist **PETER WASHINGTON** are on hand through June 22; pianist **LYNNE ARRIALE** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** take the reins on June 24. Music from eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

ANY P.R. whiz or social savant will tell you (via car phone on the way to Amagansett, of course) that summer is no time to be wasting fresh ideas on city revelry. So stand back and make way for stale ones. Anyone over thirty walking into ClubLand (254 West 54th Street) is going to discover, before getting through the lobby, that Demi Moore, Mrs. Muir, and Cosmo Topper ain't the only folk surrounded by ghosts. Even two Dark and Stormys—the season's concoction of choice: dark rum and Jamaican ginger beer—won't banish the apparitions of Studio 54, a former tenant of this space, from your periphery. It doesn't matter that Studio's gray monochrome surfaces and swirling modular sofas are long gone; that the beer cans and other debris from the nights when the building houses the Ritz (call 541-8900 for information) have been swept away; or that a million-dollar, gold-and-crimson-drenched spruce-up has transformed the former opera house/TV studio into a Vegas-like casino. You still suspect that all the women dancing in circles around their pocketbooks—a time-honored tradition that has never looked sexy unless the ladies are wearing parochial-school uniforms and the song playing is "Mustang Sally"—would have much better luck in their unabashed man-hunting if they dressed as young Amanda Blakes. As for the fellas, their motto seems to be, "When in doubt, grab a stout," and their main interest seems to be watching women writhing on state-of-the-art video. The screen goddesses, at least, will never turn you down. "You need a new secretary?" one of these guys, his tie wrapped around his head like James Stewart as Billy Jack, asks of another. "Take your pick." "You want to meet a C.E.O.?" retorts the non-dancing lady standing next to him. "Forget it."

Farther downtown, there's another entry in the make-over sweepstakes. Unfortunately, only the approximate cost of a cab ride was spent to turn Cave Canem into Café Limbo (241 First Avenue, at 2nd Street)—and none of it on Fantastik or air-conditioning for the lower floor. "They shoulda called this place Clubbedland," cracked a sarcastic nocturnal chronicler. "Or Swelter." "Oh, yeah? Have you got any bright ideas for a club?" snapped one of the evening's attractive-but-wishing-everybody-used-Dial hostesses. "Sure, but I'm saving them," the scribe replied. Until fall, if he's smart.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"SITUATION ROOM"—A new theatrical work by and with Jim Neu. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 869-3530. June 19-21 and June 23 at 8, and June 22 at 8 and 10:30.)

OSCAR MCLENNAN—A performance artist from Glasgow in two monologues. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. June 20-23 at 9:30.)

JERRY SEINFELD—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 22 at 7:30 and 10:30.

PEKING OPERA OF TAIWAN—Performing "The Orphan Cho." With English supertitles. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. June 24 at 8. For information about tickets, call 431-9740.)

ART

THE Baby Doll Lounge, a topless bar on the corner of Church and White, is a treasured neighborhood institution. Since the demise of Magoo's, about five years ago, the Baby Doll has in fact become the only major good ol' time warp left in Tribeca. It's always dark. It smells of chilled, stale air and sawdust. It's egalitarian. Though it gets pretty crowded on Friday evenings—once in a blue moon there's a brawl—you won't be kept out, and while females are in a clear minority as customers, there's at least one lady bartender, and women are welcome and normally not harassed. Many, many artists have visited the Baby Doll over the years. But, unlike Magoo's (whose entire décor of bartered art works, we've heard, was sold and shipped to a Tokyo department store, to be installed whole), the Baby Doll has never been specifically an artists' hangout. It's a place where local workers—employees, for instance, from the nearby telephone-company building (those, presumably, who favor live strippers over phone sex)—go during lunch or after work to relax.

But now it's also Mike Howard's gallery space. Howard, a 1970 graduate of the Whitney Museum's Independent Study Program, used to show paintings at the Concord and Gracie Mansion galleries when they were around, but his work hasn't been seen in town since 1987. Very early in his career, he had a show dedicated to L. L. Bean, and his Baby Doll paintings are very much in keeping with that theme. They're all about hunting and fishing, male bonding and beer. High above the Baby Doll's bar are a dozen or so small paintings in this Winslow Homer-goes-East Village vein. There's a canoeing picture, and a bearbaiting scene, and two works in which the Rolling Rock logo hovers over a stream—similar to his larger backdrop, on the platform stage, that lends a Yukon Territory, gold-rush feel to the performances. Howard's brushwork is quick and sketchy, and his colors are bright, with lots of out-yonder green. The little paintings have sober frames with built-in lights. They suggest a runty Neil Jenney. This is New Image painting, funkster style—a good style for these times, this place.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and fifty sculptures, drawings, and decorative objects by Paul Manship (1885-1966). . . . ¶ Walter Annenberg, who made a name for himself as the publisher of *TV Guide,* turned down a billion-dollar offer for his modern-art collection and chose instead the nobler path of philanthropy by bequeathing it to this museum several months ago. The gift of the collection, which was perhaps the finest group of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings still in private hands, sets a new standard of excellence for future patrons of the arts. The show begins with some exquisite small works by Fantin-Latour, followed by two rooms devoted to Monet, van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne that would be the pride of any museum. These rooms include some of the collection's finest works, such as Monet's "Poppy Field, Argenteuil" (1875), Gauguin's "The Siesta" (1892-94), and Cézanne's "The House with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Cracked Walls" (1892-94), all of which were purchased by Annenberg in 1983 from his sister, Enid Haupt. Farther on are some very good early-twentieth-century works, including Picasso's haunting pre-Cubist "At the Lapin Agile" (1905), an important but somewhat overwrought Vuillard, a beautiful Matisse, and a very pretty Bonnard; these works, however, are not up to the same level as the great Impressionist ones. . . . ¶ "The Sculpture of Indonesia" includes more than a hundred and thirty-five bronzes, life-size stone sculptures, and ceremonial objects dating from the eighth century to the fifteenth. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Illuminated pages and decorative designs from Islamic books produced in Iran, Turkey, and India from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 18. . . . NOTE: The museum's roof garden, planted with nine sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Ninety-five paintings, collages, and gouaches by Ad Reinhardt (1913-1967). . . . ¶ "Seven Master Printmakers: Innovations in the Eighties." A respectable yet somewhat anachronistic exhibition, loaded with nostalgia for the days when an artistic canon was firmly in place. It is the curator's contention that all the artists in the show, who rose to prominence in the sixties, continued to be innovators in the eighties. Of all the artists shown, Jasper Johns has remained the most engaged in the process of printmaking. Be they etchings, lithographs, or monotypes, Johns' works are exquisite records of gesture. The selection of his prints here forms a thoughtful counterpoint to the retrospective of his drawings mounted recently at the Whitney. As for David Hockney and Jim Dine, they have produced little of historical interest in the eighties, and nowhere is this more evident than in their prints. There is a lot of experimentation in Frank Stella's prints from the decade, but of a sort that perhaps only a technician could love. James Rosenquist entered some risky territory with his eighties prints, and the payoff was great, at times perhaps even greater than in his paintings. Roy Lichtenstein is an undeniable master of the medium, but the selection here is unsatisfying. Robert Rauschenberg is a master, too, and shown here are the kinds of collaged images he does best, but their technique is virtually indistinguishable from what he was doing twenty-five years ago. All this leads us to the question, What *were* the innovations of the eighties? Through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ A small but pleasurably edifying show of drawings and models by the landscape architect Roberto Burle Marx. A Brazilian who works mainly in his own country, Burle Marx is an uncompromisingly modern gardener who sculpts and paints with nature in broad, mid-century rhythms and bold strokes. If his emphasis on rubber plants sometimes harks back to all those progressive corporate lobbies of the fifties, his most panoramic vistas still have the big, beautiful look of Tomorrow. Through Aug. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Paul Manship at the Met

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until early 1992.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial is winding down. Work by seventies and eighties debs is on the third floor, through June 30, and work by late-eighties and nineties kids is on the fourth floor, through June 23. The "AIDS Timeline," by Group Material, is in the lobby, through June 23. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Quattrocento: Early Italian Panel Paintings." . . . ¶ Forty works of art from Oceania (mostly from the Sepik and Ramu river basins in New Guinea), including three-inch-long fishhooks, three monumental carved-wood "guardians," and a skull rack made of palm, raffia, and bamboo. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

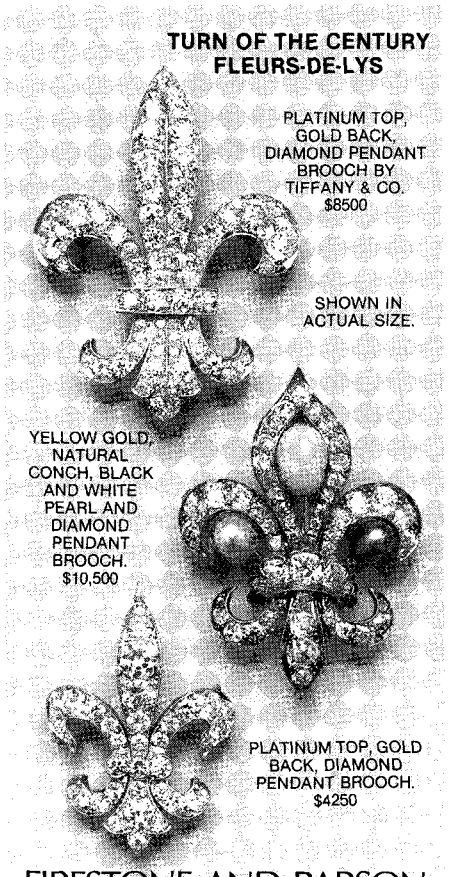
Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"The Story of a Painting: A Korean Buddhist Treasure from the Mary and Jackson Burke Foundation." This scholar's dream show takes a single work of art and casts about in several different historical directions at once. Although the painting under examination, known as the Burke Triad, is faded and hardly a crowd pleaser, it's an important work in the history of Korean art, a rapidly expanding field. When the Japanese invaded Korea in 1592, they destroyed or pillaged pretty much all of the local culture, and the Burke Triad, which depicts the Buddha and two attendant bodhisattvas, is a rare example of pre-invasion Buddhist art. The show also provides a mini-history of the triad form, a view of Korean Buddhist monastic life, and a sampling of later Korean painting, much of which has a marvellous flattened, Netherlandish space. It's a tightly packed display, fascinating and at times confusing. On the whole it offers a somewhat loopy view, mostly due to the breadth of the subjects and the smallness of the exhibition. Nevertheless, there are quite a few rich works to savor. Through July 28. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"The Nearest Edge of the World," an exhibition of works in several mediums by nine contemporary artists from Cuba. Through Aug. 4. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

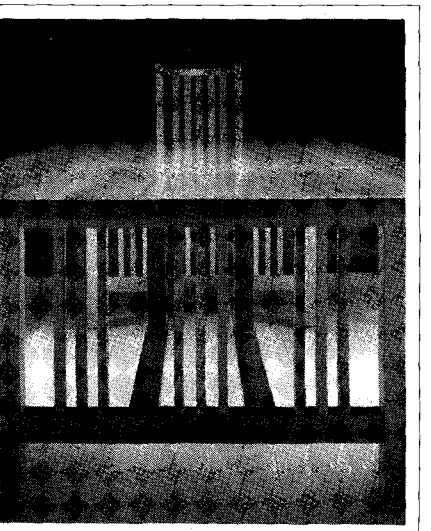
Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"From Pontormo to Seurat," a show of sixty-one drawings from the Art Institute of Chicago, including works by Gainsborough, Géricault, Redon, Delacroix, and Degas. Through July 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Painting a Place in America: Jewish Artists in New York, 1900-45." Jewish painters and sculptors have certainly made contributions to the history of twentieth-century American art, but this is a silly idea for an exhibition, and no great historical insight is gained by the segregation. The organizers attempt to give purpose to their presentation by structuring the material around several educational and trade groups that fostered Jewish learning and identity. What the viewer is left with, however, is primarily an impression of second-rate, labored art—the essentially boring heaviness of urban social realism, as typified by the Soyer brothers and provincial abstraction. But there are some delightful discoveries in the show—works by artists who would likely be overlooked by other art histories. They include a Cubistic 1915 portrait of Marsden Hartley, both witty and gripping, by Ben Benn, and a mythical, Old World circus scene by Benjamin Kopman, with shades of Chagall, Ensor, and Marc. The issue of Jewish identity in modern American art gets interesting at the point where the exhibition ends, with the work of Newman, Rothko, and Gottlieb. The influence of Jewish mysticism on this trio's new art of spirituality is barely given a nod. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Mozart: Prodigy of Nature." A comprehensive exhibition of all things Mozart. The show includes more than fifty manuscripts, from four pieces


TURN OF THE CENTURY
FLEURS-DE-LYS
PLATINUM TOP, GOLD BACK, DIAMOND PENDANT BROOCH BY TIFFANY & CO. $8500
SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.
YELLOW GOLD, NATURAL CONCH, BLACK AND WHITE PEARL AND DIAMOND PENDANT BROOCH. $10,500
PLATINUM TOP, GOLD BACK, DIAMOND PENDANT BROOCH. $4250

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)



Geometry in wood.

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

Alexandria
703-548-3447

Philadelphia
215-922-6440

Catalog $9
415R Cumberland Ave. Portland, ME 04101
207-774-3791

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

composed at age five to a first draft of the Requiem; early letters home from his first trip to Italy (December, 1769) and his last letter to his father (April, 1787); and his "Verzeichnüss aller meiner Werke" ("Catalogue of All My Works"), which he kept for the last seven years of his life. Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century drawings, from the library's collection, by the Venetian masters Tiepolo, Guardi, and Canaletto. Through Aug. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—The "Nuyorican" experience is alive in the work of Pepón Osorio, who moved to New York from Puerto Rico in 1975. At the entrance to this retrospective of his work is a fancy, fake-Venetian chandelier further ornamented by a trove of tacky tchotchkes, ranging from dominoes and water pistols to plastic ferns and tiny, brittle street-stand dolls. Other lightly nostalgic and comic charmers—some the results of performance collaborations with Merián Soto, the artist's choreographer wife—include "La Cama," a room-size work, with bed and coverlet, dedicated to the artist's nanny, and "Broken Hearts," a set piece, featuring luggage, about the dashed dreams of immigrants from the south. "The Wake," a life-size replica of a funeral parlor full of coffins and body bags, is a harrowing depiction of AIDS, both solemn and almost grotesquely disorienting in a museum setting. Through Aug. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In the exhibition "Illustrating Nature: The Art of Botany," the New York Botanical Garden's collection is represented by ninety-five watercolors, pen-and-ink drawings, books, and dried plant specimens. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Africa Explores: Twentieth-Century African Art" presents more than a hundred art works in various mediums. The works are divided into five categories: "Traditional," "New Functional," "Urban," "International," and "Extinct." The Center for African Art has organized the exhibition, which runs simultaneously in its galleries, at 54 E. 68th St. (Open daily, except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ In a show called "Embodying Faith," five contemporary artists tackle the theme of the relationship between the physical and the spiritual in Christianity. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ In the museum's Broadway windows is an installation by the Catalan artist Perejaume, titled "Pintura i Representació," that consists of two visitor-accessible rows of theatre seats. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ "Eclipse of the Earth," an installation by Kazuo Katase. Through Aug. 18. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Taste of Andrew Carnegie." The Scottish-born steel industrialist seemed to understand the difference between taste and historical judgment. His taste tended toward brooding Victoriana—sentimental peasant scenes and uninspiringly picturesque landscapes—but when it came to his legacy he trusted the experts and displayed a faith in public institutions that was unparalleled. By the time he died, in 1919, he had given away ninety per cent of his fortune to fund universities, concert halls (including New York's Carnegie), Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute, and more than twenty-five hundred libraries. This small show includes some of Carnegie's mediocre personal collection as well as selections from a fine print collection, including examples by Dürer and Goltzius, from the Carnegie Institute. The most enjoyable part of the show is the memorabilia, such as a menu from a dinner in Carnegie's honor that describes the "Bieffe" course as "Wut's Good's all Scotch, all that isn't ain't." Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ "Justice Rendered" is a show of forty documents and art works related to the three-hundred-year history of the New York Supreme Court. Through July 7

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

. . . . ¶ Sixty drawings, photographs, and prints of New York structures built at the turn of the century by the architectural firm of McKim, Mead, and White. Through Aug. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Kingdoms of Land, Sea, and Sky" includes a hundred and eighty zoological woodcuts, engravings, and watercolors by artists and naturalists such as Albrecht Dürer, John James Audubon, Edward Lear, and Maria Sibylla Merian. Through Aug. 24. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ Sixty-three prints by Reginald Marsh (1898-1954), depicting New York scenes from the twenties and thirties. Through June 29. (Third Floor Gallery. Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ A display of recently acquired rare books and manuscripts, including Joseph Conrad's manuscript for "The Secret Sharer" and Washington Irving's manuscript for "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Berg Collection. Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Mozart's World" presents more than a hundred prints by artists of the day, first editions and manuscripts, and elaborate period costumes. Through Aug. 31. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Wednesdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"Interrelations and Migration: Contemporary Sculpture from Germany" is an exhibition of work by four artists—Erwin Heerich, Norbert Kricke, Abraham David Christian, and Katsuhito Nishikawa—who have maintained studios in Düsseldorf. Through July 7. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

"Broadway!" at I.B.M.: Bert Williams, Irving Berlin, Eddie Cantor, and Florence Mills

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of works by Romare Bearden (1912-88), which includes a hundred and forty-one oils, collages, and watercolors. Through Aug. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Sam Francis—The "Blue Ball" paintings, from the early sixties, are beautiful, pellucid specimens that look as if they had been born yesterday in a petri dish. Francis was living in Paris when he painted these large amoeba forms, and through them you can sense that Yves Klein was the man of the hour. The "Blue Balls" are very lyrical paintings—in pastel tones against white grounds. Francis's stated intention was to "make the late Monet pure." But there's a daring, razor-sharp edge to these works that is almost certainly gratis Klein, and that hasn't recurred since. Through June 28. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

Brice Marden—A midsize show of new drawings and etchings by our great aesthete abstractionist. The paintings have a sonorous ceremonial rhythm, while the drawings suggest jitterbugs and dervish whirls—rigorous, mind-altering dances. Through June 28. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Motherwell—An interestingly offbeat show of paintings and drawings, large and small—made between 1958 and the present—that have been hung atelier-style in order to evoke the artist's studio, in Connecticut. It is difficult to guess the dates of Motherwell's works just by looking. Two new paintings, craggily grand and in his most characteristic blacks and browns, seem almost exactly like vintage Motherwells; they are, perhaps, a little tighter and sharper around the edges. Through June 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

Kenneth Noland—A show of new paintings that is a mixed bag. Each work consists of several loosely connected curved-edge canvases, flatly painted in various monochromes and edged in Plexiglas of contrasting colors. Some are overstudied and depressed, but others are quite engaging, like lyrical versions of Ellsworth Kellys, and have an unexpected defiance. Through June 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—Marcel Broodthaers, Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through July 3); **Elliott Green,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through July 3); **Robert Rauschenberg,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 21); **Fritz Scholder,** Alexander, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 21); **Sally Scuffle,** Mark Milliken, 1200 Madison Ave., at 87th St. (open Mondays, through June 29).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Miralda—As a companion to his full-size dress for the Statue of Liberty, currently on display at the World Financial Center, this Spanish artist is exhibiting what must be the world's largest belt—a hundred and ninety-four feet long. Hanging from the ceiling at hip height in a continuous snaking loop, the belt is made of leather dyed in flashy high-fashion colors—fuchsia, electric blue, mustard, and basic black—and has the names of various American and Spanish foods etched into it. The buckle consists of a map—with horns—of the New World, whose cultural capital, New York, has been stabbed with banderillas. The piece suggests a variety of passionate activities—like bullfighting, colonization, and sexual conquest—with great style and wit. Also on display are several irrepressibly naughty collages of projects for surrealistic urban spectacles, such as a street parade featuring a giant lace slip and stockings. Through July 3. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

"Broadway! 125 Years of Musical Theatre"—A large assortment of objects—including paintings, posters, scripts, models, sheet music, and memorabilia—from more than seventy-five productions that have bowed on the Great White Way. Among the highlights is a silver tray that was presented to George Gershwin, engraved with the signatures of a hundred and forty-three theatre luminaries. All the works are from the collection of the Museum of the City of New York. Through July 13. (I.B.M. Gallery of Science and Art, Madison Ave. at 56th St. Closed Mondays, open Saturdays.)

Short List—Hanno Ahrens and **James Barsness,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 28); **Valentina du Basky** and **Lynne Frehm,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through June 29); **Jedd**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GARET, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 21); GRÉGOIRE MÜLLER, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through July 12); BERNARDA BRYSON SHAHN, Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through July 26); ANNE TRUITT, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 28); MANOLO VALDES, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 21).

GALLERIES—SoHo

FERNANDO MELANI (1907-85)—Although he was inspired by Mondrian and can be seen as a precursor of minimalism and Arte Povera, the eccentric Melani considered his work the embodiment of theoretical physics and did not want it to be limited by the label "art." This exhibition—the first major one outside Melani's native Pistoia—and it presents remarkably consistent work spanning the last four decades of his life. Mondrian's inspiration is everywhere: from a finely balanced painted construction from 1959, entitled "Venus and Mondrian," to the multipanel "Project for a Global Reading," from 1976, which consists of a wall of monochrome panels in innumerable sizes and colors. Through June 29. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

TIMUR NOVIKOV—Unlike much of the Soviet art that has reached New York, Novikov's narrative paintings are sweet and the product of a light touch. All the works in this show consist of two contrasting pieces of fabric sewn together along horizon lines of various sorts; small painted elements added to the fabric set the narratives in motion. Through June 29. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

PETER SCHUYFF—Three tall, skinny, essentially abstract paintings of what look like upholstery details. The works are so skillfully executed—they show a sophisticated sense of color and light and have some fine brushwork—and are so dramatically installed that one can easily be seduced into thinking that there's something more than great skill behind them. They are, in fact, difficult to dismiss, and are best appreciated as joyful decorative painting. Through June 28. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

CLAUDE SIMARD—This artist almost succeeds in creating a haunting show with poetic resonance. But several cheap, theatrical tricks—like a group of life-size sculptures of men in purple shrouds on wall-mounted shelves, and a fake escape hatch attached to the ceiling—push the exhibit into the realm of the obvious and pretentious. Through July 3. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

FRANZ WEST AND MATHIS ESTERHAZY—A strange, still, and beautiful show of steel implements, welded and forged, of somewhat arcane function. The title of the group, "Pis Aller," refers to the centuries-old corner braces that were used in Europe to prevent men from urinating in public places. (Some still exist.) There are two of these devices here, and two each of the show's other objects: sieves, coin boxes, and hurdles, for example. All are presented on platforms, to be scrutinized as sculptures. The use of the double image—implying both mate and collaborator—gives a psychological complexion to the show. Through June 28. (Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

GILBERTO ZORIO—This Arte Povera artist is half mystic, half trickster. In the main gallery is a kayak-shaped piece with long copper rods and a bulbous flask filled with a copper sulfide composition. It is suspended by metal supports that aggressively stab the walls like javelins; it delineates its space with the theatrical grace of baroque architecture. There are also two metal star shapes, with similar supports. At regular intervals, a timer goes off and the sculptures start shaking, and loud scraping, whistling sounds pierce the space with the urgency of a Richard Foreman production. Upstairs, there are several fine drawings and a beautifully attenuated Dionysian bong. Its flask is filled with vodka, which a tall, hearty person could drink by sucking on the suspended end of a copper tube. Through July 27. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

"SWEET DREAMS"—A smart, highly entertaining show of mixed-media works having to do with storybook animals—depicted or stuffed, to ends formal, ecolgical, nostalgic, or perverse—by established artists such as Eric Bainbridge, Steve Gianakos, Ellen Phelan, Annette Messager, Charlemagne Palestine, and William Wegman, as well as by newcomers like Brian Conley, Mark Dion, and Charles LeDray (for whom Mike Kelley is the implicit éminence grise). Bainbridge does an F. A. O. Schwarz homage to Brancusi; Phelan's "Playful Kitten II" is a self-portrait-as-adorable-pussycat; Palestine's crazed "McWee McPhee McZee" is an altarpiece to childhood, featuring three big, overpainted stuffed-toy goats and a rear-view mirror; LeDray's piece consists of four La Brea-tar-dipped Teddy bears, with cubes of sugar, in cereal bowls. The show is a must for the child within you who wants to keep up with current art. Through June 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

"THE THIRD RAIL"—Urban anxiety has been a recurring theme recently, and this group show attempts to reveal what the new Harings and Holzers are up to. Works here are made of such functional urban materials as nightsticks, apartment-door peepholes, metal escape hatches, and a bulletproof ticket window. The show includes a lot of work well installed in a small space, but, despite noble intentions, most of it lacks depth and, curiously, bite. Through July 12. (Lee, 588 Broadway.)

"THE LIBRARY"—A show, curated by Douglas Blau, of paintings that depict a space into which the artist, or the viewer, can escape. David Deutsch's imaginary refuge, a private picture gallery that goes by the rather immodest title "Blaze of the Universe," is a heroic domed space covered with a collection of the artist's own paintings. The most magnetic work is a small, dark canvas by Troy Brauntuch that depicts a helmeted soldier in the foreground and some aged vehicles, a steam engine, and men in coats deep in a background haze illuminated by muffled sparks of light. Through June 29. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

GROUP SHOW—Recent works by three very different artists from this gallery. Ashley Bickerton is trying very hard, but his new piece—an incense-burning shrine dealing with labor, immigration, and survival—doesn't work. Terry Winters' new paintings on paper of skeletal body parts seem deliberately less sensual than usual, and somewhat more interesting. Gilberto Zorio is represented by two eccentrically visionary sculptures of the sort he currently has on view at Stein-Gladstone. Through June 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

SHORT LIST—KELYNN Z. ALDER, Australia Gallery, 98 Greene St. (through June 29); GARY BROTMEYER, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through June 29); JAIME DAVIDOVICH, Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through July 13); NANCY DAVIDSON and STEVEN DICILLO, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through July 10); CHARLES GAINES, Weber, 142 Greene St., and Castelli, 578 Broadway (through June 22); JOHN GUNDELFINGER, Perlow, 560 Broadway (through June 26); PAUL ÉTIENNE LINCOLN, Burgin, 130 Prince St. (through June 29); GIAN MARCO MONTESANO, Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through June 28); DAVID MORENO and RAYMOND PETTIBON, Feature, 484 Broome St. (through July 6); RICHARD TOBIAS, Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through July 12).

PHOTOGRAPHY

WHEN we previewed the Danziger gallery's summer show (415 West Broadway), the pictures were not yet arranged on the walls. There was more than the usual excitement attending an exhibition during its installation, because something unusual was going up on the walls: a photography show not about children but for them, one that doesn't condescend to them and that, as the gallery's director, James Danziger, says, "shows the wonder of the medium." The pictures are a diverse and absorbing lot, ranging through the history of photography. There are terrific Weegees; several Lartigues, charming as always; a hysterical Doisneau, on the theme of boredom in school; exceptional animal portraits by James Balog, who can be trite and technically showy; and many other works of well-known photographers, as well as some surprises. Some of the pictures include children, such as an 1862 photograph by Lewis Carroll of Alice as a beggar girl, but others relate to children in less literal ways. There are cloud pictures, moon pictures, and "puzzle pictures," and images that make you wonder how they were done, such as a photograph by André Kertész of a broken glass negative, or a shot by John Loengard of a miniature village in which a real cat dwarfs the minuscule inhabitants. If only more exhibitions for adults were this engaging!

JAMES CASEBERE—An exhibition of resonant new photographs of the artist's own architectural sculptures, displayed both in large black-and-white prints and on huge light boxes. Casebere has worked in this vein before, with highly original results; his combination of sculpture and photography has none of the didacticism one often finds in multimedia art. Through July 6. (Klein, 594 Broadway. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

LOUISE LAWLER—A show, titled "For Sale," that concentrates on a subject much discussed of late: art and auctions. The photo works here are mostly images shot at Sotheby's or Christie's, including photographs of art works wrapped in plastic; a detail of Jasper Johns' painting "Two Flags" (1973), with its Sotheby's auction card and price estimate; and a photograph of a corner of a Miró, in which you can see both the artist's signature and a red Sotheby's sticker pasted on the picture's gold frame. Through June 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

SHORT LIST—TINA BARNEY, Borden, 560 Broadway (closed Saturdays, through July 12); JOHN FLATTAU, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through June 29); TEUN HOCKS, P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through June 29); PAUL ICKOVIC and BRIAN WEIL, International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; through July 21); KOICHIRO KURITA, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through June 29); LAURIE LAMBRECHT, Plumb, 81 Greene St. (through July 25); OLIVIA PARKER, Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through June 29); THOMAS TULIS, Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through June 28); JOEL-PETER WITKIN, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 29).

MUSIC

BOLSHOI means "big," and one reason New Yorkers were so excited by the last visit of Moscow's Bolshoi Opera, in the mid-seventies, is that the troupe had preserved, in socialist aspic, the conventions and some of the power of grand opera performed in a big way, by a disciplined repertory company of serious operatic voices. It will be interesting to see how the Bolshoi fares in the age of *glasnost*. Will it remain a traditional company, perhaps to be tarred with the brush of old statism, until it becomes irrelevant and has its budget purged? Will it attract new respect and interest, and take on a new sense of mission, as a museum of pre-Soviet culture? Will it change course and follow German operatic leadership into the chic and decadent? Will it forge a lively new style from the Soviet legacy of irony and protest? We confidently predict that there will be few revivals of the dutiful ideology operas of the last four decades ("The Decembrists" and so forth); beyond that, we await with curiosity the return of the presumably still traditional Bolshoi to New York this month. Beginning June 25, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC–Cont'd

troupe will give twelve performances of three operas (Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" and "Maid of Orleans" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Mlada"), all the work of the same artistic troika (Aleksandr Lazarev, music director; Boris Pokrovsky, stage director; Valery Leventhal, designer).

There is also small opera to be seen. At the New York Academy of Art, a group called Opera at the Academy has for several years drawn a younger audience more attuned to the new in other arts—the audience that traditional opera doesn't get—to productions of Offenbach, Purcell, Cavalli, and others. At the performances we have seen, the music, ill-sung and ill-played, was used as a jumping-off point for the theatrical energies of the stage directors (Christopher Alden most prominent among them). The energies are real; there is something vital for an audience to respond to at the Academy, and, thinking of Blake ("Energy is Eternal Delight"), we reconcile ourselves to the idea that this may be the predominant future shape of opera. (Those who still listen discriminatingly to music may remind themselves that Blake presented this thought through the voice of the Devil.) Next week, Opera at the Academy will present seventeenth-century masques by John Blow and Matthew Locke, along with two dramatic scenes by Henry Purcell, with stage direction by Mr. Alden, Martha Clarke, John Kelly, and Travis Preston, and musical direction by Paul Echols.

IN TOWN—OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN: June 18 at 8 (rain date, June 20 at 6), "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leona Mitchell, Erie Mills, Alexandrina Milcheva, Taro Ichihara, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Michelangelo Veltri . . . . **PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN:** June 19 at 8 (rain date, June 20 at 8), "Don Giovanni," with Marilyn Mims, Patricia Schuman, Myra Merritt, Michael Forest, Richard Cowan, and James Courtney; Christian Badea. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK, THE BRONX:** June 21 at 8 (rain date, June 23 at 8), "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leona Mitchell, Erie Mills, Sondra Kelly, Franco Bonanome, and Louis Quilico; Michelangelo Veltri. (No tickets necessary.)

CENTER FOR CONTEMPORARY OPERA—Presenting a staged production of Britten's "The Burning Fiery Furnace." Soloists include tenor Steven Tharp and baritone Michael Dash. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. June 18-20 at 8. For information about tickets, call 308-6728.)

OPERA AT THE ACADEMY—Performing four dramatic entertainments from seventeenth-century England: John Blow's pastorale "Venus and Adonis" (directed by Christopher Alden); Matthew Locke's comic masque "Cupid and Death" (directed by, and featuring, performance artist John Kelly); and Purcell's dramatic scena "In Guilty Night" (directed by Travis Preston) and monologue "The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation" (directed by Martha Clarke). Paul Echols conducts the Academy Consort, a period-instrument ensemble. (New York Academy of Art, 419 Lafayette St. 677-8960. June 24 at 7:45, and June 25 and June 27-28 at 8.)

BOLSHOI OPERA—Opening performances of a two-week visit from the distinguished Russian opera company, with a large corps de ballet as well as several solo dancers from the Bolshoi Ballet, in Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin." June 25 at 7:30: With Nina Rautio, Elena Zaremba, Oleg Kulko, Vladimir Redkin, and Evgeny Nestorenko; conducted by Fuat Mansurov. . . . ¶ June 26 at 8: With Maria Gavrilova, Marina Shutova, Arkady Mishenkin, Pavel Chernikh, and Evgeny Nestorenko; Fuat Mansurov. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

IN TOWN—RECITALS

BROOKLYN FRIENDS OF CHAMBER MUSIC—The Mendelssohn String Quartet performs works by Mendelssohn and Shostakovich, and Robert Stallman is featured in Mozart's D-Major Flute Quartet. A benefit concert. (Bargemusic, Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. June 18 at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 767-1616.)

MARIA BACHMANN—The violinist performs sonatas by Mozart and Brahms, with pianist Jon Klibanoff. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 18 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

GRUPO SEMA—The ensemble presents two concerts of early music from Spain. June 18 at 8:30: A selection from the more than four hundred spiritual songs assembled under the title "Cantigas de Santa María" by Alfonso X, the thirteenth-century King of Castile and León. . . . ¶ June 19 at 8:30: Renaissance motets and madrigals. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.) (*)

BACH ARIA GROUP—The ensemble presents Bach's First Orchestral Suite and a signature group of arias from the cantatas (sung by soprano Julianne Baird and mezzo-soprano D'Anna Fortunato, among others), as well as two later works that reflect Bach's influence: Mozart's C-Minor Adagio and Fugue and Stravinsky's Chorale Variations on "Von Himmel Hoch." With an orchestra and chorus, conducted by Samuel Baron. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. June 19 at 8.)

NEW YORK CONSORT OF VIOLS AND ZEPHYRUS—The string players and the vocal quintet collaborate in a program of Italian and Italianate music from the late Renaissance. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. June 20 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

BARGEMUSIC—Presenting chamber music by Beethoven, Brahms, and Martinů. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 20-21 at 7:30 and June 23 at 4.)

GRUPO CÍRCULO—José Luís Temes leads the Spanish contemporary-music ensemble in two programs of New York premières. June 20 at 8:30: Music by Jorge Fernández Guerra, José Manuel López, Jacobo Durán Loriga, Tomás Marco, and José Luís Turina. . . . ¶ June 23 at 8:30: Music by Alfredo Aracil, Joan Guinjoan, Gonzalo de Olavide, Luís de Pablo, and Tomás Garrido. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.) (*)

LOEK BOOGERT—The Dutch carillonneur, who serves as president of the World Carillon Federation, presents a recital on the Riverside Church's Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Carillon, the largest in the world. (Audible in the vicinity of the church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. June 23 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

MUSIC FOR A WHILE—The early-music group, which for the past twenty years has served as an ensemble-in-residence at Sarah Lawrence College, performs music from the court of Marguerite of Austria, a magnet for such leading Renaissance composers as Josquin Desprez, Pierre de la Rue, Heinrich Isaac, Jacob Obrecht, and Johannes Ockeghem. (Phyllis Kind gallery, 136 Greene St. June 23 at 7. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

ALEXIS WEISSENBERG—Pianist, performing Bach's "Goldberg Variations," in a concert rescheduled from May 11. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. June 24 at 8.)

CHESTER STRING QUARTET—Performing chamber music by Mozart, Dvořák, and Barber. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 25 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

DONALD JOYCE—The organist plays an all-Bach concert. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. June 26 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—Claire Heldrich conducts world premières of works for percussion ensembles by Maki Ishii, Jay Alan Yim, Lucia Dlugoszewski, and Tan Dun (his "Elegy: Snow in June," a musical memoir of the 1989 uprisings in Tiananmen Square, with a solo cello part played by Madeleine Shapiro). (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. June 26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

OUT OF TOWN

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—Opening concerts of the festival's forty-sixth season, which will run through Aug. 11. June 22 at 8:30: Hugh Wolff conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in works of Haydn, Kodály, and Beethoven (including his Fourth Piano Concerto, featuring André Watts). . . . ¶ June 23 at 5:30: The Emerson String Quartet performs chamber music by Mozart, Beethoven, and Dvořák. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-1252.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—The festival's fifty-first season opens on June 22 and will run through Aug. 10. Violinist Pamela Frank and her father, pianist Claude Frank, present chamber works by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Debussy. (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. June 22 at 4. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

HAMPTON SUMMERFEST—The opening concert of the first season of a music festival that will present concerts in East Hampton and Southampton through Aug. 31. The pianist Ilana Vered and the Tokyo String Quartet perform chamber works by Brahms and Ezra Laderman. (Jewish Center of the Hamptons, 44 Woods Lane, East Hampton. June 23 at 5. For information about tickets, call 1-516 324-9858.)

CAPE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL—Solo recitals and chamber music in this Victorian resort on the Jersey shore. June 20 at 8: Pianist John Bayless performs music by Mozart, Chopin, and Bernstein (his "West Side Story Concert Variations"). (Christian Admiral Hotel.) . . . ¶ June 22 at 8: The New World String Quartet performs chamber music by Mozart, Brahms, and Bartók, as well as Astor Piazzola's "Four for Tango." (Cape Island Baptist Church.) . . . ¶ June 23 at 8: Hexagon, a piano-and-winds sextet, performs works of Beethoven, Saint-Saëns, and Ludwig Thuille. (Christian Admiral Hotel.) (For information about tickets, call 1-609 884-5404. Through July 6.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

GUNS N' ROSES—The Jack Daniel's band of all Jack Daniel's bands is just beginning a two-year tour in support of their new records, "Use Your Illusion I" and "Use Your Illusion II" (which will be released simultaneously this summer). The thundering hard-rock salvo they delivered with their first album, "Appetite for Destruction," has been tempered somewhat by their follow-up LP, "G N' R Lies," and particularly by the song "One in a Million," with its racist and homophobic content. Still, even with their credibility slipping, Guns N' Roses are a hell of a live band. (Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300. June 17 at 7:30.)

ELVIS COSTELLO—Why have the last couple of Elvis albums been so difficult to listen to? He used to be challenging; now listening to his records is like doing homework. The latest album, "Mighty Like a Rose," is his first overproduced recording, and it takes forever

Alexis Weissenberg (92nd Street Y) and Marian McPartland (JVC Jazz Festival)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Al Green in Central Park

to get into. Costello's latest look—shabby, unshaven, a few extra pounds—is curiously off-putting. Where's the rocker? (He barely seemed able to move in a recent "Saturday Night Live" performance.) Still, he's one of the greats, and maybe his recent material will sound better live. As for Costello's opening act, the Replacements, they haven't had a sound check in years, and don't stand a chance of being heard properly at the Garden—but their shows have been pretty dreadful lately, anyway. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. June 22 at 8.)

NELSON—Taking their cues from R.E.O. Speedwagon, Ricky Nelson's twin sons have put together a band that plays familiar guitar chords, sings in close harmony, and is stunningly bereft of any new musical ideas. Their début album, "After the Rain," received a massive push from their record company, Geffen, and this backing has turned a comforting collection of tunes that linger in the memory for about a minute into a huge hit. And video didn't hurt them, either. Matthew and Gunnar, the identical flaxen-haired twins, who look as if they've escaped from an Herbal Essence shampoo commercial, are perfect MTV material—young, blond, and innocuous. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. June 26 at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE—June 20 at 8:30: Garaz and Brigada S. (*). . . ¶ June 21 at 8:30: The Topeng Clowns and Dharma Swara Gamelan. . . . ¶ June 22 at 3: AL GREEN. Part gospel communion, part erotic torture, a concert with the Reverend Al Green is a tantalizing but ultimately frustrating proposition. This stunningly handsome forty-five-year-old black singer, who leads his own church and congregation in Memphis, wears a blinding-white suit and performs alternately tender and fierce songs of thankfulness and praise to Jesus. But he also sings pieces and snippets from the great secular hits he recorded in the late sixties and early seventies (his current touring band includes the original Memphis Horns), and he is given to long, momentum-squandering excursions into the audience to shake hands and bestow flowers—activities that summon the ghost of the transcendently sexy Love Man he once was, without delivering the goods. You can expect a fascinating soul-music seminar on the tension between the Word and the Flesh, but don't look for a satisfying catharsis. . . . ¶ June 23 at 3: Fefita La Grande and La Gran Manzana. . . . ¶ June 26 at 7: The Neville Brothers. A benefit. (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary, except for the Neville Brothers benefit; for tickets to that concert, call 307-7171. For rain-date information, call 360-2777.)

JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the annual series, which will run through June 29. June 21: At 5, Ralph Sutton (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall); at 7 and 11, Miles Davis and B. B. King (Avery Fisher Hall); and at 8, Mel Tormé (Carnegie Hall). . . . ¶ June 22: At 5:30, Geoff Keezer (Weill Recital Hall); at 8, Tito Puente, Celia Cruz, and the Michel Camilo quintet (Carnegie Hall); and at 8, Wynton Marsalis & Jazz Futures (Avery Fisher Hall). . . . ¶ June 23: At 2, the Arthur Blythe quartet, the David Murray trio, and others, in a free concert (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center); at 5:30, Joanne Brackeen (Weill Recital Hall); and at 8, "Bobby Short's New York, New York" (Carnegie Hall). . . . ¶ June 24: At 5, Niels Lan Doky (Weill Recital Hall); at 8, a salute to Doc Cheatham, with Dizzy Gillespie, Harry (Sweets) Edison, and others (Town Hall); and at 8, the New Black Eagle Jazz Band and Tommy Sancton's New Orleans All-Stars (Equitable Auditorium). . . . ¶ June 25: At 5, Sammy Price (Weill Recital Hall); at 8, a tribute to Sarah Vaughan, with Roberta Flack, Shirley Horn, Florence Quivar, and others (Carnegie Hall); and at 8, the Terence Blanchard quintet and the Mark Whitfield trio (Equitable Auditorium). . . . ¶ June 26: At 5, Ellis Larkins (Weill Recital Hall); at 6:30, Tuck & Patti, in a free concert (World Financial Center Plaza, Battery Park City); at 8, a celebration of Marian McPartland's "Piano Jazz," with Ms. McPartland, the Dave Brubeck trio, Marcus Roberts, and others (Avery Fisher Hall); and at 8, Howard Alden, Janice Friedman, Robin Eubanks, and many others (Equitable Auditorium). (The phone number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall is 247-7800; for Avery Fisher Hall, 874-2424; and for Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., 840-2824. For tickets to concerts at the Equitable Auditorium, Seventh Ave. at 51st St., call 307-7171.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

METS—Vs. the Cincinnati Reds, June 17-19 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Expos, June 25-26 at 7:40 and June 27 at 1:40.

YANKEES—Vs. the Minnesota Twins, June 21-22 and June 24 at 7:30 and June 23 at 1:30. (The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499, and the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays and Thursdays, at 1:05. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15. . . . TROTTING at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

MERMAID PARADE—This extremely silly annual event has, in past years, included representatives of the Coney Island Hysterical Society, not to mention the obligatory mermaids and King Neptunes. It's a breezy spot on a steamy Saturday afternoon. (Steeplechase Park, Coney Island. June 22 at 2.)

JUNE BRIDE—The Spanish artist Miralda thought that Lady Liberty needed to get hitched (though in our opinion she's done just fine on her own these last hundred years), so he designed a white polyester wedding dress for her in an extra-large size. The garment is hanging in the Winter Garden, in the World Financial Center, through June 30.

READINGS AND TALKS—June 19 at 5:30: Sylvia Miles reads from Ward Morehouse's book "The Waldorf-Astoria: America's Gilded Dream." (New York Bound Bookshop, 50 Rockefeller Plaza. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 20 at 7: Don DeLillo reads from "Mao II" and Gordon Lish reads from "My Romance." (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 20 at 6:30: Simon Schama gives a talk in conjunction with his new book, "Dead Certainties (Unwarranted Speculations)." (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400.) . . . ¶ June 25 at 6:30: Joanna Gleason, John Rubinstein, and Isaiah Sheffer read from works by Edith Wharton, John O'Hara, Langston Hughes, and Damon Runyan, in a program called "New York Nightlife." (Battery Park City Promenade. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 26 at 8:15: Hugh Nissenson reads from his own fiction. (Barnard Hall, Barnard College, Broadway at 117th St. No tickets necessary.)

MEMORANDA—Summer begins at 4:19 P.M. on June 21. . . . ¶ Perennial Weekend at the New York Botanical Garden is June 22-23.

THE NEW YORKER

DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

Michael A. Merrill Estate Sterling Silver Flatware — **Free price list 800-441-2520**

Hotel De La Poste New Orleans French Quarter — **800-448-4927**

Altman Luggage Co. — **212-254-7275 outside of New York City 800-372-3377**

U.S. Mint 1991 Mt. Rushmore Anniversary Coins — **800-972-0300**

ADVERTISEMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Bright Angel" (directed by Michael Field), with Dermot Mulroney and Lili Taylor.
Theatre 2: "The Comfort of Strangers" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Femme Nikita" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 20: (Separate admissions) "The Ballad of the Sad Café" (†); and "Poison" (Todd Haynes). From June 21: "An Angel at My Table" (†).
Theatre 5: "Drowning by Numbers" (Peter Greenaway).
Theatre 6: "Tatie Danielle" (Etienne Chatiliez, in French), with Tsilla Chelton.

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
June 17: Theatre closed.
June 18-20: (Separate admissions) "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959, Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961, Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
June 21-23: (Separate admissions) "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"; and "Masculine Feminine" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.
June 24: Theatre closed.
From June 25: (Separate admissions) "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"; and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967, Godard; in French), with Marina Vlady.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves."
Theatre 3: Through June 20: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves." From June 21: "Dying Young" (Joel Schumacher), with Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott.

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 3: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 4: "Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead" (Stephen Herek), with Christina Applegate.
Theatre 5: "Truth or Dare" (†).
Theatre 6: "An Angel at My Table" (†).
Theatre 7: "Thelma & Louise" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE 12TH STREET, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Eating" (†).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: Through June 20: "Shadows" (1961, John Cassavetes.) From June 21: "Opening Night" (1977, Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, Ben Gazzara, Joan Blondell, and Cassavetes.
Theatre 2: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven, in German), with Lena Stolze.
Theatre 3: "Delusion" (Carl Colpaert), with Jim Metzler and Jennifer Rubin.
Theatre 4: "Dark Obsession" (Nicholas Broomfield), with Gabriel Byrne and Amanda Donohoe.
Theatre 5: Through June 20: "What About Bob?" (Frank Oz), with Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss. From June 21: "The Rocketeer" (Joe Johnston), with Bill Campbell, Alan Arkin, and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 6: "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich).
Theatre 7: "Impromptu" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE 3RD AVENUE, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
(Separate admissions) "Noir et Blanc" (Claire Devers); and "Perfectly Normal" (†).

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Hangin' with the Homeboys" (Joseph Vasquez).
Theatre 2: "Soapdish" (Michael Hoffman), with Sally Field, Kevin Kline, Robert Downey, Jr., Whoopi Goldberg, Cathy Moriarty, and Elisabeth Shue.
Theatre 3: "Drop Dead Fred" (Ate de Jong), with Phoebe Cates and Rik Mayall.
Theatre 4: "Hudson Hawk" (†).
Theatre 5: "Soapdish."
Theatre 6: "Kickboxer 2" (Albert Pyun), with Sasha Mitchell.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"FX2—The Deadly Art of Illusion" (†).

Campbell Scott in "Dying Young"

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 20: "Only the Lonely" (Chris Columbus), with John Candy.
From June 21: "Dying Young" (Joel Schumacher), with Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 20: "What About Bob?" (Frank Oz), with Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss. From June 21: "The Rocketeer" (Joe Johnston), with Bill Campbell, Alan Arkin, and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 4: "Truth or Dare" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Soapdish" (Michael Hoffman), with Sally Field, Kevin Kline, Robert Downey, Jr., Whoopi Goldberg, Cathy Moriarty, and Elisabeth Shue.
Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Thelma & Louise" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Backdraft" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Truth or Dare" (†).

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through June 20: "Impromptu" (†). From June 21: "The Rocketeer" (Joe Johnston), with Bill Campbell, Alan Arkin, and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 2: Through June 20: "Switch" (†). From June 21: "The Rocketeer."

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 20: "Only the Lonely" (Chris Columbus), with John Candy, Maureen O'Hara, and Ally Sheedy.
From June 21: "Dying Young" (Joel Schumacher), with Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bright Angel" (Michael Field), with Dermot Mulroney and Lili Taylor.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves."

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "What About Bob?" (Frank Oz), with Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Dark Obsession" (Nicholas Broomfield), with Gabriel Byrne and Amanda Donohoe.
Theatre 3: Through June 18: "Love Without Pity" (Eric Rochant, in French). From June 19: "Every Other Weekend" (Nicole Garcia; in French), with Nathalie Baye.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead" (Stephen Herek), with Christina Applegate.
Theatre 2: "Hudson Hawk" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Backdraft" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Object of Beauty" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Soapdish" (Michael Hoffman), with Sally Field, Kevin Kline, Robert Downey, Jr., Whoopi Goldberg, Cathy Moriarty, and Elisabeth Shue.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Truth or Dare" (†).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 2: "Backdraft" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through June 20: "What About Bob?" (Frank Oz), with Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss. From June 21: "The Rocketeer" (Joe Johnston), with Bill Campbell, Alan Arkin, and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 2: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Begotten" (1989, directed by E. Elias Merhige). From June 19: "The Runner" (1985, Amir Naderi; in Farsi).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Paris Is Burning" (†).

BLEECKER MOVIE HOUSE, 144 Bleecker St. (807-9205)
Theatre 1: "Forever Activists—Stories from the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade" (Judith Montell), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Backdraft" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Object of Beauty" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Soapdish" (Michael Hoffman), with Sally Field, Kevin Kline, Robert Downey, Jr., Whoopi Goldberg, Cathy Moriarty, and Elisabeth Shue.
Theatre 2: "Only the Lonely" (Chris Columbus), with John Candy, Maureen O'Hara, and Ally Sheedy.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Switch" (†).
Theatre 2: "Daddy Nostalgia" (Bertrand Tavernier; in English and French), with Dirk Bogarde and Jane Birkin.
Theatre 3: "Alice" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Truth or Dare" (†).
Theatre 3: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 4: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 5: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 6: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 7: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves."
Theatre 8: "Backdraft" (†).
Theatre 9: Through June 20: "Backdraft" (†). From June 21: "Dying Young" (Joel Schumacher), with Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatre 1: "Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead" (Stephen Herek), with Christina Applegate.
Theatre 2: "Only the Lonely" (Chris Columbus), with John Candy, Maureen O'Hara, and Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 3: Through June 20: "What About Bob?" (Frank Oz), with Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss. From June 21: "The Rocketeer" (Joe Johnston), with Bill Campbell, Alan Arkin, and Jennifer Connelly.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Thelma & Louise" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Truth or Dare" (†).
Theatre 2: "Switch" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 4: "Drop Dead Fred" (Ate de Jong), with Phoebe Cates and Rik Mayall.
Theatre 5: "Spartacus" (1960, Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.
Theatre 6: "Impromptu" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 20: "Backdraft" (†).
From June 21: "Dying Young" (Joel Schumacher), with Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Citizen Kane" (1941, Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Phantom of the Opera" (Darwin Knight), with David Staller.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Tatie Danielle" (Etienne Chatiliez, in French), with Tsilla Chelton.
Theatre 2: "La Femme Nikita" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
Through June 20: "An Angel at My Table" (†).
From June 21: "My Father's Glory" (Yves Robert; in French), with Julien Ciamaca.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Truly, Madly, Deeply" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Soapdish" (Michael Hoffman), with Sally Field and Kevin Kline.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The Ballad of the Sad Café" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's Fine" (Giuseppe Tornatore, in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: Through June 20: "Ju Dou" (Zhang Yimou, in Mandarin). From June 21: "A Paper Wedding" (Michel Brault; in French), with Geneviève Bujold.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 20: "Drop Dead Fred" (Ate de Jong), with Phoebe Cates and Rik Mayall.
From June 21: "Dying Young" (Joel Schumacher), with Julia Roberts and Campbell Scott.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "City Slickers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Thelma & Louise" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 20: "What About Bob?" (Frank Oz), with Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss. From June 21: "The Rocketeer" (Joe Johnston), with Bill Campbell, Alan Arkin, and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 5: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves."
Theatre 6: "City Slickers" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Backdraft" (†).
Theatre 2: "Kickboxer 2" (Albert Pyun), with Sasha Mitchell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (directed by Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner.
Theatre 2: "Hudson Hawk" (†).
Theatre 3: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves."
Theatre 4: "Kickboxer 2" (Albert Pyun), with Sasha Mitchell.
Theatre 5: "Hangin' with the Homeboys" (Joseph Vasquez).
Theatre 6: "Kickboxer 2."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through June 20: "What About Bob?" (Frank Oz), with Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss.
From June 21: "The Rocketeer" (Joe Johnston), with Bill Campbell, Alan Arkin, and Jennifer Connelly.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Straight Out of Brooklyn" (Matty Rich).
Theatre 2: "FX2—The Deadly Art of Illusion" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 20: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†). From June 21: "What About Bob?" (Frank Oz), with Bill Murray and Richard Dreyfuss.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"City Slickers" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jungle Fever" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jungle Fever" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter's Dead" (Stephen Herek), with Christine Applegate.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Ambition" (Scott D. Goldstein), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Clancy Brown; and "A Rage in Harlem" (Bill Duke), with Forest Whitaker, Gregory Hines, Robin Givens, and Danny Glover.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through June 23: The 1991 New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Film.
From June 24: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (†); and "Robin and Marian" (1976, directed by Richard Lester), with Sean Connery, Audrey Hepburn, Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
June 17: "The Front Page" (1974, Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau, and Austin Pendleton; and "Buddy Buddy" (1981, Wilder), with Lemmon and Matthau.
June 18-20: "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964, Billy Wilder), with Dean Martin, Kim Novak, and Ray Walston; and "The Fortune Cookie" (1966, Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
June 21-22: "Too Late Blues" (1962, John Cassavetes), with Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens, and Cassavetes; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (†).
June 23: "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (†); and "Pull My Daisy" (1960).
June 24: "Passing Through" (1977, Larry Clark); and "Cry of Jazz" (1959, Edward Bland).
June 25: "Thelonious Monk: Straight No Chaser" (1990, Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary; and "The Last of the Blue Devils" (1980, Bruce Ricker), a documentary about Kansas City jazz musicians Count Basie, Jay McShann, and Joe Turner.
June 26: "Mingus" (1968, Thomas Reichman), the life and times of Charles Mingus; and "All Night Long" (1962, Basil Rearden), with Patrick McGoohan, Richard Attenborough, Keith Michell, and Betsy Blair.

Newman Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
June 21-22: "The Red Shoes" (†); and "Black Orpheus" (1959, Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
June 23: "Black Narcissus" (1947, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson; and "The River" (1951, Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne, Radha, Esmond Knight, Adrienne Corri, Patricia Walter, Arthur Shields, and Thomas Breen.
June 24: Theatre closed.
June 25-26: "Nostalghia" (1984, Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "Himatsuri" (1985, Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 17: "The Decameron" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972, Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.
June 18: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969, John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "The Graduate" (1967, Mike Nichols), with Anne Bancroft, Hoffman, and Katharine Ross.
June 19: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954, Vittorio De Sica), with Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift; and "The Gold of Naples" (1956, De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and De Sica.
June 20: "Taxi Driver" (1976, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Raging Bull" (1980, Scorsese), with De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.
June 21-22: "Topaz" (1969, Alfred Hitchcock), with Frederick Stafford; and "Torn Curtain" (†).
June 23: "Harold and Maude" (1971, Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970, Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.
June 24: "L'Avventura" (1959, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "L'Amore" (1948, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
June 25: "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal,

In its own calm, perfected, insistently unshowy style, Yasujiro Ozu's "Tokyo Story" (playing June 25 and 29 at the Museum of Modern Art) explores the gulf between parents and children with more sensitivity and power than any of the later, Western films about the "generation gap." In 1953 Japan, provincial parents (Chishu Ryu and Chieko Higashiyama) hang on to traditional notions of family while their married children (So Yamamura and Haruko Sugimura) hustle to maintain toeholds in postwar Tokyo. The war is never discussed at length. Ryu and some pals express varying degrees of separation from their offspring in the men-ain't-what-they-used-to-be tones of drinking buddies everywhere. But in this setting, familiar situations take on an unstressed momentousness. When the parents are stranded in Tokyo one afternoon, unable to spend the day with their citified son and daughter, Ryu quips that they're "homeless."

Ozu turns the problem of what to do on family visits—the subject of many a sitcom episode—into a tragic domestic poem. His emotion-charged formalism brings out the beauty in the parents' stoicism: he wrings an ineradicable poignance from a long shot of Higashiyama playing with a grandson, and from a closeup of the old people's slippers alone in a hallway of the noisy resort where the children have packed them away. Ozu's tact and patience amplify the surprises that crop up in the archetypal characters, like the despair that emerges from beneath the smile of the couple's loving, widowed daughter-in-law (Setsuko Hara). When Higashiyama tells her, "What a treat to sleep on my dead son's bed," she gives the line just the right combination of humor, directness, sorrow, and bemusement. And Ryu works the father's hidden tensions into the way he draws out the syllable "Ah!" and fans himself. "Tokyo Story" is moving because it's resolutely unsentimental. By the time the tears fall, Ozu has earned every one of them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

and Raymond Massey; and "The V.I.P.s" (1963, Anthony Asquith), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Louis Jourdan, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, Margaret Rutherford, Linda Christian, and Rod Taylor.

June 26: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young"; 1937, Alfred Hitchcock), with Nova Pilbeam, Derrick de Marney, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "Murder" (1930, Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—June 17 at 3 and June 22 at 2:30: "Before We Knew Nothing" (1988, directed by Diane Kitchen), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 17 at 6: "Las Madres: The Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo" (1985, Susana Muñoz and Lourdes Portillo), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2 and 6: "ASK Presents: Passport" (1990, Georgy Danelia; in French). . . . ¶ June 18 at 3: A program of six short films made at the Film Arts Foundation, in San Francisco. . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: "Metamorphosis: Man Into Woman" (1989, Claudia Hoover and Lisa Leeman), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 20 at 2:30 and 6: "The Dandelions" (1990, Francesco Ranieri Martinotti, Rocco Mortelliti, and Fulvio Ottaviano; in Italian). The directors will be present. . . . ¶ June 20 at 3 and 6: "Moving Mountains" (1990, Elaine Velazquez), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 21 at 2:30 and June 23 at 5: "The Iron Horse" (1924, John Ford; a silent film), with George O'Brien, Madge Bellamy, and Delbert Mann. . . . ¶ June 21 at 3: "The Day After Trinity" (1980, Jon Else), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 21 at 6 and June 22 at 2: A program of nine short films or excerpts from films that deal with trains. . . . ¶ June 21 at 6: A program of seven short films by Scott Bartlett. . . . ¶ June 22 at 5 and June 24 at 2:30: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938, Alfred Hitchcock), with Margaret Lockwood, Dame May Whitty, and Michael Redgrave. . . . ¶ June 22 at 5: "Where the Heart Roams" (1987, George Csicsery), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2 and June 24 at 6: "Our Hospitality" (1923, Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman), with Keaton and Natalie Talmadge. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2:30: A program of short animated films made at the Film Arts Foundation. . . . ¶ June 23 at 5: "Morgan's Cake" (1988, Rick Schmidt). . . . ¶ June 24 at 3: "Naked Spaces: Living Is Round" (1985, Trinh T. Minh-ha), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 24 at 6: "Nicaragua 1979: Scenes of the Revolution" (1980, John Chapman), a documentary; and "Maria's Story" (1990, Pamela Cohen, Catherine Ryan, and Monona Wali), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "Tokyo Story" (see blurb on page 15). . . . ¶ June 25 at 3: "Making the News Fit" (1986, Beth Sanders), "Vietnam Experience" (1987, Daniel Keller and Joe McDonald), and "RocketKitKongoKit" (1986, Craig Baldwin). . . . ¶ June 25 at 6: "Pather Panchali" (1955, Satyajit Ray; in Bengali). . . . ¶ June 25 at 6: "Christopher Alexander" (1990, Ruth Landy) and three other short films made at the Film Arts Foundation.

Museum of Television and Radio, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"On Stage at Carnegie Hall: A Centennial Celebration." June 18-22: "Nancy Wilson Live at Carnegie Hall" (1989, A & E); and "One Night Stand: A Keyboard Concert" (1981, Bravo), with performances by jazz pianists. . . . From June 25: "The American Symphony Orchestra" (1980, Bravo), with Leon Fleisher. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Salute to Monty Python." From June 18: Excerpts of American television appearances by various members of the Python group. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15, 2:30, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:15 and 2:30; and Saturdays at 12:15.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 26 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "C'Est la Vie" (1990, Diane Kurys; in French), with Nathalie Baye, Richard Berry, Vincent Lindon, and Zabou.

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—June 18 at noon: "Woman of the Year" (1942, George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2:30: "Lassie Come Home" (1943, Fred M. Wilcox), with Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, and Elizabeth Taylor. . . . ¶ June 20 at noon: "Broken Blossoms" (1919, D. W. Griffith; silent), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. ¶ June 25 at noon: "My Little Chickadee" (1940, Edward Cline), with Mae West and W. C. Fields. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "James Baldwin: The Price of the Ticket" (1989, Karen Thorsen). . . . ¶ June 26 at 3: "Word Is Out" (1978, Peter Adair, Nancy Adair, and others).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—June 21 at 6:30: "Young Guy in Rio" (1968, Katsumi Iwauchi; in Japanese), with Yuzo Kayama.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"The Art of Reality: Innovators of the Documentary." June 22 at 2: "Vernon, Florida" (1981, Errol Morris). . . . ¶ June 22 at 3:30: "Sherman's March" (1986, Ross McElwee). . . . ¶ June 23 at 2: "Broken Noses" (1987, Bruce Weber). . . . ¶ June 23 at 4: "The Burden of Dreams" (1982, Les Blank).

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5th Ave. at 81st St. (879-5500)—June 22 at 6: "The 39 Steps" (1935, Alfred Hitchcock), with Robert Donat, Madeleine Carroll, Godfrey Tearle, and Peggy Ashcroft.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

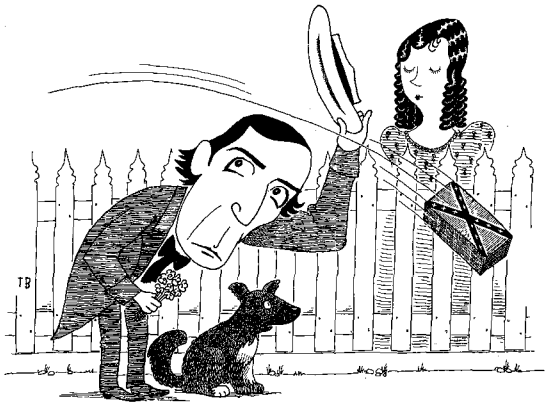
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films—stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. As Robin, Errol Flynn slings a deer across his shoulders with exuberant aplomb; he achieves a mixture of daring and self-mockery, like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the twenties. The film gives the legend a light, satirical edge: everyone is a bit too much of what he is. (The archetypal roles that the actors played here clung to their later performances.) With improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains as the villains, and Herbert Mundin, Patric Knowles, Melville Cooper, Una O'Connor, Montagu Love, and Robert Warwick. The story is clear, the color ravishing, the acting simple and crude. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score; the script is by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller; the rousing, buoyant direction is credited to Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, the former having replaced the latter.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; starting June 24.)

Alice—Woody Allen's latest picture is an awkward blend of whimsy and moralizing. The title character, played by Mia Farrow, is a pampered Upper East Side lady-who-lunches. She lives in a huge apartment with her handsome husband (William Hurt), her adorable children, and a staff, and she looks terrific. But her life, the movie tells us, is totally empty and false. A Chinatown doctor (Keye Luke) gives her a variety of herbal remedies to knock the yuppie malaise out of her system. One of them makes her invisible; one makes her irresistible to men; and so on. As these fantasy episodes mount up, Alice begins to see how artificial her life is, how far she's strayed from the pure ideals of her Catholic girlhood, how much more love she needs than she has been getting, and what a revolting piece of Wasp slime her husband is. In the end, the heroine seems, incredibly, to have redeemed herself through self-absorption; the movie doesn't benefit from any such miracle. Although there are more jokes here than in any of Allen's last few features, the picture isn't really a comedy; it's a sermon with gags. The large cast also includes Joe Mantegna, Alec Baldwin, Blythe Danner, Judy Davis, Bob Balaban, and Bernadette Peters (who does a sensational brief turn as a cynical muse).—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/31/90.) (Quad Cinema.)

An Angel at My Table—Based on the autobiography of the New Zealand novelist and poet Janet Frame. The film covers the first forty years or so of the writer's life—she was born in 1924—and takes close to three hours to tell the story. When it's all over, you feel that you know far too little about Janet Frame and far too much about the film's director, Jane Campion. The movie (which was made as a three-part miniseries for Australian television) is a succession of odd, mannered tableaux, more or less in the style of Campion's 1990 art-house hit, "Sweetie." The compositions emphasize the peculiarities of Janet's appearance, especially in her childhood and awkward adolescence: she has a stiff, frizzy mop of bright-orange hair, and her teeth are badly decayed. The Janet Frame we see in this film doesn't seem to have an inner life, and without that she has no life at all. Even the most dramatic events in her life are treated so flatly and elliptically that we're unable to respond; time after time, we find that we can't orient ourselves in crucial scenes, because the director hasn't bothered to establish the characters or the setting. Writers' lives are weird enough without being subjected to this sort of willful disruption of their emotional continuity. Campion's perverse exercise in biographical filmmaking deserves a new title: "My Incomprehensible Career." Janet is played by three actresses: as a child, by Alexia Keogh; as a young teen-ager, by Karen Fergusson; and, as an adult, by Kerry Fox. Screenplay by Laura Jones.—T.R. (6/3/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII. . . . ¶ Loews Fine Arts; through June 20. . . . ¶ Angelika Film Center; starting June 21.)



At MOMA, Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge in "Our Hospitality"

Backdraft—This urban disaster/action movie makes the audience laugh just once: when a stalwart fireman (Scott Glenn), still on the scene of his latest conquered blaze, takes a drag on a cigarette. It's one of the few grand-old-movie gestures that click in what amounts to a compendium of men-at-work clichés. The plot centers on estranged brothers Kurt Russell (a soon-to-be-legendary firefighter) and William Baldwin (an anxious apprentice), who work out their differences in the midst of mysterious arsons and towering infernos. Gregory Widen's script is like a *Mad* parody played straight, full of "Scenes We Wouldn't Like to See." The effects are boggling, but the director, Ron Howard, employs them like a cross between a night-club hypnotist and a hardware salesman—his characters murmur about fire's mesmerizing and bestial qualities, then he hits the audience with flames and hoses. Russell is appealingly brash until a bogus subplot forces him to suggest borderline psychosis. Jennifer Jason Leigh and Rebecca De Mornay also show up, but only Robert De Niro, as an arson investigator, and Donald Sutherland, as a pyromaniac, rise above the material. The conflagrations may keep some viewers occupied (so do

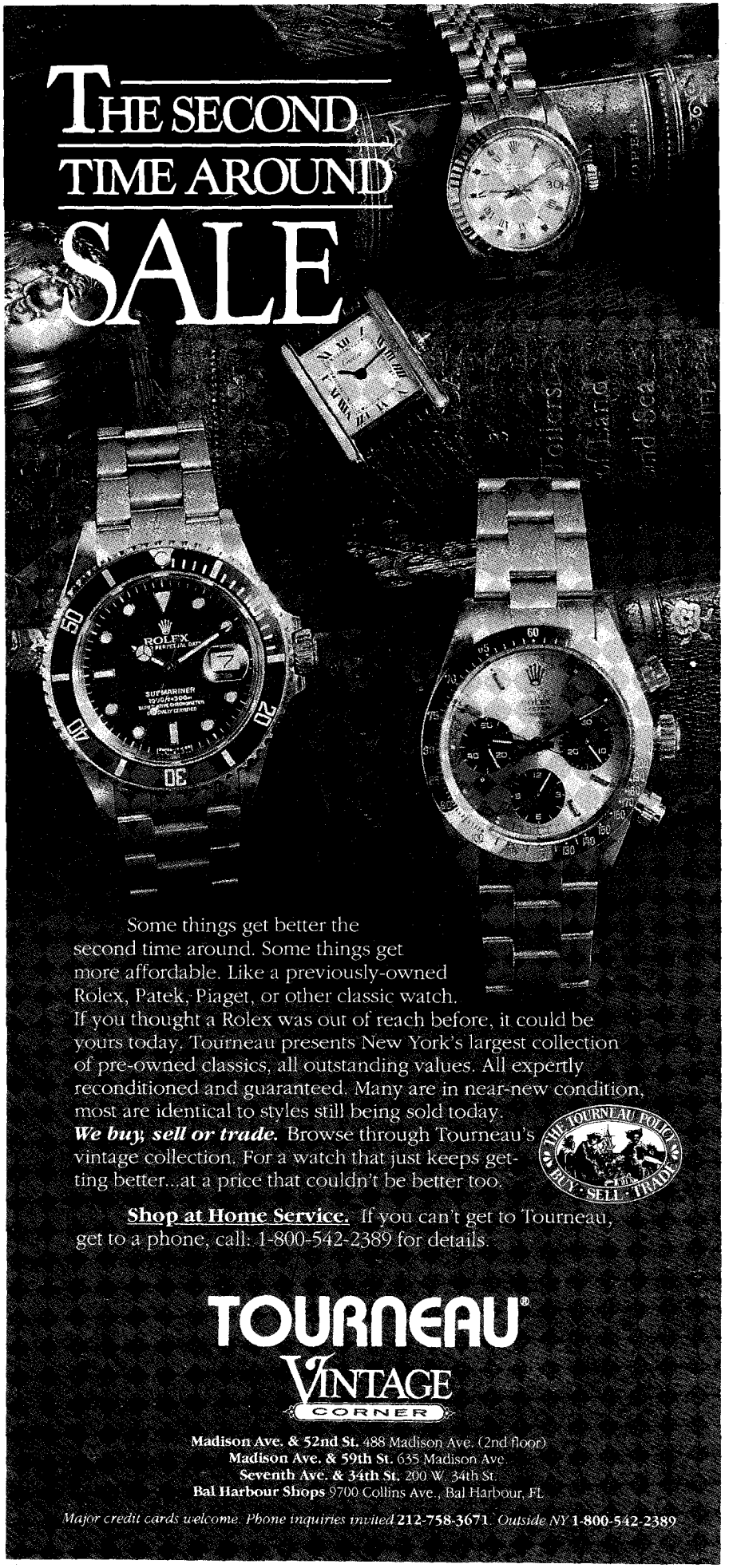
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

televised Yule logs), but most will remember De Niro's saturnine doggedness and Sutherland's repulsive smirk.—M.S. (34th Street East, Beekman, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through June 20.)

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ—An adaptation, directed by Simon Callow, of Carson McCullers' fable about unhappy love in a tiny Deep South mill town. The story describes a perfect circle of unrequited love among its three main characters: Miss Amelia Evans (Vanessa Redgrave), a tall, awkward woman who is the town's wealthiest resident and its most forbidding eccentric; her cousin Lymon (Cort Hubbert), a hunchbacked dwarf; and a mean cracker named Marvin Macy (Keith Carradine), who was once, briefly, Amelia's husband. Callow and the screenwriter, Michael Hirst, have adapted the story very faithfully, but they've missed its elusive, slyly comic voice. The narrative unfolds in a solemn, glum, stately manner—more like a Biblical parable than like a crazy backwoods folktale. The filmmakers seem to have been deceived by the apparent simplicity of McCullers' style—its fablelike directness and its bedtime-story intimacy of tone. They aim for a kind of mythic purity that's almost impossible to achieve in the movies. Despite the heroic efforts of Redgrave and Carradine, the characters in this picture don't seem quite human, and the stylized dialogue, much of it lifted outright from McCullers, doesn't have the poetic force that the filmmakers must have hoped it would have; everyone in the movie just sounds simpleminded. This picture is a brave undertaking, and it is clearly a labor of love, but it's doomed. Like all the strange loves of McCullers' story, it does not have a fortunate outcome: its object remains alone, untouched—impervious to the tenderest attentions. Also with Rod Steiger, Lanny Flaherty, and Earl Hindman.—T.R. (5/20/91) (62nd & Broadway. . . . ¶ Angelika Film Center; through June 20.)

CITY SLICKERS—This feel-good comedy, directed by Ron Underwood from a script by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, is a depressingly efficient piece of Hollywood product. The hero, Mitch Robbins (Billy Crystal), is a thirty-nine-year-old New York family man who's going through a killer midlife crisis. His wife (Patricia Wettig) gets so fed up with his moping that she virtually orders him to take a vacation with his buddies, Ed (Bruno Kirby) and Phil (Daniel Stern); Ed, a daredevil, macho type, has arranged for them to spend two weeks on a real cattle drive out West. Mitch's wife looks him in the eye, and says earnestly, "Go and find your smile"—and, ninety minutes later, there it is, a grin as big as all outdoors. His pals pick up the odd nugget of wisdom along the trail, too. The movie alternates predictable tenderfoot gags (sore behinds, stampedes, and the like) with long, ludicrous passages of group-therapy-on-the-range. Jack Palance, as Curly, the trail boss, manages some dry, macabre comic effects, and the animals are good—they're interesting to look at, and they don't make bad jokes. You can't help sympathizing with the cattle; by the time the movie is over, you know what it feels like to be part of the herd. —T.R. (6/17/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE COMFORT OF STRANGERS—Harold Pinter's screenplay, adapted from a novel by Ian McEwan, is a kinky contemporary variation on the sort of plot that made Victorian readers shiver—the story of innocents lured into the clutches of charming villains. The innocents here are an unmarried English couple (Natasha Richardson and Rupert Everett) vacationing in Venice; the evil seducers are a husband and wife (Christopher Walken and Helen Mirren) whose tastes run to voyeurism and sadomasochism; the dread lair in which the monsters toy with their prey is a huge, ornately furnished apartment with a spectacular view of the city. The director, Paul Schrader, dresses his characters in Armani and sets the camera in motion to swirl gracefully around them, picking up miragelike shimmers from the canals and beautiful but ominous architectural details; the languorous camera movements create an authentically gothic sense of catastrophe just around the corner. Walken glides effortlessly through his role as the embodiment of Old World evil. He gives the character a lordly,


THE SECOND
TIME AROUND
SALE
Some things get better the second time around. Some things get more affordable. Like a previously-owned Rolex, Patek, Piaget, or other classic watch.
If you thought a Rolex was out of reach before, it could be yours today. Tourneau presents New York's largest collection of pre-owned classics, all outstanding values. All expertly reconditioned and guaranteed. Many are in near-new condition, most are identical to styles still being sold today.
We buy, sell or trade. Browse through Tourneau's vintage collection. For a watch that just keeps getting better...at a price that couldn't be better too.
THE TOURNEAU POLICY
BUY · SELL · TRADE
Shop at Home Service. If you can't get to Tourneau, get to a phone, call: 1-800-542-2389 for details.
TOURNEAU®
VINTAGE
CORNER
Madison Ave. & 52nd St. 488 Madison Ave. (2nd floor)
Madison Ave. & 59th St. 635 Madison Ave.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St. 200 W. 34th St.
Bal Harbour Shops 9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour, FL
Major credit cards welcome. Phone inquiries invited 212-758-3671. Outside NY 1-800-542-2389

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

sinister air, and suggests, as well, that he's wearing something really odd underneath his superbly tailored white suits. And Richardson is characteristically amazing: she brings a touch of humanity to this rather formal party. The movie improves on the novel by jettisoning its dubious psychology and its pretensions to literary significance. Schrader treats the story as an elegant horror-movie game, a trick done with mirrors, and he carries it off. Dante Spinotti's cinematography and Gianni Quaranta's production design contribute to the luxurious, decadent atmosphere. Music by Angelo Badalamenti. —T.R. (4/8/91) (Agelika Film Center.)

Eating—All the action in Henry Jaglom's film takes place at the fortieth-birthday party of a Southern California woman named Helene (Lisa Richards), and all the characters—thirty-eight of them—are women. None of the women at this party—with the exception of Helene's mother (Frances Bergen), who represents the values of an older generation—can eat without guilt; several of them have clinical eating disorders, for which they hate themselves. Jaglom films them in his usual group-therapy style: the camera remains fixed as characters lob banal confessions and accusations at each other. This is meant to create the illusion of raw emotional truth, but the bulimics' ball Jaglom throws here isn't much of a party, and it's bad therapy, too. The big naked truth that pops out of the cake is: women are so obsessed with their bodies that they're incapable of enjoying even the simple pleasure of eating. Whatever Jaglom may have intended, his film winds up trivializing its theme and humiliating its subjects. He's advertising the movie as "A Very Serious Comedy About Women and Food," but its "serious" message is glibly offensive, and there's nothing funny about it. Also with Gwen Welles, Mary Crosby, Nelly Alard, Marlena Giovi, and Daphna Kastner. —T.R. (5/20/91) (Cinema Village 12th Street.)

La Femme Nikita—The end of French cinema as we know it. Written and directed by Luc Besson. With Anne Parillaud, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Tcheky Karyo, and (in a cameo) Jeanne Moreau. In French.—T.R. (Agelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

FX2—The Deadly Art of Illusion—This sequel cuts its best caper early. Rollie Tyler (Bryan Brown), movie illusionist turned high-tech toymaker, sics a remote-controlled clown—a circusy beaut with red hair and blue eyes—against another kind of clown: a slimy hit man who's beginning to miss his targets. Rollie uses an elaborately rigged jacket to make the mechanical cutup mimic all his creator's movements. The fight becomes a two-against-one, tag-team wrestling match. The whole movie should unfold this wittily. Rollie once again joins up with Leo McCarthy (Brian Dennehy), now a private eye. Together they suss out why the hit man murdered the honest-cop ex-husband of Rollie's new ladylove (Rachel Ticotin). The effects remain special throughout, but the "FX" series swerves wildly on plot turns while dispensing recklessly with bad guys and good women. Diane Venora, who got killed off in the first film, finally gets a decent memorial nod in this one. Josie DeGuzman gives a warm performance as a helpful government hacker, and Joanna Gleason brings a humorous, knowing incisiveness to the role of a tough-talking prosecutor. Directed by Richard Franklin, from a script by Bill Condon.—M.S. (Gramercy, and Embassy.)

Hudson Hawk—You want to wipe the stupid grin off its face. Alchemy is at the core of this feckless action comedy about a cat burglar (Bruce Willis) coerced by depraved his-and-hers tycoons (Richard E. Grant and Sandra Bernhard) into recovering parts of Leonardo da Vinci's long-lost gold machine (a purely fictional creation). But the film performs reverse alchemy: it turns gold (a forty-million-dollar-plus budget) into lead. The action is frenetic, facetious, and overblown; the repartee is insultingly hipper-than-thou. Bernhard is especially grating. Her character is named Minerva; she must have thought she was playing Medusa. Willis does his cutesy, self-adoring thing, and most of the cast joins in, including Andie MacDowell as his love interest and Danny Aiello as his sidekick. Joel Silver produced; Michael Lehmann directed; Steven E. de Souza and Daniel Waters wrote the script, from a story by Willis (the film's prime mover) and Robert Kraft (who was also executive producer and co-wrote the music).—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, and Criterion Center.)

Impromptu—James Lapine's film is an ebullient and absurdly entertaining account of the famous love affair of George Sand and Frédéric Chopin. The script, by Sarah Kernochan, makes Sand's wooing and winning of frail, chaste young Chopin into a busy exercise in farce, with a full complement of deception and setbacks and misunderstandings. Celebrities of the Romantic movement—Delacroix, Musset, and Liszt among them—are put through their paces, along with George and Frédéric, in the salons and ballrooms and country houses of eighteen-thirties France; they issue florid declarations of love, hurl barbed epigrams at their rivals, challenge each other to duels, and, over all, make complete asses of themselves in their pursuit of the sublime. They're lively company. The historical figures in this movie are cartoons, but they're cartoons with recognizable human qualities, and the actors look as if they were having a wonderful time charging around in their period costumes. Hugh Grant's Chopin is a brilliant caricature of the Romantic ideal of the artist; he gives the character an air of befuddled unworldliness, and punctuates his readings with delicately timed tubercular coughs. Judy Davis plays Sand—a great actress in a great role. Davis makes Sand's passionate absurdities both funny and tremendously moving; this woman's willingness to embarrass herself seems a kind of romantic heroism. Also with Bernadette Peters, Julian Sands (as Liszt), Mandy Patinkin (as Musset), Emma Thompson, Ralph Brown (as Delacroix), George Corraface, Anton Rodgers, and Anna Massey. The costumes, by Jenny Beavan, are spectacular.—T.R. (5/6/91) (Village East Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Sutton; through June 20.)

Jazz on a Summer's Day (1960)—The 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, with Anita O'Day, Big Maybelle, Dinah Washington, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Chico Hamilton, Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, and other joys. Bert Stern's camera style infectiously conveys the festival's happy, lazy-day atmosphere; the America's Cup observation trials, which are also going on, are an unstressed part of the film's visual texture. In the evening, when Mahalia Jackson, with her majestic chest tones, sings the word "soul," she defines it for all time. This is one of the most pleasurable of all concert films. Aram Avakian edited.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 23.)

Jungle Fever—The central event in Spike Lee's new movie is the love affair of Flipper (Wesley Snipes), a married African-American architect from Harlem, and Angie (Annabella Sciorra), an Italian-American office temp from Bensonhurst. Once Lee has set up the interracial relationship, he seems to lose interest in it; Flipper and Angie hold the stage only long enough to ignite the fears and hatreds of their communities, and when the fuse is lit their job is done. The movie's approach to its characters is stubbornly, and perversely, external; we never have the sense that we're getting inside anyone's skin (white or black). Everything in this picture is pitched at the level of public utterance. Lee's dialogue has the rhetorical tone of daytime-television talk shows; even in the most intense, emotionally charged domestic scenes, there's an alienating self-consciousness in the way the characters express themselves—they always look as if they had an ear cocked for audience response. This rhetorical barrage gives the picture a peculiar, halting rhythm: individual scenes have force and momentum, but the movie as a whole seems stalled, inert, uncertain where it's headed. And Lee's attitude toward interracial sex is shockingly puritanical; it's as if he were afraid that any hint of eroticism would constitute an endorsement of Flipper and Angie's affair. He keeps cutting away from the lovers' scenes together, directing our attention to situations that allow him to make confident, unambiguous statements. The scenes that deal with Flipper's crackhead brother, Gator (Samuel L. Jackson), have more energy than anything else in the picture; this subplot is tangential to the central theme, but it has some shape and dramatic coherence, and it actually builds to a climax. The interracial affair just dawdles to an underdramatized parting, and we feel nothing; emotionally, the movie has separated the lovers from each other, and from us, long before. Also with Lonette McKee, John Turturro, Anthony Quinn, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, and Frank Vincent. The inventive cinematography is by Ernest Dickerson. Some fine new songs by Stevie Wonder grace the soundtrack.—T.R. (6/17/91) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

The Object of Beauty—Jake (John Malkovich) and Tina (Andie MacDowell) are a glamorous American couple camping out in a suite in a swank London hotel. They're unable to settle their account, which when the movie begins stands at about six thousand pounds, because Jake, a speculator, has blown all his money on a bad investment. Jake and Tina are unmarried and have no permanent address; they're charming, attractive drifters, getting by on style. In a sense, they're throwbacks to the sophisticated and slightly disreputable couples who floated airily through thirties romantic comedies: no-strings types who stick together for the best shallow reasons—for sex and laughs and the shared kick of living the high life without having to work too hard. The picture, written and directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, is conceived as high-style fluff, but it never delivers quite as much irresponsible fun as it promises. It's like a Lubitsch movie without the speed and the grace and the blissful inconsequentiality. Malkovich, however, is as unaccountably magnetic here as he was in "Dangerous Liaisons." His performance is a postmodern mutation of thirties style, an ungodly hybrid of William Powell and Boris Karloff, and it's sensationally funny. This is as original a piece of acting as you'll ever see in a romantic comedy. The supporting players are an unusually lively group: Lolita Davidovich, Peter Riegert, Joss Ackland, and Bill Paterson.—T.R. (4/22/91) (68th St. Playhouse, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Paris Is Burning—Jennie Livingston's documentary about gay black and Latino men who compete in drag balls is a beautiful piece of work—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The drag queens we see here seem to be holding up a mirror to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom, some present themselves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes); military men; Wall Street businessmen; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds. The criteria by which all these turns are judged is verisimilitude—"realness." The material is almost too rich, too suggestive. Everything about the ball culture signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate image and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor. The most self-aware of the gay men in this picture revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and Livingston makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach. Like all the best documentary filmmakers, she does her subjects the honor of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. Edited by Jonathan Oppenheim.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Film Forum.)

Perfectly Normal—Crossed cultures and cross-dressing meet in this blissfully funny romance and odd-couple movie, set in a Canadian backwater. It's one of those rare farces that quench every appetite. Michael Riley plays a brewery worker, hockey player, covert opera lover, and cabdriver; Robbie Coltrane plays the fare who came to dinner—an overt opera lover and reckless restaurateur. These two make beautiful music together. The bulging, ebullient Coltrane is a blithe, antic wind god, blasting his partner with one inspiration after another; the reedy, masterfully deadpan Riley is his untuned aeolian harp. When Coltrane comes up with the idea of a bistro where the waiters and waitresses don operatic costumes and sing arias, Riley agrees to bankroll it, and to slip into drag for a duet (with Coltrane) from Bellini's "Norma." The script, by Eugene Lipinski and Paul Quarrington (based partly on Lipinski's own experiences in provincial Canada), is

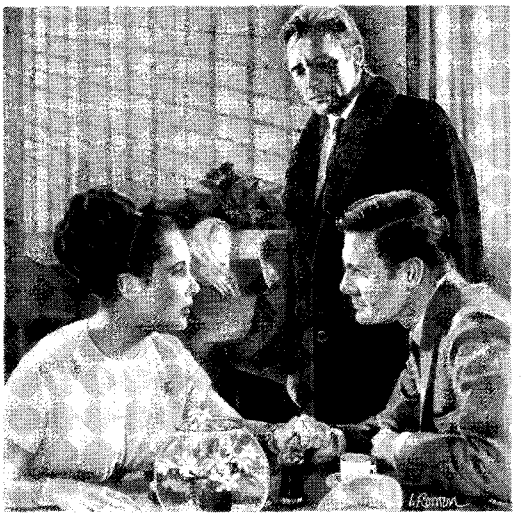
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acutely droll about the incongruity of the heroes' dreams. Yves Simoneau directs in an oddball yet expansive and lushly emotional style that suits Riley's inner passions and Coltrane's outer ones. Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" provides terrific background music for beer-bottling as well as for some of the love scenes. And the exuberance of the supporting players is transporting. Deborah Duchene as Riley's girlfriend, Elizabeth Harpur as Coltrane's favorite floozy, Kenneth Welsh, Ellen Rae Hennesey, Jack Nichols, and Kristina Nicoll express the affinities beneath their characters' disparities. You're tickled to meet the citizens of this mixed-up small city. It's like TV's "Northern Exposure" without the whiff of self-congratulation.—M.S. (Cinema Village 3rd Avenue.)

THE RED SHOES (1948)—The most "imaginative" and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a wicked shoemaker who sells an enchanted pair of slippers to a young girl. Delighted at first with the slippers, in which she dances joyously, she discovers that the slippers will not let her stop dancing—and the bewitched, exhausted girl dies. The film's story is, of course, the same story, spelled out in more complicated terms, with the shoemaker of the ballet (Léonide Massine) replaced by the megalomaniac ballet impresario (Anton Walbrook). The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Marius Goring as the young composer, Robert Helpmann, Albert Basserman, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Esmond Knight. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people *passionately*, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. Choreography by Helpmann; music by Brian Easdale; conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.—P.K. (Newman Theatre; June 21-22.)

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS—Adapted from a novel by Thomas Harris, Jonathan Demme's thriller is artful pulp—tabloid material treated with intelligence and care and a weird kind of sensitivity. The heroine, Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster), is an earnest F.B.I. trainee who is selected to interview Dr. Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins), a psychiatrist who is also a famous mass murderer; her superiors hope that Lecter's twisted expertise can somehow be used to help them catch a serial killer known as Buffalo Bill, who flays his victims. In the course of the movie, these conversations between the trainee and the psychiatrist turn into edgy, complex transactions in which she reveals pieces of her inner life in return for his hints on how to find the killer. Hopkins plays the monster with a fine, cold relish: he gives the character a mesmeric animal stillness, the terrifying opacity of a cobra. And the impact of his performance is heightened by its contrast with everything surrounding it: the scrupulous realism of Demme's style, the mundane details of police procedure, and, in particular, the emotional transparence of the heroine. Demme keeps our attention on Starling and her shifting reactions to the world, and his most striking achievement in this picture is his direction of Jodie Foster. The suspense of this manhunt isn't of the straight-ahead kind we're used to: it's reflective, oscillating between approach and avoidance—it has an unnerving intimacy. Also with Scott Glenn, Ted Levine (as Buffalo Bill), Anthony Heald, and Brooke Smith. The screenplay, which is extremely faithful to the novel, is by Ted Tally.—T.R. (2/25/91) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy; through June 20.)

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS (1957)—For several years, Tony Curtis had been a virtual guarantor of box-office success, and the New York locations for this film were invaded by thousands of teen-agers, who broke through police barricades to get to their idol. But these throngs ignored the completed picture, in which Curtis grew up into an actor and gave what will probably be remembered as the best performance of his career. Even the presence of that other box-office guarantor, Burt Lancaster, did not lift the picture from the red ink. This is understandable, because the movie is a slice of perversity—a study of dollar and power worship, with Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist and Curtis as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent. Clifford Odets never came through more pungently as a screenwriter; his distinctively idiomatic dialogue generally seems like bad poetry when it's spoken from the screen, but here it's harshly expressive and taut. The director, Alexander Mackendrick, has a crisp film-noir style: the production is shaped by a zest for the corrupt milieu, the pulsating big-city life (what used to be called "the symphony of a city")—the streets, the night clubs, the cynical types, the noise and desperation. His temperament enables us to respond to the vitality in this decadence. The weakest part is in the contrasting sweetness and light of the young lovers, Martin Milner and Susan Harrison. The melodrama is somewhat synthetic and is pitched very high, but the film has body and flavor; even Tony Curtis's name (Sidney Falco) stays with one—that, and the inflection he gives to "avidly." With Barbara Nichols, Sam Levene, and Emile Meyer; script by Odets and Ernest Lehman, from a short story by Lehman. Score by Elmer Bernstein, with considerable assistance from the Chico Hamilton quintet; cinematography by James Wong Howe.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 21-22.)



At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, and Louis Jourdan in "The V.I.P.s"

SWITCH—Blake Edwards (unofficially) reincarnates Vincente Minnelli's lame 1964 comedy, "Goodbye, Charlie." The plot and the attitudes *seem* twenty-seven years old. Ellen Barkin has the Debbie Reynolds role—a womanizer who's killed and comes back to earth as a woman. Barkin (like Reynolds) is transformed outside, not in: she's a macho guy stuffed into a curvy figure. When Barkin says she'll never get used to having such a great body, she recalls Reynolds' saying that she'll no longer have to go to Brigitte Bardot movies—she can just pull down the shades. Barkin sermonizes about date rape and male condescension, but usually she expresses her budding feminism by socking men. Barkin feels authentically female only when—gasp—she becomes pregnant. The large and wasted cast includes Jimmy Smits (as his/her best friend/lover), Tony Roberts, JoBeth Williams (as the woman whose gun sets everything off), and Lorraine Bracco (as a lesbian cosmetics magnate) in a squeamish subplot. Edwards' work here has the crude slapstick vitality that appeals mostly to easily titillated twelve-year-olds.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Sutton; through June 20.)

THELMA & LOUISE—The heroines, played by Geena Davis (Thelma) and Susan Sarandon (Louise), are a couple of Arkansas women who set out for a weekend in the mountains and wind up speeding through the Southwest, on the run from the law. (Louise has murdered a man who tried to rape Thelma in a roadhouse parking lot.) The movie, written by Callie Khouri and directed by Ridley Scott, is designed to keep pushing the women farther and farther out there—past the point of no return, into the vanishing point of a vast Western landscape, and, finally, over the edge of the world. It's a pretty shameless outlaw fantasy; the feminist justification that the script provides for the heroines' behavior doesn't make their actions any less preposterous. But you can recognize the crudeness of the movie's narrative devices and still have an awfully good time. The film has the hellbent energy of a drive-in exploitation movie, and it's eventful—it isn't just figures drifting dazedly through alienating landscapes. There's an exhilarating ease and intuitiveness in the way Davis and Sarandon work together, and the camera lingers on them as if it couldn't get enough of them. Scott seems to want to show us what they look like in every kind of light and every kind of mood. His direction gives the story a pleasantly dreamy quality: when Thelma and Louise are on the road, the movie has the look of a mirage, a jewelled shimmer that keeps us half hypnotized. He turns Davis and Sarandon into outlaw princesses, and they're so vivid and likable that they carry us past the plot's most obvious contrivances; a little disbelief seems a small price to pay for being allowed to remain in their company.—T.R. (6/3/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

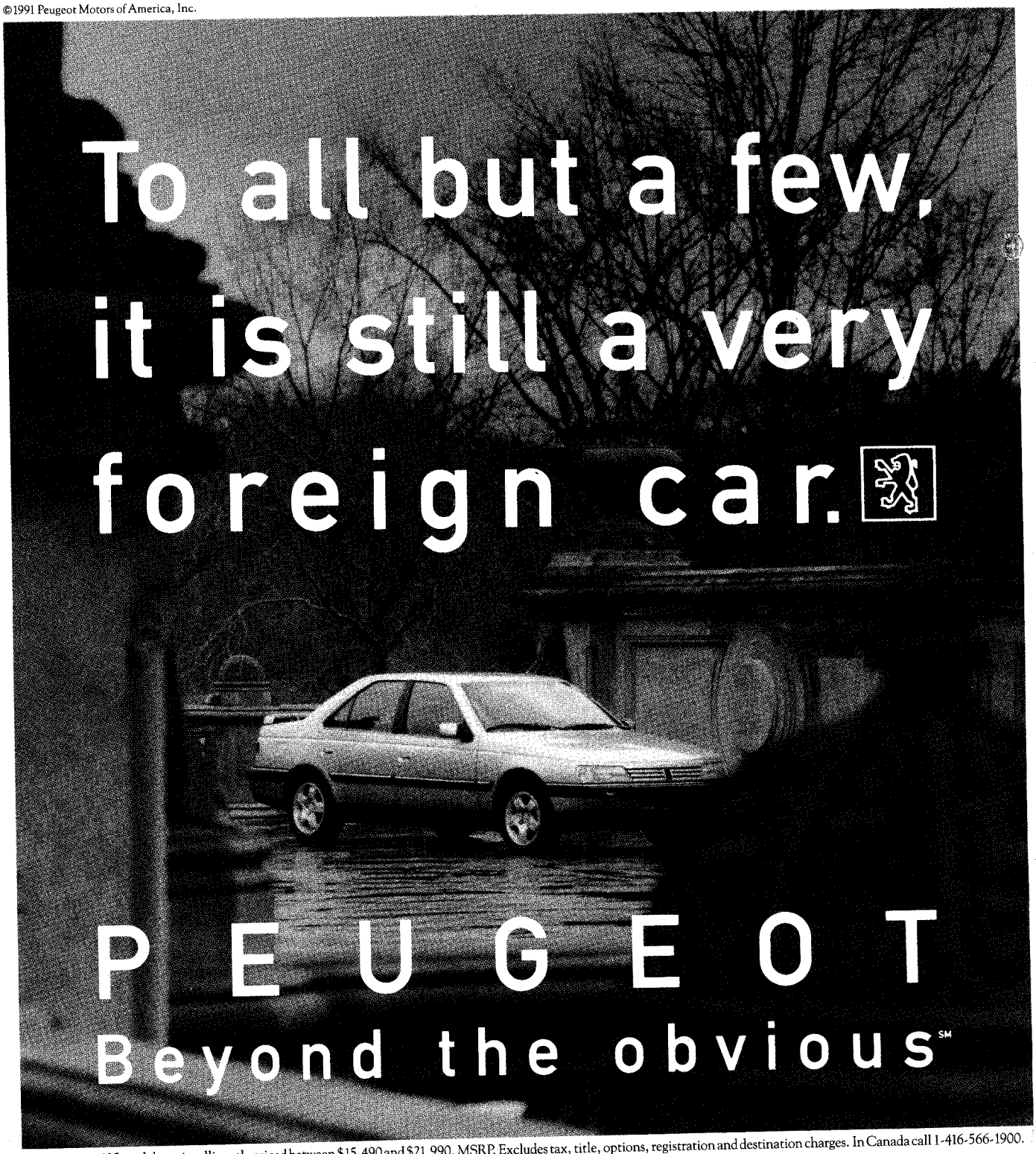
TORN CURTAIN (1966)—A sloppy, clumsy Hitchcock thriller, with Paul Newman as an American nuclear scientist who says he's defecting, and Julie Andrews as the girl who tags along—pure heart, piping voice, and all. With Lila Kedrova, Tamara Toumanova, and Ludwig Donath. Brian Moore is credited with the original screenplay, but probably his friends don't mention it.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21-22.)

TRULY, MADLY, DEEPLY—A lovely, original comedy about a young woman, named Nina (Juliet Stevenson), who is obsessed with the memory of her dead lover. The writer and director, Anthony Minghella, establishes an unusual, delicately varied mood, and the film moves gracefully from a realistic mode into a fantastic one. One night, Nina's lover, Jamie (Alan Rickman), reappears in her flat, and his presence seems perfectly natural to us: he has emerged from a setting that is already charged with the heroine's feelings for him. Once he's back, she has to confront, in the most concrete way, what it would really mean to live the rest of her life with a dead guy as her significant other: the movie is less a ghost story than a weird kind of domestic comedy. Minghella draws us into a fresh and startlingly humane vision of modern urban life; the details of the heroine's way of living always seem to point beyond themselves, and there's an emotional unity to everything we see. Minghella writes dialogue that sounds casual but somehow takes us straight to the heart of his work's larger concerns, and he directs the actors beautifully. Rickman is unexpectedly romantic here, and very funny besides. And Stevenson gives a radiant performance: she doesn't have a false moment, or a boring one, in the whole picture. Also with Michael Maloney, Christopher Rózycki, Stella Maris, David Ryall, Deborah Findlay, and the always marvellous Bill Paterson.—T.R. (5/6/91) (Cinema 3.)

TRUTH OR DARE—Madonna was at her best on "Saturday Night Live," when she played herself for laughs as a pop temptress who puts out for her fans. But in this maddeningly prolonged, self-important, semi-documentary backstage look at her Blond Ambition tour, she plays not just for laughs but for shocks, tears, leers, and, most of all, for adoration. Her way of being truthful and daring is to allow the young director, Alek Keshishian, to depict her as a twenty-four-hour diva who mothers her backup performers and as a scantily clad Statue of Liberty standing up for free expression. The bits of her stage show (shot in 35-mm. color; the rest is in 16-mm. black-and-white) seem ludicrous when she describes them as part of "an emotional journey." The movie has been so over-reported that the celebrity bits with Warren Beatty, Kevin Costner, and Sandra Bernhard, and the friction among members of Madonna's biological and stage families, come off as the retold story. There's no jolt left to seeing Madonna do what you've already read about. The movie is all calculation, no revelation—unless you count the calculation itself as a revelation.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1991 Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.



1991 Peugeot 405 models are intelligently priced between $15,490 and $21,990. MSRP. Excludes tax, title, options, registration and destination charges. In Canada call 1-416-566-1900.

Europeans have long appreciated the remarkable engineering and world-class styling of a Peugeot.

Yet, here in America, a Peugeot 405 is a rare pleasure. Perhaps because a full appreciation of one requires the kind of thorough scrutiny few car buyers exercise.

The 405's patented 8-valve shock absorbers, for example, are far from obvious, yet they contribute to the renowned Peugeot road feel that is immediately apparent. Two densities of foam are a subtle but effective way to eliminate seat springs and the road vibrations they transmit. And less obvious still is the sophisticated composite barrier beneath the roof that absorbs road noise.

But you'll quickly understand the value of every aspect of the Peugeot 405 with closer scrutiny. For the dealer nearest you call 1-800-447-4700.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

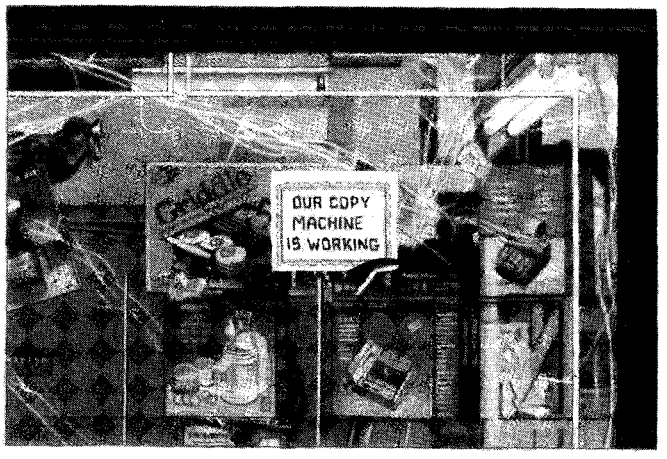
EVERY time the Supreme Court hands down a decision that touches on abortion, it is a reminder of how unsettled a community America still really is. So many of our uncertainties about the kind of society we want to be are brought into focus by the abortion issue—uncertainties about using laws to enforce moral beliefs, about the point at which the rights of individuals trespass on the interests of the community, about the choices that ought to be available to women—that it shouldn't be surprising that eighteen years after the Court first drew a line of constitutional protection around abortion, in Roe v. Wade, nothing about the issue feels resolved.

The most recent Court decision on abortion was delivered last month, in a case called Rust v. Sullivan. The dispute arose out of the interpretation of a legislative act. In 1970, Congress passed Title X of the Public Health Service Act, which enables the government to fund family-planning clinics, such as Planned Parenthood. The act specified that Title X money could not be used "in programs where abortion is a method of family planning"—a phrase that was understood to mean that although federal funds could not be used to pay for abortions, doctors in federally subsidized clinics could discuss abortion as an option with their patients. When the clinics receiving the grants administered them in this spirit, Congress did not rise up to shout "That's not what we meant!"

Seventeen years after the law went into effect, though, someone else did. In 1988, Otis R. Bowen, then the Secretary of Health and Human Services in the Reagan Administration, issued a new regulation to clinics receiving money under Title X: it notified them that the clause that had been understood to mean "no abortions paid for by taxpayers' money" really meant "no talk about abortion paid for by taxpayers' money." Or almost no talk: the Secretary essentially allowed physicians working in publicly funded family-planning clinics to advise their patients *against* having an abortion. The suggested response to inquiries about abortions was "The project does not consider abortion an appropriate method of family planning and therefore does not counsel or refer for abortion." But that was as much advice about it as the government was willing to sanction before it pulled a clinic's funding plug.

The validity of this regulation was the issue before the Court in Rust, and the disparity between the rather general language Congress had used in 1970 and the highly particular language of the Reagan Administration's interpretation of the statute (not to mention all those intervening years of reliance on a different interpretation) made it seem likely that the Court would overrule the dictate as administrative overreaching and throw the question back to Congress to deal with as it saw fit. But five justices decided otherwise, and upheld the regulation (despite several questions about its constitutionality). Congress may still authorize counselling about abortion under Title X funding (two bills that would do this are before Congress now), but such an action faces the likelihood of a Presidential veto, so it would probably require a two-thirds majority to become law.

The case puts uncomfortably before us still another instance of our uncertainty about the kind of society we want. In addition to permitting the imposition of a moral belief on the practice of public health, the Rust decision in effect contributes to a situation that we have spent more than a decade creating and seem to be hoping we can spend another decade or so ignoring; namely, the emergence of two American societies, one public and one private. The overwhelming majority—eighty-three per cent—of the women who use publicly funded family-planning clinics have incomes below a hundred and fifty per cent of the official poverty level (a figure that works out to eighteen thousand dollars a year for a family of four), and thirteen per cent are on welfare. Delivering the majority opinion in Rust, Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist pointed out, in language



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose calculated bluntness seems to have become a stylistic point of pride with him, that these women are "in no worse position" as a result of the decision "than if Congress had never enacted Title X." In other words, they can still (as long as Roe stands, anyway) get an abortion. It's just that now they're more likely to have to pay to find out that they can, and how to go about it. Those who can't afford to pay will have to continue to live with a level of public service that many middle-class Americans would regard as inadequate but don't have to worry about—not as long as they can afford private health care, to say nothing of the private schooling, private mail service, private security, privately reconstructed playgrounds, and private trash collection that are becoming the requisites of a decent life in this country.

Whatever it was that first made us give up on the belief that some parts of life are public, and ought to be shared in equally by all, the decay of the public realm in America now seems to be driven by a dynamic of its own: as middle-class taxpayers use public facilities and services less and less, they are less and less inclined to subsidize them. Every effort to solve a social problem these days seems to inspire some policymaker to come up with a means for people to buy their way out of it. If public schools are overcrowded and underfunded, let's give tax credits to parents who send their children to private schools. If roads and bridges are falling apart, let's sell them to private companies, which can charge customers whatever the traffic will bear. And if some Americans disapprove of abortion, we won't outlaw it; we'll just see to it that access to abortion is limited to women who can afford it.

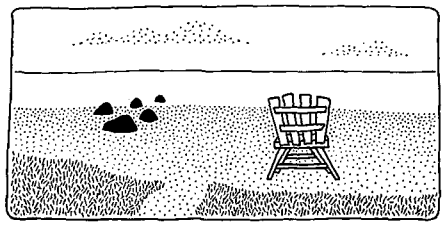
Reflecting on this trend in an article in *The New Republic* a year ago, Mickey Kaus argued that since it is pointless under our system to think about giving all citizens equal amounts of money—making more than your neighbor is what capitalism is all about, he suggested—we should at least find some way "to put money in its place," and not permit the people who have more of it to segregate themselves completely from the people who have less. This recommendation seems at first an affront to an idea that has drawn people to this country for two centuries: that the chance to earn more money is the chance to buy a better life. But over the last ten years or so many Americans seem to have stopped thinking of money positively, as a means of achieving better things, and started to think of it negatively, as a means of avoiding the deprivations of the common lot.

Very rich people have always been able to insulate themselves, but the middle class never used to dread rubbing shoulders with the less fortunate—at school, in the subways, in the Army—the way it does today. Parents once sacrificed to send their children to college; now parents work overtime to be able to send their children to a private kindergarten. The irony of "privatization" is that the money saved by underfunding public services and facilities becomes money that suddenly is desperately needed to buy the alternatives. Middle-class Americans are probably having to earn more money, and are probably suffering more anxiety, to avoid the public realm than paying taxes to support it would cost them.

• •

Beautiful

A LESS fastidious, more sensational journal might introduce Morton Sanders to its readers as a nice old gent who happens to be the leading manufacturer and purveyor of voodoo drums in New York. A still, small voice, though, counsels, Hey, *restraint!* Sure, you could do it, the voice says, but it would be wrong. Instead, you should say, in the measured, precise tones that Morty himself favors, that Morton Sanders is a serious, thoughtful seventy-year-old man whose forty-year interest in the culture and religion of the Caribbean has led him to instruct himself, and also his son, who is a professional percussionist, in the various arts and crafts of vernacular drum-making, with a special emphasis on the construction of the chekeré, which happens to be used in many of the rituals of the various Caribbean syncretist, animist nature cults. Let's not call them voodoo—people will get the wrong idea.



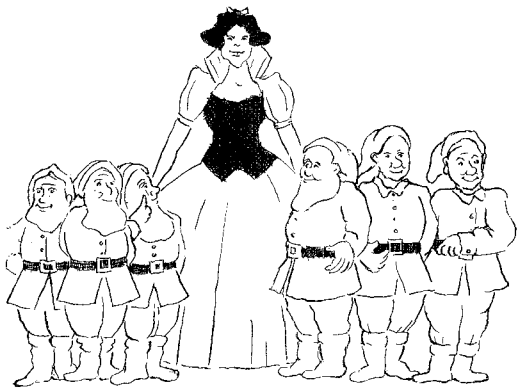
Morty Sanders' career as a maker of ritual drums had its origin in a jaunt he made to Cuba in the late fifties. At the time, he was a graphic designer, who had worked his way up from the Lower East Side to become an account executive at a midtown design firm. (In the early fifties, he designed the windows at Bloomingdale's; later, he specialized in designing corporate public spaces.) He had gone to Cuba for no particular reason, but he came home with a passion and a vocation. "Back then, Cuba was rhythm," he says. "The Latin-American sound was just catching on up here. I'm a Jewish guy, but that music went right through me, spoke to me about some other realm. Mostly, I was seeing what you might call the *secular* side of Caribbean percussion, but I was sort of aware that there was this other—as you might say, more *committed*—way of drumming, too. I loved Cuba. I was there the day Batista fell! I dug Castro—everybody was digging Castro then. So why did I start making drums? Well, you might say that I'm a natural designer. I design things. I mean, look at this wacked-out art I make."

Morty's apartment is filled with box-like assemblages that he has constructed over the years from bits and pieces of evocative junk. Beginning in the early sixties, Morty began constructing drums, inspired by Cuban and West African prototypes. "They were tree-trunk drums, made from huge hollow trees," he says. "You had to be a real shtarker to lift those things. The drum-making gave me entrée into the black community here, because the drums I was making were inspired by the Yoruban culture, and that had cachet."

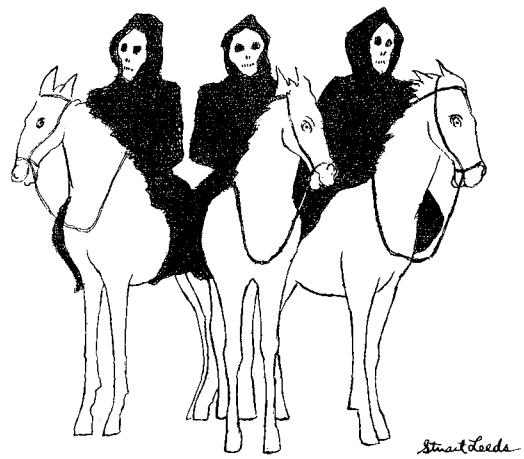
Around the time Morty began making full-scale tree drums, he took up chekerés as a sideline. A chekeré is a percussion instrument fashioned from a calabash, a medium-sized, vaguely round, inedible gourd. To make a calabash into a chekeré, you dry it, cut off the top, hollow it out, and fabricate a neckpiece for it—a kind of metal collar—from which you hang strings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CUTBACKS



SNOW WHITE and the SIX DWARFS



THE THREE HORSEMEN of the APOCALYPSE

MUTT

• •

of small colored beads along its outer surface. The beads chatter when you shake the chekeré. The skilled chekeré-maker may also cut a small hole in the bottom of the calabash and stretch a thin sheet of leather across it. When the leather is struck correctly, it makes a beautiful, musical sound, almost exactly like that of a cello played pizzicato. Traditionally, the neckpiece of the chekeré is incised or painted with geometric designs. Early in the nineteen-eighties, however, Morty began to get many requests for chekerés with collars displaying pictures of mermaids, strange froglike figures, and other beings, which Morty recognized at once as gods and goddesses of Santería. "See, Santería—that's the Cuban name for this kind of combination of West African and Christian religions that's spread all through the area," Morty says. "In Haiti, they call it *voudon*, and they have added some different aspects to it, but it's basically the same thing all over. It's sort of a composite of Christian saints and West African gods. It's a beautiful, beautiful religion—a little superstitious, maybe, but then what's a mezuzah? A charm! Anyway, I figured out pretty quick that what had happened was that some of the Cubans from the Mariel boatlift had arrived in New York, and wanted chekerés for ritual purposes. So I had to start learning how to draw these images, and incise them, and all. I did, and then I got more orders, and then more orders after that."

Morty himself has been initiated into the first stages of Santería. "You see these beads on my chest?" he says, pointing to a necklace of tiny white beads. "You see, I get to wear these. It means I'm a little way in. I don't think I'm going to go any deeper in. But it's a beautiful religion. Absolutely no human sacrifice at all."

Mozartiana

GENIUS is an eleven-year-old Swedish bay gelding—dressage a specialty. He is worth about a quarter of a million dollars, and will probably be worth a lot more when he gets more training and performing experience under his belt. After two years of tutelage with the Olympic equestrienne Anne Gribbons at the Knoll Farm School of Horsemanship, in Brentwood, on Long Island—which imported Genius in 1988—he has perfected a lot of steps that most horses only improvise now and then in the pasture. He can do full pirouettes at the canter. He can perform flying changes, which involve tricky shifts of accent. He can canter sidewise in a grapevine step. And he can do everything to music. On a recent Sunday afternoon at the Planting Fields Arboretum, near Oyster Bay, he performed these and lots of other fancy maneuvers to a little divertimento for drums, flutes, and trumpets by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. The dressage performance was programmed as an entr'acte, between two conventional Mozart concerts by the Sea Cliff Chamber Players, but for a number of people sitting on the grass around a taped-off portion of meadow it was the day's attraction.

Two flutists and five trumpeters took seats on chairs that had been set out, along with music stands, under a tree inside the taped area. Nearby, a man with a white beard stood behind four kettledrums. The group struck up a light piece, somewhat military in character, and played for ten minutes. The audience applauded, and the musicians began to play the piece again, slightly louder and faster. Seemingly out of nowhere, Mrs. Gribbons, mounted on Genius, appeared in the center of the field. Genius wore glinting ornaments in his braided mane. Mrs. Gribbons wore a dark-blue tailcoat over a white shirt and jodhpurs. She inclined her head and one hand in a quick, sharp salute, and then began to put Genius through his paces. He pranced in place (the hardest thing for most horses to do); he did the grapevine; he trotted while straightening his front legs, so that the hooves of his hind legs seemed to be naturally suspended in a jazzy drag—all in exact time to the music. When the musical accent fell on the upbeat, he began to skip. As far as a casual observer could discern, Mrs. Gribbons was only going along for the ride.

"How is she telling him what to do?" a bystander asked.

"Her spurs, the pressure of her legs and seat, and the way she handles the reins," someone answered.

"Do you suppose they play this music

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the stables all the time?" someone else asked.

Two hundred years have elapsed since Mozart died, and the world is still trying to puzzle out things about him. After the performance, we walked over to the timpanist, who was talking with Herbert Sucoff, the director of the Sea Cliff Chamber Players, and we asked if Mozart had often written for four kettledrums.

"This is almost unique in that period," the timpanist, who introduced himself as Howard Van Hyning, said. "Usually, you have two kettledrums—the tonic and the dominant. The tradition of always having kettledrums in a pair came out of the cavalry, where one kettle would be strapped to one side of a horse and the second kettle to the other side. This is the only piece of Mozart's known to me that uses four, and it's because he changes chords, so we have one set of kettles in D and one set in C. The structure of the piece, though—short minuettos, a gigue, a sort of galop—is entirely true to the period and to Mozart, who was conscious of the dance, its lightness and uplift. Mozart wrote *up* music."

Mr. Sucoff nodded, and said, "Recently, it was determined by scholars that this piece really was written by Wolfgang Amadeus. For some years, it had been attributed to his father. No one would call it a major work, but any Mozart is worth hearing."

We stopped by Mrs. Gribbons's trailer, found her relaxing with a beer, and asked her whether it was fun to choreograph for horses to Mozart.

"He's my favorite composer—and I have ridden to a lot of classical music," she said. "One of my very favorite classical pieces, in fact, is on a tape called 'The Best of Mozart.' It has the most beautiful crescendo. I'm saving it for Genius to ride to one day. He's a real ballet dancer, light on his feet, easy to place, and he really likes doing the movement. He also has an ear—as much as a horse can have. Some horses don't have a sense of rhythm; some are tone-deaf. This one tries to make the steps fit the music. You know, I'd only rehearsed this piece with him once, and as soon as they started to play he started to buck. He knew it was for him."

"Mommy says she's lived in a cage without bars for years."

Latin Day

THE chariot races were the main event at Connecticut State Latin Day. They were held in the Circus Maximus, across the road from Middletown High School, in what is known during football season as Miller-Fillback Field. Your basic Connecticut high-school chariot circa Anno Domini MCMXCI resembles one of those boxy two-wheeled garden carts, with a T-shaped handle attached at the enclosed end. Teen-age classicists who aspire to the role of charioteer must know not only Latin but also go-carts, welding, and sheet-metal work. And it doesn't hurt to have a father who's an architect or an uncle who's a machinist.

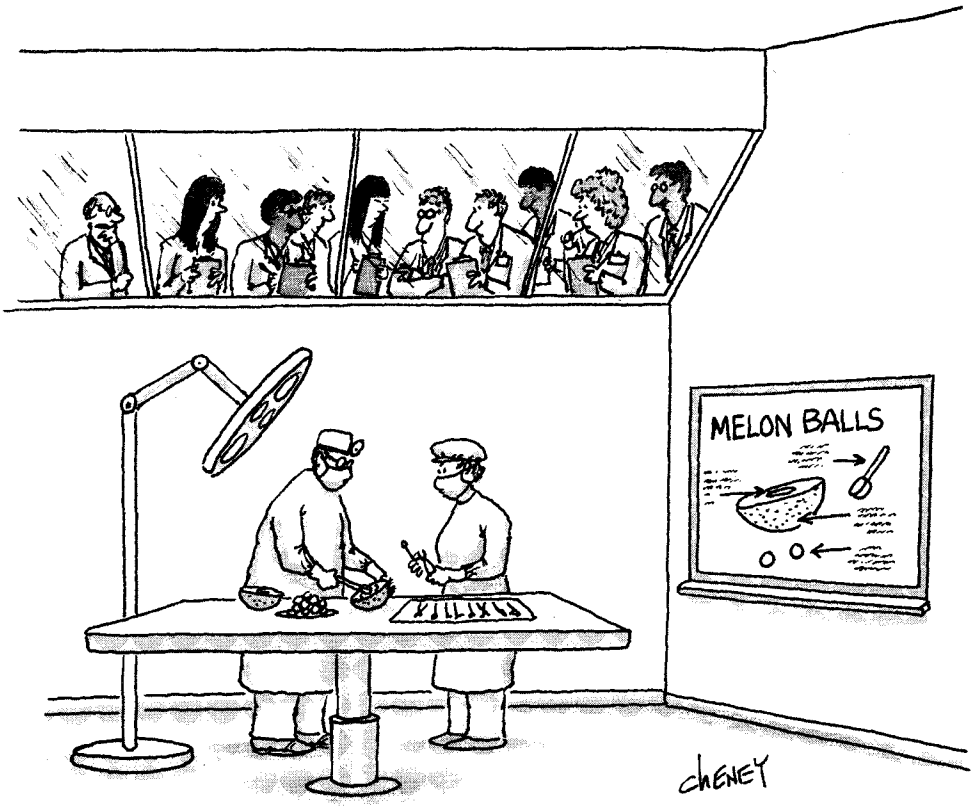
The home team's entry, Aquila Vindex Middletenensis (Middletown Conquering Eagle), was white with splashes of blue and silver paint, and looked as if students had slapped it together the night before, with a certain satisfaction in having hit upon a name that was easily confused with a common household product. Other schools were more interested in aerodynamics than in puns. Ite Furtim (Go Stealthily), a black chariot with wings painted on it, which was made by students from Platt High School, in Meriden, had a front end shaped like a trowel, to cleave the air. Students from Rockville High School, in Vernon, had fashioned their chariot from sheet metal (about half of the chariots were metal and half were plywood), rounding it off in front like a barrel. The name of their school, Vicusaxosus (Small Town Full of Rocks), was printed boldly across the front.

In the chariot-design competition, a separate event that had been held hours earlier, the judges had been instructed to give each chariot's Latin name equal weight with its durability, its authenticity, and its paint job. First prize in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the high-school division went to Bolton, for Aquila, a double-yoked chariot elegantly painted to suggest an eagle—the symbol of Jupiter—in flight. By winning, Bolton edged out its ancient rival, New Fairfield, whose chariot Currus Neptuni had been named for a lesser deity. New Fairfield got its revenge in the middle-school division, however, where its Currus Medeae, inspired by Medea's escape from Corinth in the chariot of the sun, trounced the optimistically named Victoria Est Nobis (Victory Is Ours), whose young manufacturers, from Vernon Center, had painted on the dashboard a likeness of Gumby in a toga. Surprisingly, no one tried to cash in on the popularity of the upstart idols Adulescentes Mutabiles Ninies Testudines.

From the moment New Fairfield arrived in Middletown, it was clear that this was the team to beat. Even its bus was more glamorous than anyone else's: silver with orange and red racing stripes, smoked-glass windows, and luggage hatches for the chariots. The New Fairfield Latin teacher, Bill Merritt, was formerly a football and baseball coach, and he has a reputation among classicists for bringing the same competitive spirit to Latin that he brought to football. A vigorous man with a ginger-colored mustache, Mr. Merritt was all over the place on Latin Day, in several guises. Wearing sneakers and what looked like a white graduation gown—students and teachers all had to dress as Romans—he was the "spotter" in a demonstration *certamen* at the opening assembly. (*Certamen*—hard "c," accent on the penult—is a quiz contest for Latin students, a very serious scholarly pursuit. The real *certamen* had been held earlier that week; the winner, naturally, was New Fairfield.) Just before that, Mr. Merritt had been in the media center (as the school library is now known), making sure that two of his students, who had constructed an enormous aqueduct for the special-projects competition, were given a table near an electrical outlet, so that they could plug their project in. (It was supposed to recirculate water, but its concrete foundation had cracked, and the engineers were last seen trying to protect ancient Rome's water supply with furnace-and-retort cement.)

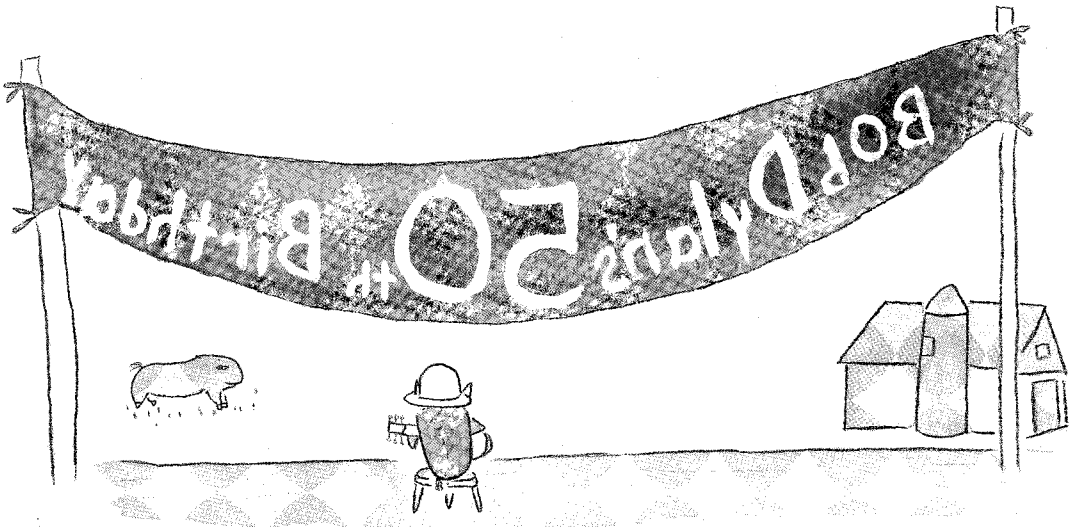


• •

While some of Mr. Merritt's students were running in the "decimated marathon"—a 2.6-mile race through the streets of Medium Oppidum—and others were declaiming passages from Cicero and Phaedrus, and still others were playing volleyball in the gym or Ultimate Frisbee (Ultimus Discus Plasticus) on the lawn, he himself was presiding over the tug-of-war, barking out orders as if he were Normannus Oppugnans (Stormin' Norman). "Neil, Neil! My clipboard!" he bellowed, and "Pickup, get out here!" (Jason Pickup had come dressed as Pan for the costume contest, and at the moment he was inside comparing chest hair—or lack of it—with several other Pans.) At a lunchtime carnival, where the kids told fortunes and hawked "Amor Omnia Vincit" T-shirts, Mr. Merritt was cheering his students on in the pie-throwing contest while offering himself as target. For this martyrdom he had removed his good tunic, put on a clear-plastic bib, and stuck his head through a hole in a curtain rigged up in front of the school building. When the maintenance man complained that he was going to have to clean up the whipped cream left by errant throws, Mr. Merritt said, "One good rain will take care of it." Then, after licking some cream off his mustache, he changed into a green T-shirt bearing a motto from a Latin Day of yesteryear ("Semper Ubi Sub Ubi," or "Always Wear Your Underwear") and—shouting, "Jumpers, come with me!"—ran across the street to the track, in order to oversee the long jump and the footraces. Then, at last, it was time to bring on the chariots.

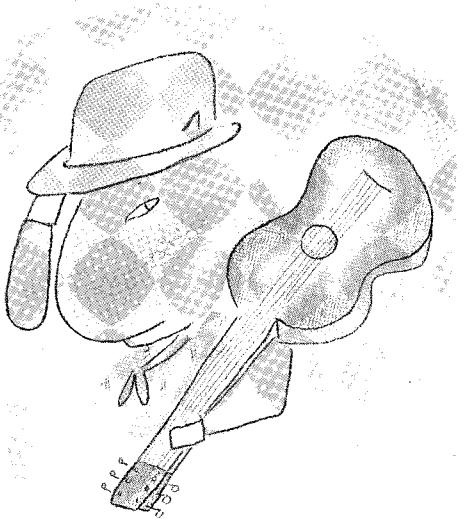
Nine chariots went to the post in Middletown, the same number that ran in the chariot race in "Ben-Hur." The major difference was that in Middletown nobody was allowed to ride in the chariots. "That would be too dangerous," said Nancy Lister, the Latin teacher at Rockville, who had organized the Latin Day events. Instead, the students, in teams of two—first the girls, then the boys—pulled the chariots for a run of sixty yards. The closest thing that the spectacle offered to a Roman governor in the stands was Ms. Lister, in a pink stola, rooting for Vicusaxosus—which, in fact, came in first in the girls' race, but lost to New Fairfield in the boys'. The closest thing to Charlton Heston was one of the charioteers from Bolton, who bravely climbed into his chariot, when no one was looking, and let his teammate pull him in splendor back across the finish line.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

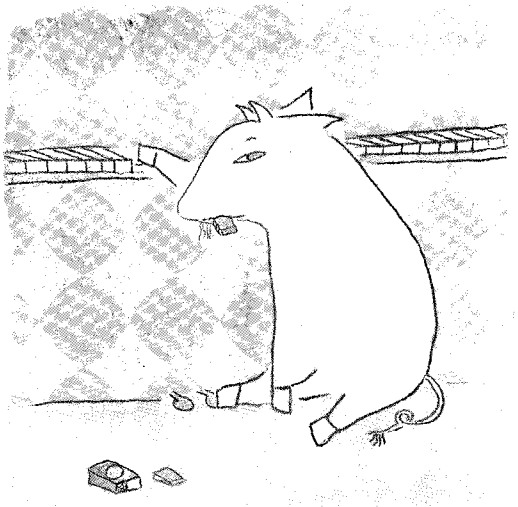


The Annual Bob Dylan Imitators' Contest held at Elston Gunn Dairy

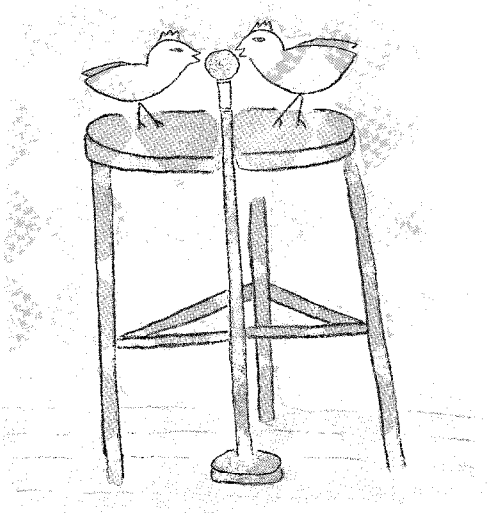
1st Prize: Cat, for version of "Tell Me, Mama" learned off of bootleg



2nd Prize: Cow, for "Nashville Skyline" medley



Honorable mention: Goat, for eating piano bench + harmonica during performance of "Mixed-Up Confusion"



Chickens disqualified for performing Everly Brothers song

John S Walker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORAIN

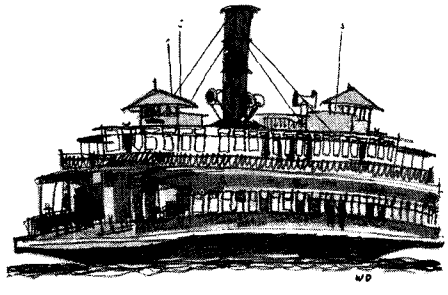
ABOUT an hour before the funeral service for Adam Tremski, snow mixed with rain began to fall, and by the time the first of the mourners arrived the stone steps of the church were dangerously wet. Blaise Forain, Tremski's French publisher, now his literary executor, was not surprised when, later, an elderly woman slipped and fell and had to be carried by ambulance to the Hôtel-Dieu hospital. Forain, in an attempt to promote Cartesian order over Slavic frenzy, sent for the ambulance, then found himself obliged to accompany the patient to the emergency section and fork over a deposit. The old lady had no social security.

Taken together, façade and steps formed an escarpment—looming, abrupt, above all unfamiliar. The friends of Tremski's last years had been Polish, Jewish, a few French. Of the French, only Forain was used to a variety of last rites. He was expected to attend the funerals not only of his authors but of their wives. He knew all the Polish churches of Paris, the Hungarian mission, the synagogues on the Rue Copernic and the Rue de la Victoire, and the mock chapel of the crematorium at Père Lachaise cemetery. For nonbelievers a few words at the graveside sufficed. Their friends said, by way of a greeting, "Another one gone." However, no one they knew ever had been buried from this particular church. The parish was said to be the oldest in the city, yet the edifice built on the ancient site looked forbidding and cold. Tremski for some forty years had occupied the same walkup flat on the fringe of Montparnasse. What was he doing over here, on the wrong side of the Seine?

Four months before this, Forain had been present for the last blessing of Barbara, Tremski's wife, at the Polish church on the Rue Saint-Honoré. The church, a chapel really, was round in shape, with no fixed pews—just rows of chairs pushed together. The dome was a mistake—too imposing for the squat structure—but it had stood for centuries, and only the very nervous could consider it a threat. Here, Forain had noticed, tears came easily, not only for the lost friend but for all the broken ties and old, unwilling journeys. The tears of strangers around him, that is; grief, when it reached him, was pale and dry. He was thirty-eight, divorced, had a daughter of twelve who lived in Nice with her mother and the mother's lover. Only one or two of Forain's friends had ever met the girl. Most people, when told, found it hard to believe he had ever been married. The service for Tremski's wife had been disrupted by the late entrance of *her* daughter—child of her first husband—who had made a show of arriving late, kneeling alone in the aisle, kissing the velvet pall over the coffin, and noisily marching out. Halina was her name. She had straight, graying hair and a cross face with small features. Forain knew that some of the older mourners could remember her as a pretty, unsmiling, not too clever child. A few perhaps thought Tremski was her father and wondered if he had been unkind to his wife. Tremski, sitting with his head bowed, may not have noticed. At any rate, he had never mentioned anything.

Tremski was Jewish. His wife had been born a Catholic, though no one was certain what had come next. To be blunt, was she in or out? The fact was that she had lived in adultery—if one wanted to be specific—with Tremski until her husband had obliged the pair by dying. There had been no question of a divorce; probably she had never asked for one. For his wedding to Barbara, Tremski had bought a dark-blue suit at a good place, Creed or Lanvin Hommes, which he had on at her funeral, and in which he would be buried. He had never owned another, had shambled around Paris looking as though he slept under restaurant tables, on a bed of cigarette ashes and crumbs. It would have taken a team of devoted women, not just one wife, to keep him spruce.

Forain knew only from hearsay about the wedding ceremony in one of the town halls of Paris (Tremski was still untranslated then, had a job in a bookstore near the Jardin des Plantes, had paid back the advance for the dark-blue suit over eleven months)—the names signed in a register, the daughter's refusal to attend, the wine drunk with friends in a café on the Avenue du Maine. It was a cheerless place, but Tremski knew the owner. He had talked of throwing a party but never got round to it; his flat was too small. Any day now he would move to larger quarters and invite two hundred and fifty intimate friends to a banquet. In the meantime, he stuck to his rented flat, a standard émigré dwelling of the nineteen-fifties, almost a period piece now: two rooms on a court, windowless kitchen, splintered floors, unheatable bathroom, no elevator, intimidating landlord—a figure central to his comic anecdotes and private worries. What did his wife think? Nobody knew, though if he had sent two hundred and fifty invitations she would undoubtedly have started to borrow two hundred and fifty glasses and plates. Even after Tremski could afford to move, he remained anchored to his seedy rooms: there were all those books, and the boxes filled with unanswered mail, and the important documents he would not let anyone file. Snapshots and group portraits of novelists and poets, wearing the clothes and haircuts of the fifties and sixties, took up much of a wall. A new desire to sort out the past, put its artifacts in order, had occupied Tremski's conversation on his wedding day. His friends had soon grown bored, although his wife seemed to be listening. Tremski, married at last, was off on an oblique course, preaching the need for discipline and a thought-out future. It didn't last.



At Forain's first meeting with Barbara, they drank harsh tea from mismatched cups and appraised each other in the gray light that filtered in from the court. She asked him, gently, about his fitness to translate and publish Tremski—then still at the bookstore, selling wartime memoirs and paperbacks and addressing parcels. Did Forain have close ties with the Nobel Prize committee? How many of his authors had received important awards, gone on to international fame? She was warm and friendly and made him think of a large buttercup. He was about the age of her daughter, Halina; so Barbara said. He felt paternal, wise, rid of mistaken ideals. He would become Tremski's guide and father. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought, This is the sort of woman I should have married—although most probably he should never have married anyone.

ONLY a few of the mourners mounting the treacherous steps can have had a thought to spare for Tremski's private affairs. His wife's flight from a brave and decent husband, dragging by the hand a child of three, belonged to the folklore, not the history, of mid-century emigration. The chronicle of two generations, displaced and dispossessed, had come to a stop. The evaluation could begin; had already started. Scholars who looked dismayingly youthful, speaking the same language, but with a new, jarring vocabulary, were trekking to Western capitals—taping reminiscences, copying old letters. History turned out to be a plodding science. What most émigrés settled for now was the haphazard accuracy of a memory like Tremski's. In the end it was always a poem that ran through the mind—not a string of dates.

Some may have wondered why Tremski was entitled to a Christian service; or, to apply another kind of reasoning, why it had been thrust upon him. Given his shifting views on eternity and the afterlife, a simple get-together might have done, with remarks from admirers, a poem or two read aloud, a priest wearing a turtleneck sweater, or a young rabbi with a literary bent. Or one of each, offering prayers and tributes in turn. Tremski had nothing against prayers. He had spent half his life inventing them.

As it turned out, the steep church was not as severe as it looked from the street. It was in the hands of a small charismatic order, perhaps full of high spirits but by no means schismatic. No one had bothered to ask if Tremski was a true convert or just a writer who sometimes sounded like one. His sole relative was his stepdaughter. She had made an arrangement that suited her: she lived nearby, in a street until recently classed as a slum, now renovated and highly prized. Between her seventeenth-century flat and the venerable site was a large, comfortable, cluttered department store, where, over the years, Tremski's friends had bought their pots of paint and rollers, their sturdy plates and cups, their burglarproof door locks, their long-lasting cardigan sweaters. The store was more familiar than the church. The stepdaughter was a stranger.

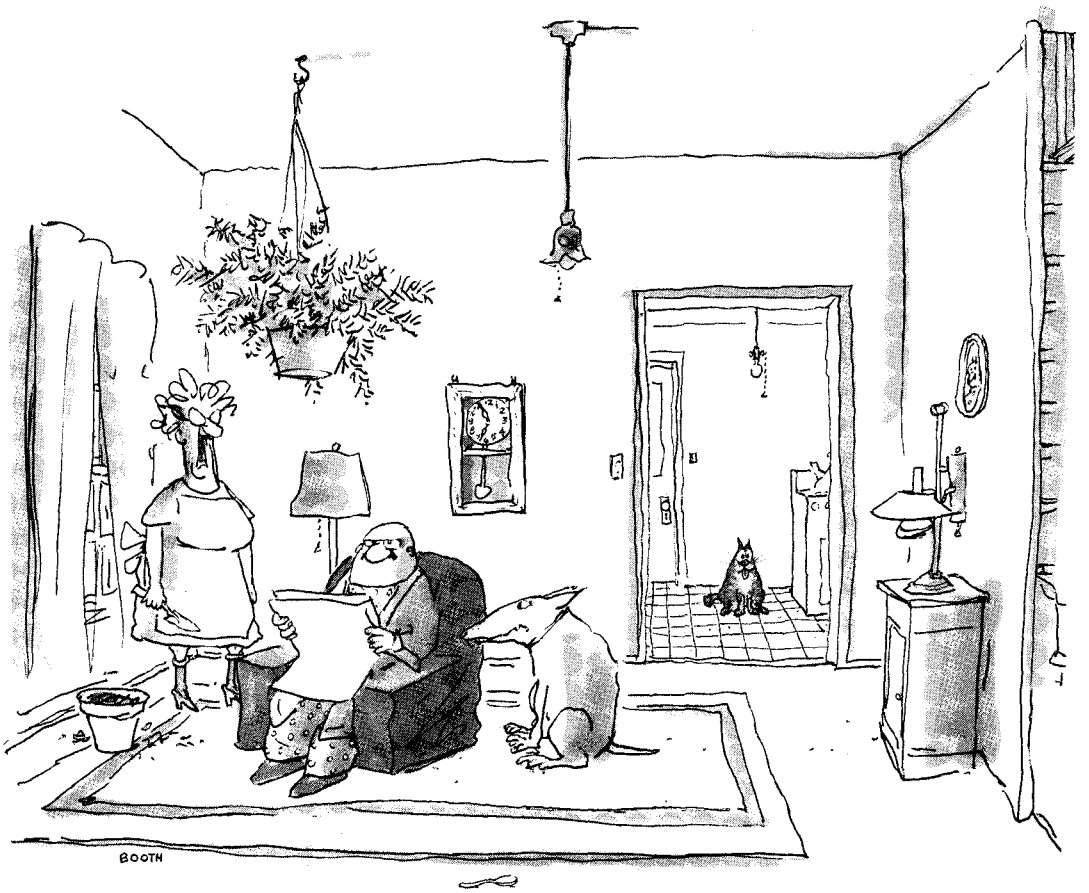
She was also Tremski's heir and she did not understand Forain's role, taking executor to mean an honorary function, godfather to the dead. She had told Forain that Tremski had destroyed her father and blighted her childhood. He had enslaved her mother, spoken loud Polish in restaurants, had tried to keep Halina from achieving a French social identity. Made responsible, by his astonishing will, for organizing a suitable funeral, she had chosen a French sendoff, to be followed by burial in a Polish cemetery outside Paris. Because of the weather and because there was a shortage of cars, friends were excused from attending the burial. Most of them were thankful: more than one fatal cold had been brought on by standing in the icy mud of a graveyard. When she had complained she was doing her best, that Tremski had never said what he wanted, she was probably speaking the truth. He could claim one thing and its opposite in the same sentence. Only God could keep track. If today's rite was a cosmic error, Forain decided, it was up to Him to erase Tremski's name from the ledger and enter it in the proper column. If He cared.

The mourners climbed the church steps slowly. Some were helped by younger relatives, who had taken time off from work. A few had migrated to high-rise apartments in the outer suburbs, to deeper loneliness but cheaper rents. They had set out early, as if they still believed no day could start without them, and after a long journey underground and a difficult change of direction had emerged from the Hôtel de Ville Métro station. They held their umbrellas at a slant, as if countering some force of nature arriving head-on. Actually, there was not the least stir in the air, although strong winds and sleet were forecast. The snow and rain came down in thin soft strings, clung to fur or woollen hats, and became a meagre amount of slush underfoot.

Forain was just inside the doors, accepting murmured sympathy and handshakes. He was not usurping a family role but trying to make up for the absence of Halina. Perhaps she would stride in late, as at her mother's funeral, driving home some private grudge. He had on a long cashmere overcoat, the only black garment he owned. A friend had left it to him.

"You remind me of why I found the eighties wanting."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I feel like there are two people in this body!"

• • •

More exactly, the friend, aware that he was to die very soon, had told Forain to collect it at the tailor's. It had been fitted, finished, paid for, never worn. Forain knew there was a mean joke abroad about his wearing dead men's clothes. It also applied to his professional life: he was supposed to have said he preferred the backlist of any dead writer to the stress and tension of trying to deal with a live one.

His hair and shoes felt damp. The hand he gave to be shaken must have chilled all those it touched. He was squarely in the path of one of those church drafts that become gales anywhere close to a door. He wondered if Halina had been put off coming because of some firm remarks of his, the day before (he had defended Tremski against the charge of shouting in restaurants), or even had decided it was undignified to pretend she cared for a second how Tremski was dispatched; but at the last minute she turned up, with her French husband—a reporter of French political affairs on a weekly—and a daughter of fourteen in jacket and jeans. These two had not been able to read a word of Tremski's until Forain had published a novel in translation about six years before. Tremski believed they had never looked at it—to be fair, the girl was only eight at the time—or any of the books that had followed; although the girl clipped and saved reviews. It was remarkable, Tremski had said, the way literate people, reasonably well travelled and educated, comfortably off, could live adequate lives without wanting to know what had gone before or happened elsewhere. Even the husband, the political journalist, was like that: a few names, a date looked up, a notion of geography satisfied him.

Forain could tell Tremski minded. He had wanted Halina to think well of him at least on one count, his life's work. She was the daughter of a former Army officer who had died—like Barbara, like Tremski—in a foreign city. She considered herself, no less than her father, the victim of a selfish adventure. She also believed she was made of better stuff than Tremski, by descent and status, and that was harder to take. In Tremski's own view, comparisons were not up for debate.

For the moment, the three were behaving well. It was as much as Forain expected from anybody. He had given up measuring social conduct, except where it ran its course in fiction. His firm made a specialty of translating and publishing work from Eastern and Central Europe; it kept him at a remove. Halina seemed tamed now, even thanked him for standing in and welcoming all those strangers. She had a story to explain why she was late, but it was farfetched, and Forain forgot it immediately. The delay most likely had been caused by a knockdown argument over the jacket and jeans. Halina was a cold skirmisher, narrow in scope but heavily principled. She wore a fur-and-leather coat, a pale gray hat with a brim, and a scarf—authentic Hermès? Taiwan fake? Forain could have told by rubbing the silk between his fingers, but it was a wild idea, and he kept his distance.

The girl had about her a look of Barbara: for that reason, no other, Forain found her appealing. Blaise ought to sit with the family, she said—using his first name, the way young people did now. A front pew had been kept just for the three of them. There was plenty of room. Forain thought that Halina might begin to wrangle, in whispers, within earshot (so to speak) of the dead. He said yes, which was easier than to refuse, and decided no. He left them at the door, greeting stragglers, and found a place at the end of a pew halfway down the aisle. If Halina mentioned anything, later, he would say he had been afraid he might have to leave before the end. She walked by without noticing and, once settled, did not look around.

The pale hat had belonged to Halina's mother. Forain was sure he remembered it. When his wife died, Tremski had let Halina and her husband ransack the flat. Halina made several trips while the husband waited downstairs. He had come up only to help carry a crate of papers belonging to Tremski. It contained, among other documents,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of them rubbish, a number of manuscripts not quite complete. Since Barbara's funeral Tremski had not bothered to shave or even put his teeth in. He sat in the room she had used, wearing a dressing gown torn at the elbows. Her wardrobe stood empty, the door wide, just a few hangers inside. He clutched Forain by the sleeve and said that Halina had taken some things of his away. As soon as she realized her error she would bring them back.

Forain would have preferred to cross the Seine on horseback, lashing at anyone who resembled Halina or her husband, but he had driven to her street by taxi, past the old, reassuring, unchanging department store. No warning, no telephone call: he walked up a curving stone staircase, newly sandblasted and scrubbed, and pressed the doorbell on a continued note until someone came running.

She let him in, just so far. "Adam can't be trusted to look after his own affairs," she said. "He was always careless and dirty, but now the place smells of dirt. Did you look at the kitchen table? He must keep eating from the same plate. As for my mother's letters, if that's what you're after, he had already started to tear them up."

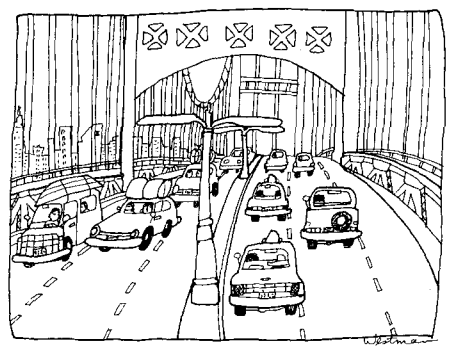
"Did you save any?"

"They belong to me."

How like a ferret she looked, just then; and she was the child of such handsome parents. A studio portrait of her father, the Polish officer, taken in London, in civilian clothes, smoking a long cigarette, stood on a table in the entrance hall. (Forain was admitted no further.) Forain took in the likeness of the man who had fought a war for nothing. Barbara had deserted that composed, distinguished, somewhat careful face for Tremski. She must have forced Tremski's hand, arrived on his doorstep, bag, baggage, and child. He had never come to a resolution about anything in his life.

Forain had retrieved every scrap of paper, of course—all but the letters. Fired by a mixture of duty and self-interest, he was unbeatable. Halina had nothing on her side but a desire to reclaim her mother, remove the Tremski influence, return her—if only her shoes and blouses and skirts—to the patient and defeated man with his frozen cigarette. Her entitlement seemed to include a portion of Tremski, too; but she had resented him, which weakened her grasp. Replaying every move, Forain saw how strong her case might have been if she had acknowledged Tremski as her mother's choice. Denying it, she became—almost became; Forain stopped her in time—the defendant in a cheap sort of litigation.

TREMSKI's friends sat with their shoes in puddles. They kept their gloves on and pulled their knitted scarves tight. Some had spent all these years in France without social security or health insurance, either for want of means or because they had never found their feet in the right sort of employment. Possibly they believed that a long life was in itself full payment for a safe old age. Should the end turn out to be costly and prolonged, then, please, allow us to dream and float in the thickest, deepest darkness, unaware of the inconvenience and clerical work we may cause. So, Forain guessed, ran their prayers.



Funerals came along in close ranks now, especially in bronchial winters. One of Forain's earliest recollections was the Mass in Latin, but he could not say he missed it: he associated Latin with early-morning hunger, and sitting still. The charismatic movement seemed to have replaced incomprehension and mystery with theatricals. He observed the five priests in full regalia sitting to the right of the altar. One had a bad cold and kept taking a handkerchief from his sleeve. Another more than once glanced at his watch. A choir, concealed or on tape, sang "Jesu, bleibet meine Freude," after which a smooth trained voice began to recite the Twenty-fifth Psalm. The voice seemed to emanate from Tremski's coffin but was too perfectly French to be his. In the middle of Verse 7, just after "Remember not the sins of my youth," the speaker wavered and broke off. A man seated in front of Forain got up and walked down the

I ANSWER YOUR QUESTION WITH A QUESTION

Don't ask me so soon
when I'm going to leave you.
It's only mid-June, a few more weeks

of peonies yet. I used to hate
their furry scent, their fat cheeks packed
with held breath, the way they'd crumple open

later, like women in tears.
Now I insist I'll never grow sick of them.
So I'm extravagant!

Here: stand over this vase.
Do you call the dipping in your gut
happiness? Do the letters of my name

go loose in your mouth, all salt
and silver, too strange to spell me?
Am I perfectly clear to you now,

am I abstract?
Tell me it isn't marvellous.
Or do you think it's just this

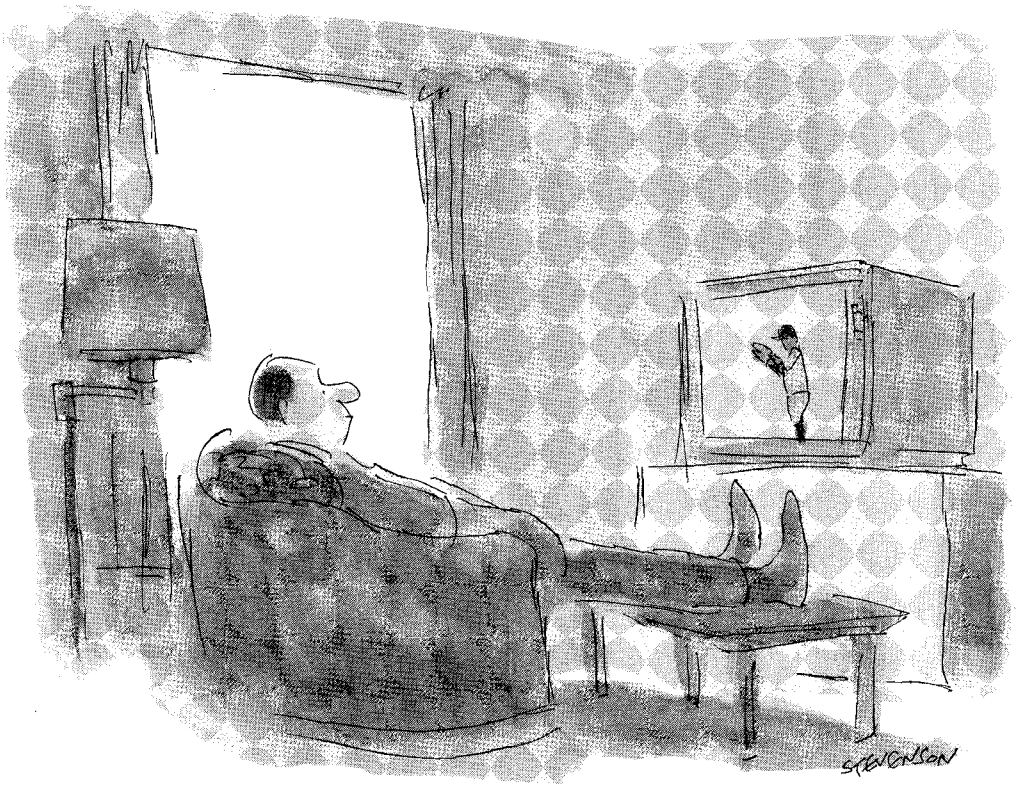
brief confusion in the foyer,
these giddy flowers?

—DEBORAH GOTTLIEB GARRISON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aisle, in a solemn and ponderous way. The coffin was on a trestle, draped in purple and white, heaped with roses, tulips, and chrysanthemums. He edged past it, picked up a black box lying on the ground, and pressed two clicking buttons. "Jesu" started up, from the beginning. Returning, the stranger gave Forain an angry stare, as if he had created the mishap.

Forain knew that some of Tremski's friends thought he was unreliable. He had a reputation for not paying authors their due. There were writers who complained they had never received the price of a postage stamp; they could not make sense of his elegant handwritten statements. Actually, Tremski had been the exception. Forain had arranged his foreign rights, when they began to occur, on a half-and-half basis. Tremski thought of money as a useful substance that covered rent and cigarettes. His wife didn't see it that way. Her forefinger at the end of a column of figures, her quiet, seductive voice saying, "Blaise, what's this?" called for a thought-out answer.



"Today's starting pitcher will be Matt Goss, and the starting manager will be Carl Ernst."

• •

She had never bothered to visit Forain's office, but made him take her to tea at Angelina's, on the Rue de Rivoli. After her strawberry tart had been eaten and the plate removed, she would bring out of her handbag the folded, annotated account. Outdone, outclassed, slipping the tearoom check into his wallet to be dissolved in general expenses, he would look around and obtain at least one satisfaction: she was still the best-looking woman in sight, of any age. He had not been tripped up by someone of inferior appearance and quality. The more he felt harassed by larger issues, the more he made much of small compensations. He ran his business with a staff of loyal, worn-out women, connected to him by a belief in what he was doing, or some lapsed personal tie, or because it was too late and they had nowhere to go. At eight o'clock this morning, the day of the funeral, his staunch Lisette, at his side from the beginning of the venture, had called to tell him she had enough social-security points for retirement. He saw the points as splashes of ink on a clean page. All he could think to answer was that she would soon get bored, having no reason to get up each day. Lisette had replied, not disagreeably, that she planned to spend the next ten years in bed. He could not even coax her to stay by improving her salary: except for the reserve of capital required by law, he had next to no money, had to scrape to pay the monthly settlement on his daughter, and was in continual debt to printers and banks.

He was often described in the trade as poor but selfless. He had performed an immeasurable service to world culture, bringing to the West voices that had been muffled for decades in the East. Well, of course, his thimble-size firm had not been able to attract the leviathan prophets, the booming novelists, the great mentors and tireless definers. Tremski had been at the very limit of Forain's financial reach—good Tremski, who had stuck to Forain even after he could have moved on. Common sense had kept Forain from approaching the next-best, second-level oracles, articulate and attractive, subsidized to the ears, chain-smoking and explaining, still wandering the universities and congresses of the West. Their travel requirements were beyond him: no grant could cover the unassuming but ruinous little hotel on the Left Bank, the long afternoons and evenings spent in bars with leather armchairs, where the visitors expected to meet clever and cultivated people in order to exchange ideas.

Forain's own little flock, by contrast, seemed to have entered the world with no expectations. Apart from the odd, rare, humble complaint, they were content to be put up on the top story of a hotel with a steep, neglected staircase, a wealth of literary associations, and one bath to a floor. For recreation, they went to the café across the street, made a pot of hot water and a tea bag last two and a half hours, and, as Forain encouraged them to keep in mind, could watch the Market Economy saunter by. Docile, holding only a modest estimation of their own gifts, they still provided a handicap: their names, like those of their characters, all sounded alike to barbaric Western ears. It had been a triumph of perseverance on the part of Forain to get notice taken of their books. He wanted every work he published to survive in collective memory, even when the paper it was printed on had been pulped, burned in the city's vast incinerators,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or lay moldering at the bottom of the Seine.

Season after season, his stomach eaten up with anxiety, his heart pounding out hope, hope, hope, he produced a satirical novella set in Odessa; a dense, sober private journal, translated from the Romanian, best understood by the author and his friends; or another wry glance at the harebrained makers of history. (There were few women. In that particular part of Europe they seemed to figure as brusque flirtatious mistresses or uncomplaining wives.) At least once a year he committed the near-suicide of short stories and poetry. There were rewards, none financial. A few critics thought it a safe bet occasionally to mention a book he sent along for review: he was considered sound in an area no one knew much about, and too hard up to sponsor a pure disaster. Any day now some stumbling tender newborn calf of his could turn into a literary water ox. As a result, it was not unusual for one of his writers to receive a sheaf of tiny clippings, sometimes even illustrated by a miniature photograph, taken at the Place de la Bastille, with traffic whirling around. A clutch of large banknotes would have been good, too, but only Tremski's wife had held out for both.

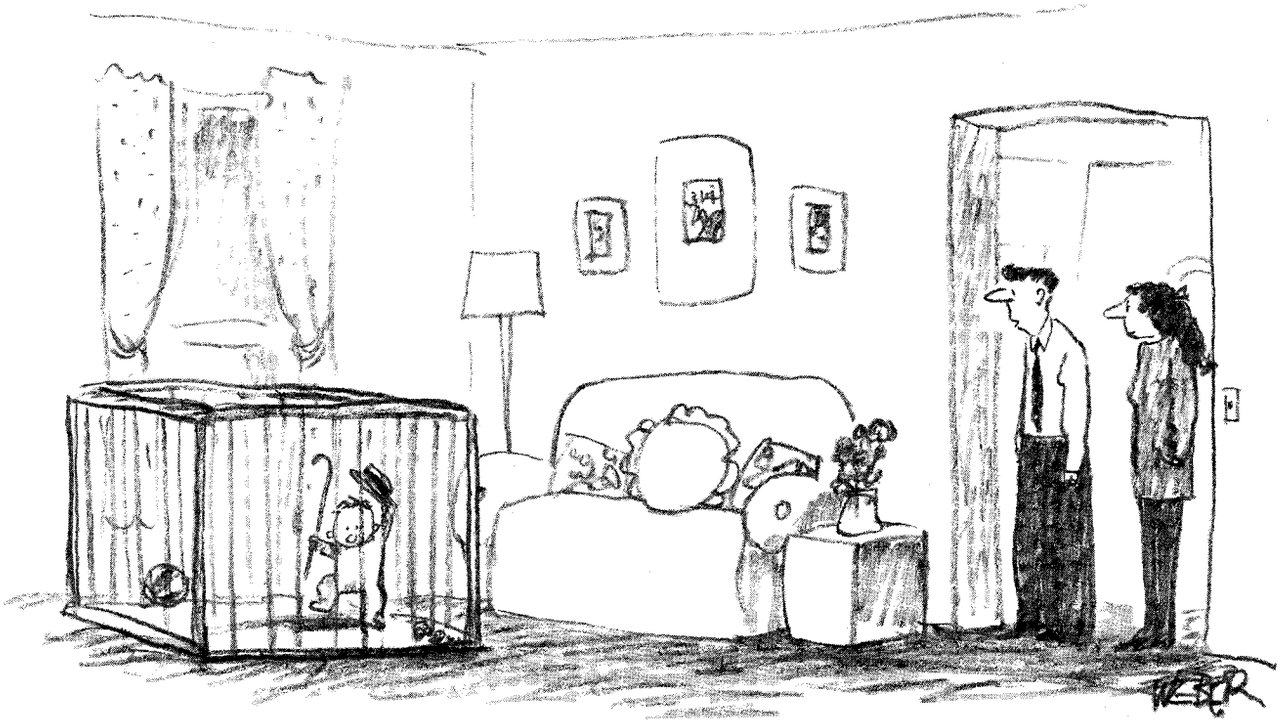
Money! Forain's opinion was the same as that of any poet striving to be read in translation. He never said so. The name of the firm, Blaise Éditions, rang with an honest chime in spheres where trade and literature are supposed to have no connection. When the Minister of Culture had decorated him, not long before, mentioning in encouraging terms Forain's addition to the House of Europe, Forain had tried to look diffident but essential. It seemed to him at that instant that his reputation for voluntary self-denial was a stone memorial pinning him to earth. He wanted to cry out for help—to the Minister? It would look terrible. He felt honored but confused. Again, summoned to the refurbished embassy of a new democracy, welcomed by an ambassador and a cultural attaché recently arrived (the working staff was unchanged), Forain had dared say to himself, "Why don't they just give me the check for whatever all this is costing?"—the champagne, the exquisite catering, the medal in a velvet box—all the while hoping his thoughts would not show on his face.

The truth was that the destruction of the Wall—radiant paradigm—had all but demolished Forain. The difference was that Forain could not be hammered to still smaller pieces and sold all over the world. In much the same way Vatican II had reduced to bankruptcy more than one publisher of prayer books in Latin. A couple of them had tried to recoup by dumping the obsolete missals on congregations in Asia and Africa, but by the time the Third World began to ask for its money back the publishers had gone down with all hands. Briefly, Forain pondered the possibility of unloading on readers in Senegal and Cameroon the entire edition of a subtle and allusive study of corruption in Minsk, set in 1973. Could one still get away with it—better yet, charge it off to cultural coöperation? He answered himself: No. Not after November, 1989. Gone were the stories in which socialist incoherence was matched by Western irrelevance. Gone from Forain's intention to publish, that is: his flock continued to turn them in. He had instructed his underpaid, patient professional readers—teachers of foreign languages, for the most part—to look only at the first three and last two pages of any manuscript. If they promised another version of the East-West dilemma, disguised as a fresh look at the recent past, he did not want to see so much as a one-sentence summary.

"I hate it when they do this."

BY leaning into the aisle he could watch the last blessing. A line of mourners, Halina and her sobbing daughter at the head, shuffled around the coffin, each person ready to add an individual appeal for God's mercy. Forain stayed where he was. He neither pestered nor tried to influence imponderables; not since the death of the friend who had owned the cashmere coat. If the firm went into deeper decline, if it took the slide from shaky to foundering, he would turn to writing. Why not? At least he knew what he wanted to publish. It would get rid of any further need of dealing with living authors: their rent, their divorces, their abscessed teeth, not to speak of that new craze in the East—their psychiatrists. His first novel—what would he call it? He allowed a title to rise from his dormant unconscious imagination. It emerged, black and strong, on the cover of a book propped up in a store window: "The Cherry Orchard." His mind accepted the challenge. What about a sly, quiet novel, teasingly based on the play? A former property owner, after forty-seven years of exile, returns to Karl-Marx-Stadt to reclaim the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I haven't the heart to tell him vaudeville's dead."

• •

family home. It now houses sixteen hardworking couples and thirty-eight small children. He throws them out, and the novel winds down with a moody description of curses and fistfights as imported workers try to install a satellite dish in the garden, where the children's swings used to be. It would keep a foot in the old territory, Forain thought, but with a radical shift of focus. He had to move sidelong: he could not all of a sudden start to publish poems about North Sea pollution and the threat to the herring catch.

Here was a joke he could have shared with Tremski. The stepdaughter had disconnected the telephone while Tremski was still in hospital, waiting to die; not that Forain wanted to dial an extinct number and let it ring. Even in Tremski's mortal grief over Barbara, the thought of Forain as his own author would have made him smile. He had accepted Forain, would listen to nothing said against him—just as he could not be dislodged from his fusty apartment and had remained faithful to his wife—but he had considered Forain's best efforts to be a kind of amateur, Western fiddling, and all his bright ideas to be false dawns. Forain lived a publisher's dream life, Tremski believed—head of a platoon of self-effacing, flat-broke writers who asked only to be read, believing they had something to say that was crucial to the West, that might even goad it into action. What sort of action? Forain still wondered. The intelligent fellow whose remains had just been committed to eternity was no different. He knew Forain was poor but believed he was rich. He thought a great new war would leave Central Europe untouched. The liberating missiles would sail across without ruffling the topmost leaf of a poplar tree. As for the contenders, well, perhaps their time was up.

The congregation had risen. Instead of a last prayer, diffuse and anonymous, Forain chose to offer up a firmer reminder of Tremski: the final inventory of his flat. First, the entrance, where a faint light under a blue shade revealed layers of coats on pegs but not the boots and umbrellas over which visitors tripped. Barbara had never interfered, never scolded, never tried to clean things up. It was Tremski's place. Through an archway, the room Barbara had used. In a corner, the chair piled with newspapers and journals that Tremski still intended to read. Next, unpainted shelves containing files, some empty, some spilling foolscap not to be touched until Tremski had a chance to sort everything out. Another bookcase, this time with books. Above it, the spread of photographs of his old friends. A window, and the sort of view that prisoners see. In front of the window, a drop-leaf table that had to be cleared for meals. The narrow couch, still spread with a blanket, where Halina had slept until she ran away. (To the end, Barbara had expected her to return saying, "It was a mistake." Tremski would have made her welcome and even bought another sofa, at the flea market, for the child.) The dark-red armchair in which Forain had sat during his first meeting with Barbara. Her own straight-backed chair and the small desk where she wrote business letters for Tremski. On the wall, a charcoal drawing of Tremski—by an amateur artist, probably—dated June, 1945. It was a face that had come through; only just.

Mourners accustomed to the ceremonial turned to a neighbor to exchange the kiss of peace. Those who were not shrank slightly, as if the touch without warmth were a new form of aggression. Forain found unfocussed, symbolized love positively terrifying. He refused the universal coming-together, rammed his hands in his pockets—like a rebellious child—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and joined the untidy lines shuffling out into the rain.

TWO hours later, the time between amply filled by the accident, the arrival and departure of the ambulance, the long admittance procedure, and the waiting around natural to a service called Emergency, Forain left the hospital. The old lady was too stunned to have much to say for herself, but she could enunciate clearly, "No family, no insurance." He had left his address and, with even less inclination, a check he sincerely hoped was not a dud. The wind and sleet promised earlier in the day battered and drenched him. He skirted the building and, across a narrow street, caught sight of lines of immigrants standing along the north side of central police headquarters. Algerians stood in a separate queue.

There were no taxis. He was too hungry and wet to cross the bridge to the Place Saint-Michel—a three-minute walk. In a café on the Boulevard du Palais he hung his coat where he could keep an eye on it and ordered a toasted ham-and-cheese sandwich, a glass of Badoit mineral water, a small carafe of wine, and black coffee—all at once. The waiter forgot the wine. When he finally remembered, Forain was ready to leave. He wanted to argue about the bill but saw that the waiter looked frightened. He was young, with clumsy hands, feverish red streaks under his eyes, and coarse fair hair: foreign, probably working without papers, in the shadow of the most powerful police in France. All right, Forain said to himself, but no tip. He noticed how the waiter kept glancing toward someone or something at the far end of the room: his employer, Forain guessed. He felt, as he had felt much of the day, baited, badgered, and trapped. He dropped a tip of random coins on the tray and pulled on his coat. The waiter grinned but did not thank him, put the coins in his pocket, and carried the untouched wine back to the kitchen.

Shoulders hunched, collar turned up, Forain made his way to the taxi rank at the Place Saint-Michel. Six or seven people under streaming umbrellas waited along the curb. Around the corner a cab suddenly drew up and a woman got out. Forain took her place, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He had stopped feeling hungry, but seemed to be wearing layers of damp towels. The driver, in a heavy accent, probably Portuguese, told Forain to quit the taxi. He was not allowed to pick up a passenger at that particular spot, close to a stand. Forain pointed out that the stand was empty. He snapped the lock shut—as if that made a difference—folded his arms, and sat shivering. He wished the driver the worst fate he could think of—to stand on the north side of police headquarters and wait for nothing.

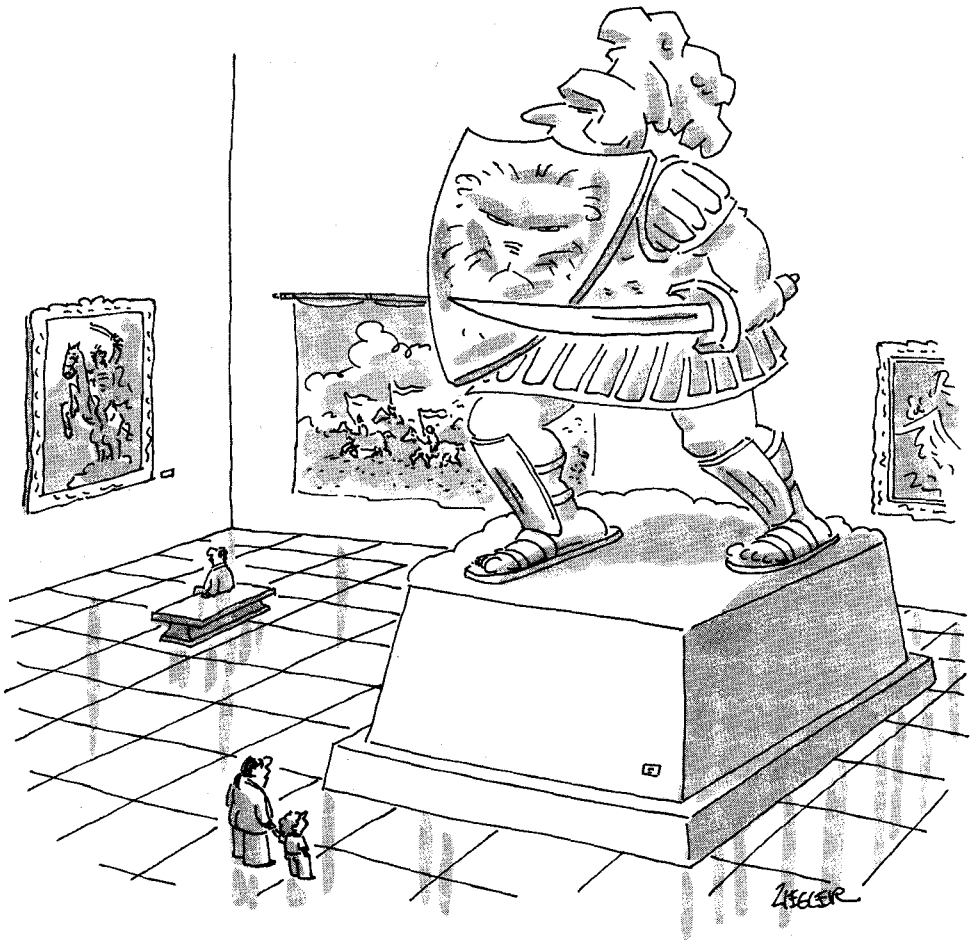
"You're lucky to be working," he suddenly said. "You should see all those people without jobs, without papers, just over there, across the Seine."

"I've seen them," the driver said. "I could be out of a job just for picking you up. You should be waiting your turn next to that sign, around the corner."

They sat for some seconds without speaking. Forain studied the set of the man's neck and shoulders; it was rigid, tense. An afternoon quiz show on the radio seemed to take his attention, or perhaps he was pretending to listen and trying to decide if it was a good idea to appeal to a policeman. Such an encounter could rebound against the driver, should Forain turn out to be someone important—assistant to the office manager of a Cabinet minister, say.

Forain knew he had won. It was a matter of seconds now. He heard "What was the name of the Queen of Sheba?" "Which one?" "The one who paid a visit to King Solomon." "Can you give me a letter?" "B." "Brigitte?"

The driver moved his head back and forth. His shoulders dropped slightly. Using a low, pleasant voice, Forain gave the address of his office, offering the St. Vincent de Paul convent as a landmark. He had thought of going straight home and changing his shoes, but catching pneumonia was nothing to the loss of the staunch Lisette; the sooner he could talk to her, the better. She should have come to the funeral. He could start with that. He realized that he had not given a thought to Tremski for almost three hours now. He continued the inventory, his substitute for a prayer. He was not sure where he had broken off—with the telephone on Barbara's desk? Tremski would not have a telephone in the



"It was a time when men regularly performed great feats of valor but were rarely in touch with their feelings."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

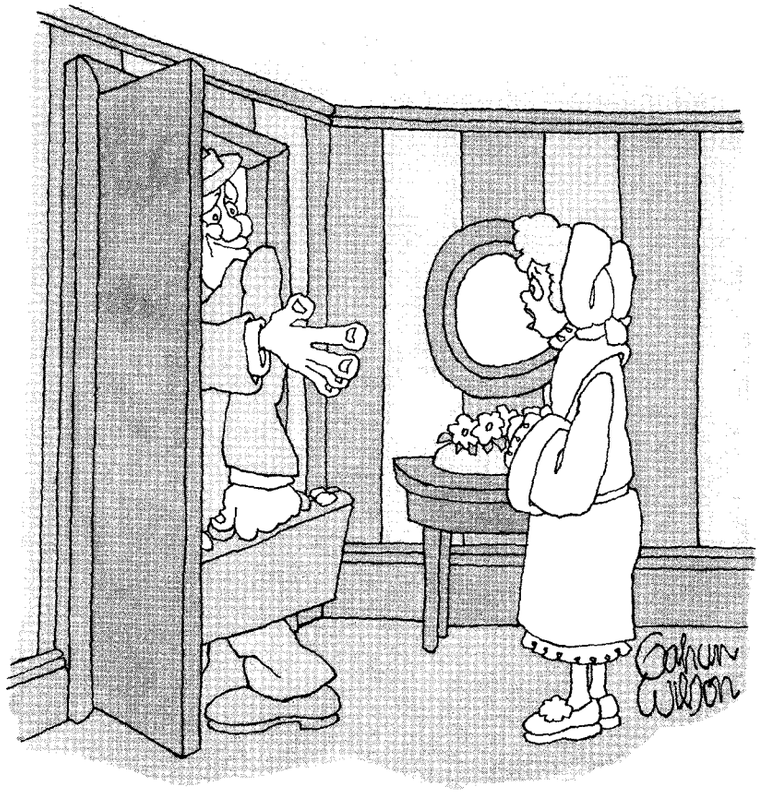
room where he worked, but at the first ring he would call through the wall, "Who is it?" Then "What does he want? . . . He met me *where*? . . . When we were in high school? . . . Tell him I'm too busy. No—let me talk to him."

The driver turned the radio up, then down. "I could have lost my job," he said.

Every light in the city was ablaze in the dark rain. Seen through rivulets on a window, the least promising streets showed glitter and well-being. It seemed to Forain that in Tremski's dark entry there had been a Charlie Chaplin poster, relic of some Polish film festival. There had been crates and boxes, too, that had never been unpacked. Tremski would not move out, but in a sense he had never moved in. Suddenly, although he had not really forgotten them, Forain remembered the manuscripts he had snatched back from Halina. She had said none was actually finished, but what did she know? What if there were only a little, very little, left to be composed? The first thing to do was have them read by someone competent—not his usual painstaking and very slow professional readers but a bright young Polish critic, who could tell at a glance what was required. Filling gaps was a question of style and logic, and could just as well take place after translation.

When they reached the Rue du Bac the driver drew up as closely as he could to the entrance, even tried to wedge the cab between two parked cars, so that Forain would not have to step into a gutter filled with running water. Forain could not decide what to do about the tip, whether to give the man something extra (it was true that he could have refused to take him anywhere) or make him aware he had been aggressive. "You should be waiting your turn . . ." still rankled. In the end, he made a Tremski-like gesture, waving aside change that must have amounted to thirty-five per cent of the fare. He asked for a receipt. It was not until after the man had driven away that Forain saw he had not included the tip in the total sum. No Tremski flourish was ever likely to carry a reward. That was another lesson of the day.

MORE than a year later, Lisette—now working only part-time—mentioned that Halina had neglected to publish in *Le Monde* the anniversary notice of Tremski's death. Did Forain want one to appear, in the name of the firm? Yes, of course. It would be wrong to say he had forgotten the apartment and everything in it, but the inventory, the imaginary camera moving around the rooms, filled him with impatience and a sense of useless effort. His mind stopped at the narrow couch with the brown blanket, Halina's bed, and he said to himself, What a pair those two were. The girl was right to run away. As soon as he had finished the thought he placed his hand over his mouth, as if to prevent the words from emerging. He went one further—bowed his head, like Tremski at Barbara's funeral, promising himself he would keep in mind things as they once were, not as they seemed to him now. But the apartment was vacated, and Tremski had disappeared. He had been prayed over thoroughly by a great number of people, and the only enjoyment he might have had from the present scene was to watch Forain make a fool of himself to no purpose.



"No, dear, the Martini is when you come back!"

• •

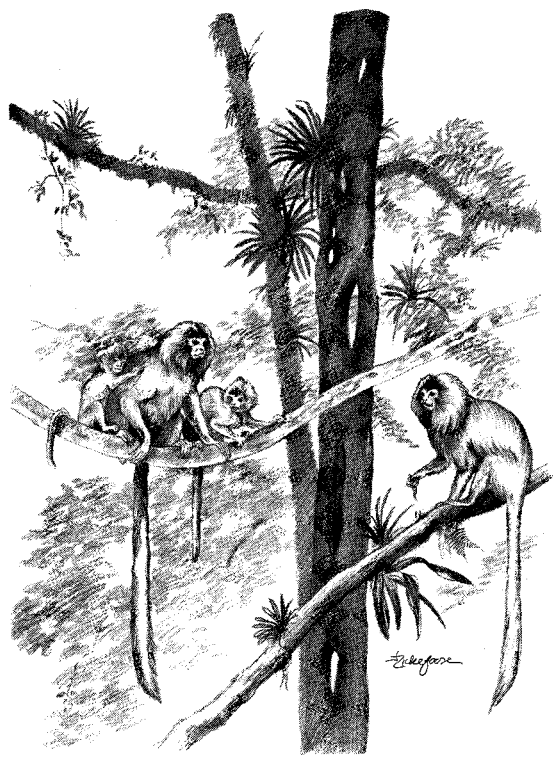
There were changes in the office, too. Lisette had agreed to stay for the time it would take to train a new hand: a thin, pretty girl, part of the recent, nonpolitical emigration—wore a short leather skirt, said she did not care about money but loved literature and did not want to waste her life working at something dull. She got on with Halina and had even spared Forain the odd difficult meeting. As she began to get the hang of her new life, she lost no time spreading the story that Forain had been the lover of Barbara and would not let go a handsome and expensive coat that had belonged to Tremski. A posthumous novel-length manuscript of Tremski's was almost ready for the printer, with a last chapter knitted up from fragments he had left trailing. The new girl, gifted in languages, compared the two versions and said he would have approved; and when Forain showed a moment of doubt and hesitation she was able to remind him of how, in the long run, Tremski had never known what he wanted.

—MAVIS GALLANT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GOLDEN MONKEYS



IN the rain forest, no niche lies unused. No emptiness goes unfilled, no gasp of sunlight untrapped. In a million vest pockets, a million life-forms quietly tick. No place on earth feels so lush. Sometimes we picture it as an echo of the original Garden—a realm ancient, serene, and fertile, where boas slither and jaguars lope. But it is mainly a world of cunning and savage trees. There is nothing mild-mannered or wimpy about rain-forest plants. Truants will not survive; the meek inherit nothing. Light is a thick yellow vitamin they would kill for, and they do. They are also aggressive about self-defense. Some trees protect themselves by producing strychnine or quinine in their leaves and bark. Others have poisonous sap. There are substances that mimic insect juvenile growth hormones and enzymes strong enough to tenderize meat (or your tongue) and agents strong enough to paralyze a wayward insect or animal. One complexly ingenious plant is the *Derris* vine, whose bark Amazonian Indians crush in the river to poison fish. Some plants evolve long, vicious spines. *Strychnos* can stop your heart with its beauty—or its curare. And there are hallucinogens, produced by tree and vine bark, seeds, and fungi. Some toads look hallucinogenic, too, which seems appropriate when you see their bursts of free-floating hop-and-color squatting on a branch, brazenly daring you to touch. On a rain-forest walk, I once came upon a vibrant aqua-blue-and-yellow arrow-poison frog, covered with a poisonous substance. Tiny but pungent with death, it sat right out on a felled tree and let me get close enough to breathe on it.

In temperate northern forests, one finds fewer species of plants in a given area, but many of each species; it's not unusual to see large glades of hemlock or maple. But in the rain forest there are kaleidoscopic numbers of different species, and very few samples of each one. When you look at such a forest, it has depth, texture, variety. But the members of each species are spaced far apart. It's hard to have a sex life when you can't move, and there is not much breeze to carry seeds about, so jungle plants have become incredible tricksters and manipulators, conning others into performing sex acts with them. In a rain forest, it's no use spilling their seed on the ground beneath them. There would be too much inbreeding, and one of the best aspects of sex, from a plant's point of view, is that it freshens the gene pool. So plants lure hummingbirds and bats, and bees, butterflies, moths—all sorts of insects. Plants are willing to dress up in animal disguises. They are sometimes carnivores. They are not shy, even if they aren't quick-footed. They are promiscuous, and they will stoop to every lowdown trick. They would dress up in gorilla suits if they could.

Some orchids, for example, living high up in the canopies, have learned how to divert a bee with their splashy color or blossoms that momentarily trap the unsuspecting bee against their sex organs. Other orchids have evolved to mimic the female tachinid fly, so that male flies will try to mate with them, and end up dusted with pollen. Still other orchids mimic the territorial movements of a male *Centris* bee, and need only wait for passing males to take up the fight. Sex or violence will do equally well: whether a plant is courted or fought with, it rubs pollen on the visitor. Some of the best pollinators are male orchid bees, which are metallic blue or green, and are after not pollen but fragrances, which they use as part of an aphrodisiac brew, and store in pockets on their hind legs. Going from flower to flower, they collect a note of fragrance here and another one there, and blend them in their hind-leg pockets, and at some magical point the mixture begins to simmer just right and they become such Adonises that even other males take notice. Soon a swarm of brightly flashing males dancing in the sunlight attracts female orchid bees, just as the flowers attracted the males. Now the males are the beautiful, fragrant blossoms of the jungle. Who could resist them?

No place on earth is more biologically complex. The riot of lushness comes in part from hanging mosses, ferns, orchids, vines, and bromeliads. Each tree is a palimpsest. Most plants one sees hanging on to trees are not parasites; they just use the trees as a perch. According to Adrian Forsyth and Kenneth Miyata's classic of tropical biology, "Tropical Nature" (1984), ninety per cent of the world's vine species live in the tropical rain forest, and the lianas can grow as thick as a human thigh and lie on the forest floor like glutted snakes. Each sunrise, the bird chorus sounds like a rehearsal of a Charles Ives symphony. Animals swerve and flutter through dense walls of green. Howler monkeys yodel as they swing among the trees. One can find three-toed sloths, bamboo rats, owls, rhinoceros beetles, coral snakes, large lizards and rodents, wild dogs, giant spiders, African bees, and legions of lesser-known, rarely observed insects and birds.

Along the eastern coast of Brazil is a narrow strip of rain forest, called the Mata Atlantica, that once stretched for a thousand miles. Because it is separated from the Amazon by a mountain

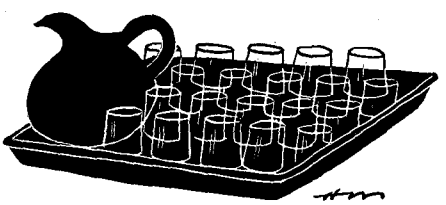
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

range, its plants and animals are unique. But, just as in the Amazon region, its trees have fallen to bulldozers and farmers. Only islands of vegetation remain, broken up by roads, dams, towns, farms, and the large ranches called fazendas. From historic accounts of the area we know that only about two per cent of the original forest remains. A hard truth is that it hasn't disappeared through malice or catastrophe. People simply wish to improve their lives. In North America, we destroyed our own frontiers and wildernesses in a similar way. Progress is a hungry giant. In the rain forest, though, almost all the nutrients are in the trees, and there are no extras, no backups. As soon as something dies, it returns immediately into the living system by rotting. It doesn't linger in the soil, or become a part of the soil, as in temperate regions. Either the rains wash it away into the rivers, or fungi break it down into nutrients at once and it returns to the trees through their aboveground mats of roots. The living tumult of insects helps, too, by aerating the soil. Men try to farm rain-forest land, or graze cattle on it, but it's no use, because when the trees vanish the whole ecosystem collapses.

This extraordinary habitat is the home of the golden lion tamarin, the most beautiful monkey in the world, a sunset-and-corn-silk-colored creature, about the size of a squirrel, that lives nowhere else on earth. Not long ago, I paid a visit to Russell Mittermeier, who is the president of an organization called Conservation International and a lifelong explorer of rain forests. He raved about golden lion tamarins. "They're really spectacular-looking mammals," he said. "Their color is magnificent. When Antonio Pigafetta, the Jesuit chronicler of Magellan's voyage around the world, first saw these monkeys, in the fifteen-hundreds, he described them as 'simian-like cats similar to small lions,' and that's how they got their name. Although they're tiny animals, they have a striking aspect: they really do look like mini-lions. And baby golden lion tamarins are the most appealing creatures you can imagine. They have this innocent look on their faces—a 'Where am I?' sort of look. Let me tell you, when a tiny golden thing about the size of your fist sits there looking so lost, it brings out your parenting instincts fast." Large families of these monkeys once roamed through the canopies, eating fruits and insects, sleeping in night nests, raising their young. Now only about four hundred survive in the wild. "That's really scary," Mittermeier said. "You can find that many cats or dogs in a city block in Manhattan. But that's the *world* wild population of this unique animal." A global effort is under way to save them, in part because they are what is called a "flagship species"—one that focusses our attention on an entire habitat. Like the giant pandas and the koalas, the golden lion tamarins live in an endangered ecosystem. Not just they but their entire world may become extinct.

I HEAR them before I see them: short warbling birdsong followed by a whole note played on a flute; then spasmodic chuckings, a sudden trill, another long call. Parrots? Thrushes? What is a flock of birds doing at the Rio airport cargo terminal? As five tan pet kennels are unloaded at my feet, each one perforated with small breathing holes, I realize that the holes have turned the boxes into musical instruments. A jungle of tuneful clamor pours from them. Squatting, I peek into the straw-clotted shadows of one box at vague flashes of color and jostling fur. Again the birdsong, louder this time and more urgent. Inside the five boxes there are two families of golden lion tamarins, sent from the Brookfield Zoo, in Chicago, and the Riverbanks Zoo, in Columbia, South Carolina, by way of the National Zoo, in Washington, D.C., huddling together and calling to their neighbors in the other boxes. Even their murmurs chime.

"They're safe and sound," Ben Beck says, with relief. A solid, salt-and-pepper-haired primatologist and National Zoo administrator in his fifties, with a meticulously trimmed beard and a quiet, take-charge way about him, Beck supervises public exhibits, research, and veterinary operations at the zoo. He also heads the reintroduction project of the Golden Lion Tamarin Conservation Program. Much of his research over the years has involved learning how animals learn; he considers animal learning the key to reintroducing captive mammals and birds into the wild. Now that so few of these monkeys remain, the National Zoo, along with the Rio de Janeiro Primate Center, administers a breeding program that involves more than a hundred zoos all over the world; the tamarins are bred in captivity and taken by hand back out into the forest—a Biological Reserve about sixty miles northeast of Rio that was founded in 1974 after a Brazilian primatologist, Adelmar Coimbra-Filho, raised the alarm about the possible extinction of the species. The twelve thousand acres of the reserve have now been repopulated with tamarins, and local landowners have offered their unused forestland to provide additional homes for the monkeys. Once a year, Beck flies to Brazil with complete tamarin families and, occasionally, a spouse for a Brazilian tamarin that has come of age. His group on this trip includes his wife, Beate, a petite, tawny-haired woman with a light German accent who has worked with monkeys for many years; a woman I'll call Joleen, a thirty-one-year-old primate keeper from a California zoo; Howard, a tall, bearded photographer from the Brookfield Zoo; Alfie, a National Zoo-based primatologist who specializes in fossils, teeth, and locomotion; and me. We are met by some of the Brazilians who live and work at the field station: Fernando, who manages the project locally; Andrea, who directs its daily work, feeding the monkeys and sending out the teams of observers; and Denise, a combination of educator and diplomat, who teaches schoolchildren about tamarins, acts as a liaison with local farmers, and helps the government find and repatriate stolen monkeys. (So beautiful are the tamarins, which sell illegally for as much as twenty thousand dollars, that hunters will often risk a two-year prison sentence to steal one.) It's vital to the Conservation Program that it fit into the daily life of its neighbors. Twenty-two of its employees come from nearby towns, so it is important for the local economy. Just off the main highway, which runs up the coast from Rio, an education building attached to a museum shows films and offers books and pamphlets, posters, and T-shirts. Lo-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cals fear the deep forest, but they take pride in living beside a natural wonder. Of course, a golden monkey, beautiful and fascinating in its own right, helps to personalize the plight of the rain forest. For many people, in many parts of the world, there is something too out of control, too gushing, about nature—something that frightens by sheer excess. When they imagine the dense green jungle, they feel suffocated and panicky. Perhaps they fear they might somehow become as plural as all they survey. They need a gentle familiar, a spirit guide, a focus for their concern. In this rain forest, one finds many endangered birds, insects, frogs, snakes, and plants, but they're not as cute and cuddly as a shimmering gold monkey. Especially one that is monogamous, family-loving—the father helps out with the offspring—and easy to identify with. The golden lion tamarin wears a human face.

"THIS is the most dangerous part of our job," Ben says, grinning, as we drive northeast from Rio along the main highway, a two-lane road that has opened the Mata Atlantica up to civilization. Cars and trucks typically speed four abreast, use the road shoulders as passing lanes, and often lose their axles in yard-deep potholes. Young boys stand along the roadway, selling wads of dried, pressed bananas. We pass dozens of ceramics plants. Terra-cotta roof tiles and building blocks are a big industry in this part of Brazil. (The factories are fuelled by rain-forest trees.)

In time, the strip of fast-food joints, barbecue restaurants, and businesses gives way to rangy farmlands and forested knolls. Ahead we see a dark mountain range—the edge of the Atlantic Coastal forest, the fragile margin of a continent. It is against Brazilian law to cut down rain forest at the top of hills or mountains, because the trees prevent terrible erosion and mud slides. The mountaintop forests remain to protect the farmers, but, inadvertently, they have saved the forest creatures in small islands of vegetation. Near the village of Silva Jardim, at a sign marked "RESERVA BIOLÓGICA POÇO DAS ANTAS," we turn on to a dirt road and follow it for twenty minutes through farmland, swamp, and then forest to a palm-lined drive and a large white stucco house.

THE END OF THE OPERA

Knowing that what he witnessed was only art,
He never wept while the show was going on.

But the curtain call could always make him cry—
When the cast came forward hand in hand,
Bowing and smiling to the clatter of applause,
Tired, dishevelled, sweating through the paint,
Radiant with our happiness and theirs,
Illuminati of the spot and flood,
Yet much the same as ordinary us.

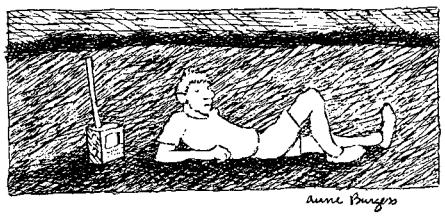
The diva, the soubrette, the raisonneur,
The inadequate hero, the villain, his buffoon,
All equalled in the great reality
And living proof that life would follow life . . .

Though back of that display there'd always be,
He knew, money and envy, the career,
Tomorrow and tomorrow—it didn't seem
At that moment as if it mattered much
Compared with their happiness and ours
As we wept about the role, about the real,
And how their dissonances harmonized
As we applauded us: *Ite, Missa est.*

—HOWARD NEMEROV

• •

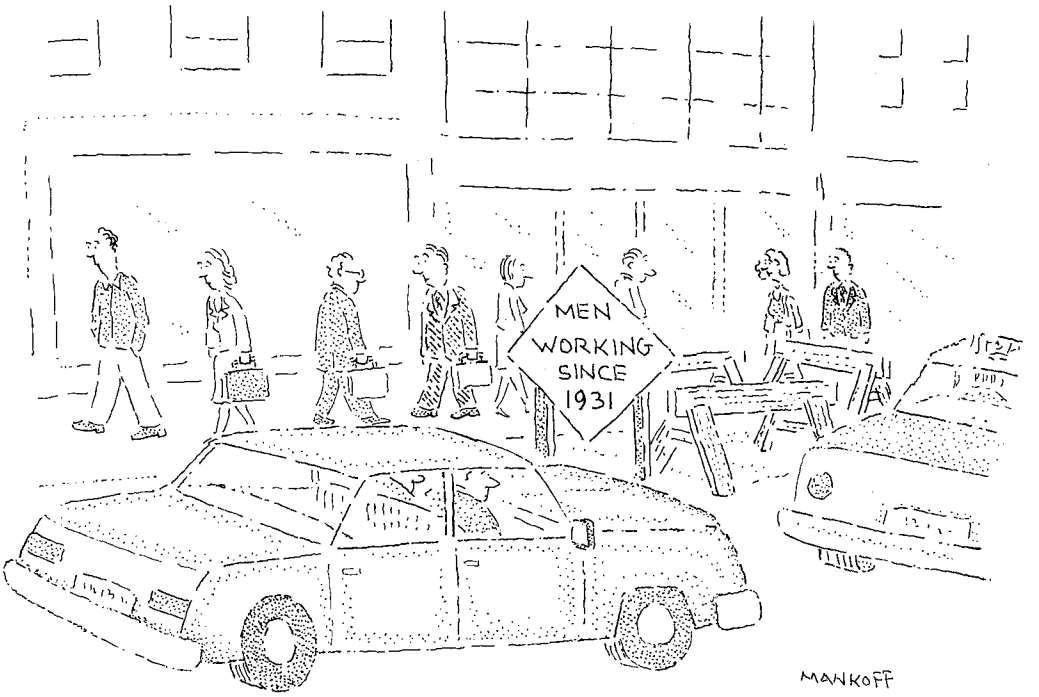
An old farmhouse that had been used as a goat barn, the house was rebuilt in 1983 by the first researchers from the reintroduction project. Now it looks large and inviting, with a swelling purple bougainvillea at the front steps, an herb garden, a barbecue pit, and breadfruit, lime, and banana trees. Inside, a small kitchen opens into a dining room dominated by a long table, whose top is an irregular slab of local wood polished to a high gloss. Two small bedrooms—each with four bunk beds—serve as men's and women's dorms. A toilet and a shower stall stand across the hall from them. Most people gather on the open-sided back porch, where four black car seats function as couches. Clotheslines hang above them. Against the wall, a blackboard gives the week's schedule, and beside it a worktable holds tools, monkey feeders, and miscellaneous fixings. A pegboard stores raincoats, with wet, mud-clotted boots ranged neatly below. Smells of mildew, ripe bananas, monkey diet (like canned dog food), chickens, car exhaust, and wildflowers mix in the air.



Work starts right away. Our monkeys need temporary lodgings. A family of wild golden lion tamarins would normally sleep huddled together in a dark tree hole or in a thick tangle of vines. Three large cages nestled in the forest at our front door will be their halfway houses. We begin by filling the cages with branches, bromeliads, and lengths of bamboo. Then we hang a water bowl from one branch and small, partly peeled bananas from another. A few shoebox-shaped wire traps also hold bananas. If the monkeys can be habituated to the traps, they'll be easier to catch once they're in the wild. Then we fit each cage with a "nest box," a large blue-and-white Igloo ice chest that has been specially adapted for the monkeys. Tamarins prefer duplex homes, to protect them against predators and give them a little variety. So the nest boxes have been divided into two rooms, an upper and a lower, with an almond-shaped hole leading into the top story. If an ocelot reaches into the top of the nest, the tamarins can dash to the bottom.

As we arrange all the bits and pieces

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



• • •

of the tamarins' new world, the cage starts to look like a Joseph Cornell collage box, or a Christmas tree minus the tree. Andrea wires the last ornament into place—a large square feeder whose technical name is "portable micromanipulation platform." The locals just call it a *comidoro*, or feeder. Like an oversized scaffolding of Tinker Toys, its five plastic pipes are riddled with evenly spaced holes and filled with a variety of chopped-up fruits and chunks of monkey diet. The *comidoro* feeds the monkeys, but it also trains them to insinuate their long, slender fingers into tight places to search for food.

Across the compound, the monkeys quietly call to one another, and we hear their uncertain voices echoing through the yard. They're lucky to be here; at the last minute, they were nearly left behind. Last summer, the Brookfield Zoo (which has been successfully breeding tamarins for many years) sent the National Zoo a family of five monkeys to return to the wild, but when they arrived in Washington a vet discovered that Flash, the breeding male, had a positive blood titer for a hepatitis-like virus. This wasn't unusual—human adults often carry positive antibodies to mumps or measles, which they were exposed to as youngsters, without being able to infect anyone. So the National Zoo staff assumed that Flash was safe but quarantined him anyway. None of the other monkeys showed any signs of the illness. A week ago, the zoo's pathologist positively identified the virus as one that causes hemorrhagic fever, a rodent-borne illness that can afflict many species, including people. Rumor had it that the infected animals could be Typhoid Marys—healthy in appearance but deadly contagious. Suppose the male died and was scavenged by rodents, which in turn were eaten by other rodents, porcupines, or ocelots, and then an epidemic started which threatened the whole rain forest? How could the zoo expose the last golden lion tamarins to a plague? Three days ago, Ben decided not to risk bringing Flash. The rest of the group came, but now they need a breeding male.

"This was a total ringer for me," Ben says as he adjusts the wiring on the *comidoro*. "What to do? Well, I found a young male already in Brazil who was just coming to breeding age. He's not ideal—we like males to have had experience in child rearing before they start their own families. But we checked his genes, to make sure there wouldn't be too much inbreeding, and he's a good mate for this Brookfield female."

At the National Zoo, a Golden Lion Tamarin Studbook functions as an old-fashioned family Bible, chronicling all the marriages and offspring throughout the world. A computer check gives keepers "the coefficient of inbreeding"—a key to lineage and genetic diversity. Circumstances don't always allow genetic mixing to take place. This is particularly true among zoo populations, where the animals can become too closely related and lose the variety needed for a strong immune system. But some animals—the cheetah is perhaps the best-known, and saddest, case—are so inbred even in the wild that extinction is a real possibility. Because the world's cheetahs have identical DNA, they're all essentially clones. To thrive, a species must be larger than any one individual, but with cheetahs each individual *is* the whole species. Any virus that can kill one of them can kill all of them. Because wild golden lion tamarins are developing a similar problem, zoos mate them very carefully, and even use birth control in some groups to keep animals that are overrepresented from reproducing.

"O.K. Let's go get the monkeys," Ben says at last, and we fetch one of the kennels, carry it into the cage, and open its door. A streak of yellow, the mother leaps out uncertainly, runs to the familiar nest box, and dives in. Four offspring follow, making high, smooching sounds as they poke their heads out and eye their new surroundings. The babies look like little Troll Dolls, with wild manes, radiant skin, rubbery faces, and round eyes black as seeds. Mother looks more like a Kabuki dancer, with slightly Oriental eyes, crêpier skin, and a strong chin. As the kids creep out to explore the cage, they make steady "contact calls" that mean something like "Hey, I'm here! Where are you?" and "I'm here, too. Who else is here?" One of the kids finds a banana and makes a high-pitched trill. Soon all of them are eating. The locale looks strange, but at least the family is together and there's food, and even the reassuring scent of their beds. Their lower jaws drop open to reveal sharp teeth as they bleat their long calls. Then they drag their rumps along the branches, scent-marking from chest and anal glands. A rich aroma of musk sweetens the air. Soon the cage will be completely decorated with smell—their only possession—and the new will become more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And another thing, Beckton, I don't recall ever saying, 'Correct me if I'm wrong.'"

• •

familiar. Andrea, the Brazilian woman who directs the daily work at the field station, whistles and chucks, and a kid quietly chucks back to her.

Returning to the porch for a second kennel, we carry Marty, a two-year-old male from Brookfield, and give him a cage to himself near a lime tree. In the forest, a tragedy took place last year. A tamarin family from Los Angeles were getting on splendidly in their new world when poachers stole the mother and father to sell as pets. This left four orphans: a young female, a young male, and a set of twins only two months old. The older brother and sister have been raising the twins as best they can, but they mustn't mate. So we'll remove the brother, give Marty to the sister as a mate, and hope he'll adopt the younger kids and have more of his own.

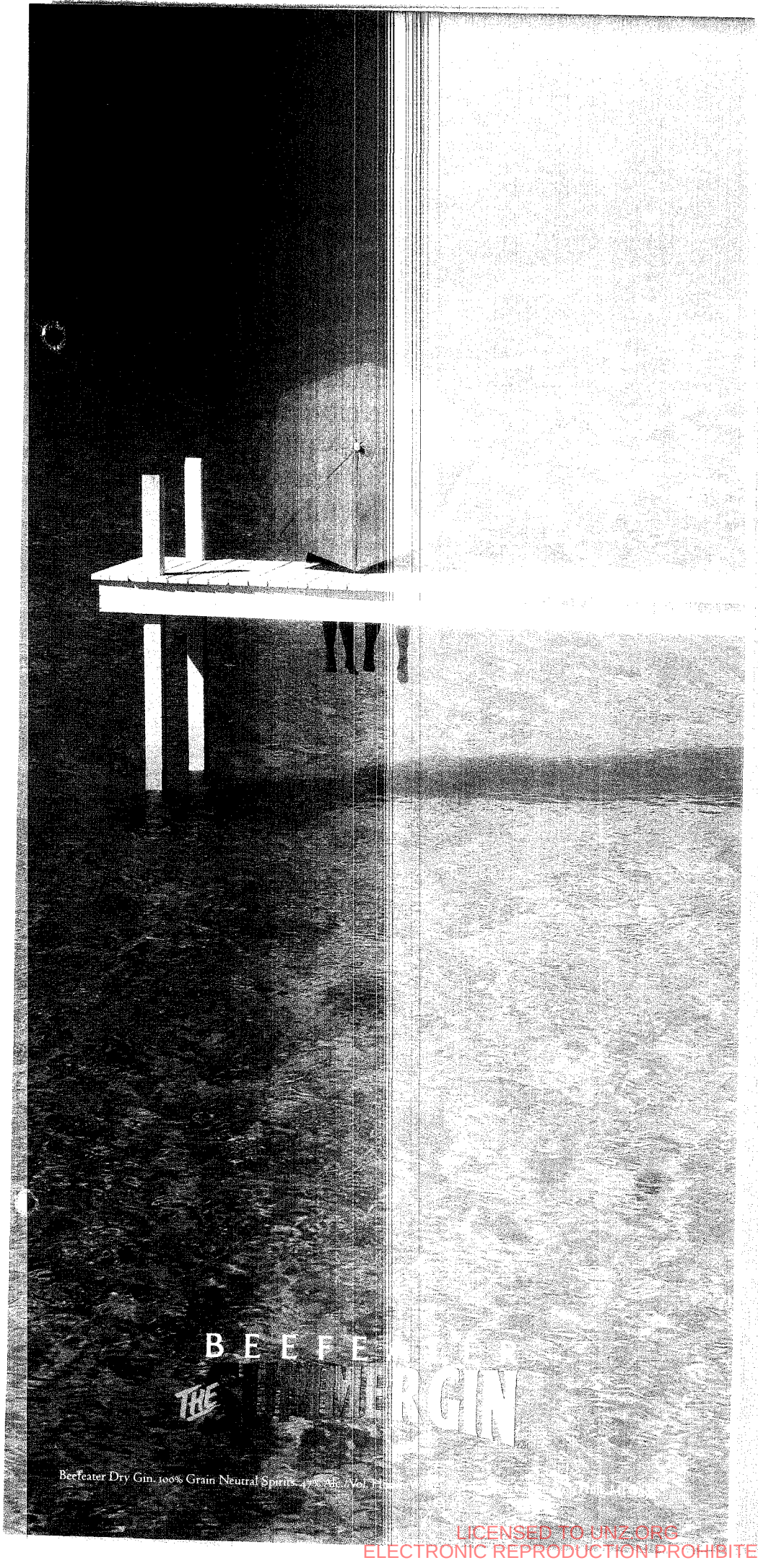
Finally, we fetch the last tamarins and release them into a third cage. This group, from the Riverbanks Zoo, includes a still fertile middle-aged mother, Jenny; a teen-age daughter, Maria; and three younger sons. They need a father. The plan is to capture the young male from the orphaned L.A. family, Melvin, for them. Such matchmaking doesn't always work; sometimes a betrothed pair take a real dislike to each other. But that happens rarely. A larger and philosophically more disturbing hurdle is that the animals have never learned how to be monkeys.

When zoo-born tamarins are set free in the forest, they become disoriented and helpless. They lose their way in dense thickets among the thorns and the lianas. Not knowing how to feed themselves or return to their family, they starve. Would *we* know how to survive on the African savanna? Zoo-born animals never learn how to forage, elude predators, gauge height, decipher their surroundings. They do not understand what a container is. Put a banana in front of them and they won't know how to open it. Imagine having to teach a monkey how to open a banana! Most of all, they are not used to disappointment. In zoos, food arrives on schedule in easy-to-eat-from bowls or plates. In the rain forest, they must discover food: insects hiding in rolled palm leaves or under bark; fruits; small amphibians. Food moves sometimes, and comes in all sorts of shapes, and it may not be where they last found it. How do you teach a monkey not to be discouraged? When Melvin joins the Riverbanks female and children, he'll be a "veteran greenhorn," a reintroduced monkey who knows the score and can help the newcomers adapt. Already savvy about the rain forest, he'll search out insects from twisted palm leaves, orient himself well among the branches, and be on the alert for predators. Although he won't consciously teach them skills, they'll learn by watching him. New monkeys must also learn that some frogs and snakes are poisonous. Poisonous animals didn't share their cage in the zoo. And they must learn about falling. In most zoos, they ran along sturdy branches, bars, or ropes; they clung to cage wires. Except at the National Zoo, where they were allowed to roam, never were they more than a few feet from the ground. In the rain forest, twigs may snap, slime-coated vines may send them skidding, not all branches will hold their weight, and tree canopies arch hundreds of feet above the ground. In zoos, the ground means benign keepers and a safe, stable world, where tamarins feel secure. In the wild, the ground teems with jungle cats, human hunters, and other predators; it's the sky that will save the tamarins.

Wild tamarins lead lives of elaborate social rituals and family relationships. Acrobatic and analytical, they can take the measure of a forest and learn to map the best feeding spots. Although they sometimes dispute with neighboring groups over territory, these arguments hide a secret agenda. While the adults posture and rave, the juveniles play together and check out potential mates. They really have no other socially sanctioned ways of meeting. When a daughter reaches puberty, at about two, the mother drives her away to find her own family, so incest won't occur. The father does the same with a mature son. Females almost always give birth to fraternal twins or triplets, and older siblings help raise the younger ones. Large families are the rule. Touch dominates their lives: when they're not feeding, they're resting together or grooming one another. Separated from their family, they can die of starvation or exposure far more easily. Few of the reintroduced tamarins survive. Forty-one per cent die in the first year after release. The fact that thirty per cent survive over all is the great success story of the project.

After we unpack and the monkeys have had time to settle into their new surroundings, we catch three tamarins in traps and carry them to the labora-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PERHAPS THE

MOST REFRESHING

THING ABOUT SUMMER

IS THE RENEWED

REALIZATION THAT

SOMETIMES THE BEST

THING YOU CAN

DO IS NOTHING

AT ALL.

Beefeater Dry Gin. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 47% Alc./Vol.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As usual, we're a

It's just the way we're made. But we'll improve. Our engineers are always going back to the drawing board. To design and engineer. And to put a few more years between Honda and everybody else.

The fourth generation Honda Accord is a prime example of thinking beyond our years. It has created a new standard of technological advancement.

Aerodynamic testing has produced continuous lines in the Accord Coupe that are not only beautiful to see but appear almost invisible to the wind flowing by.

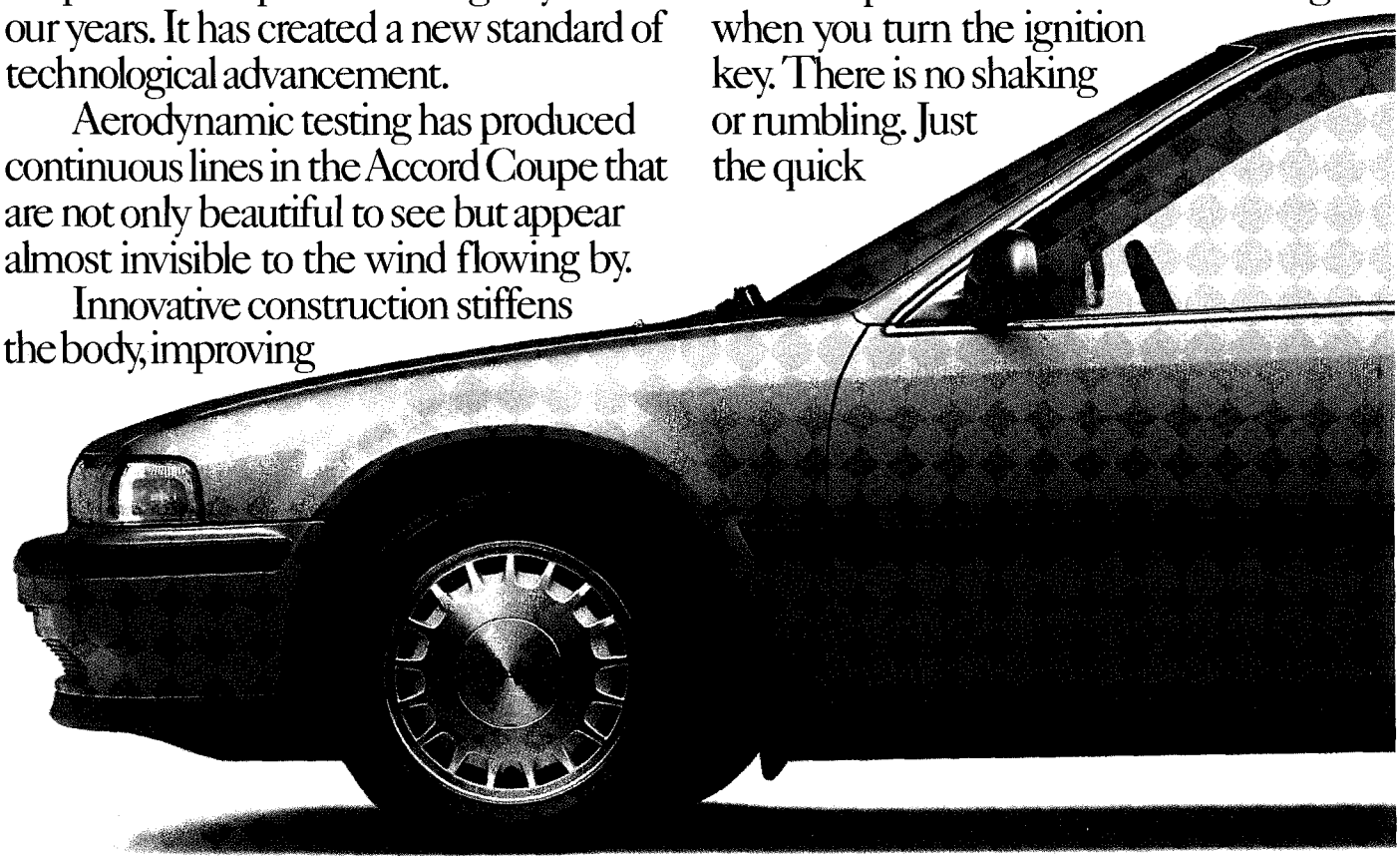
Innovative construction stiffens the body, improving and quieting the ride. It makes the Accord strong and rigid. The car feels more like it was carved from a block of steel rather than welded together.

This solid chassis provides a stable platform for the four-wheel independent double wishbone suspension. One more reason for the Coupe's impressive handling.

Inside the car, you will be impressed by a smooth, seamless dash and logical placement of the instruments and controls. The surfaces are soft and pleasing to your eyes. An airy environment greets you and immediately puts you at ease. And it's quiet. So quiet that you can hear it.

The peaceful scene doesn't change when you turn the ignition key. There is no shaking or rumbling. Just the quick jump of the engine tachometer needle to tell you that everything is ready, able and waiting under the hood.

What is under the low, sloping hood is a powerful fuel-injected engine. It has been finessed to deliver horsepower and torque in the driving ranges that you most often use. Imaginative Honda technology makes the engine run smoothly and



©1990 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. EX model shown.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few years early.

quietly. Twin balance shafts cancel out the inertial forces that cause other engines to shake and bounce. Additional engineering refinements further reduce vibration and noise. And overall harshness.

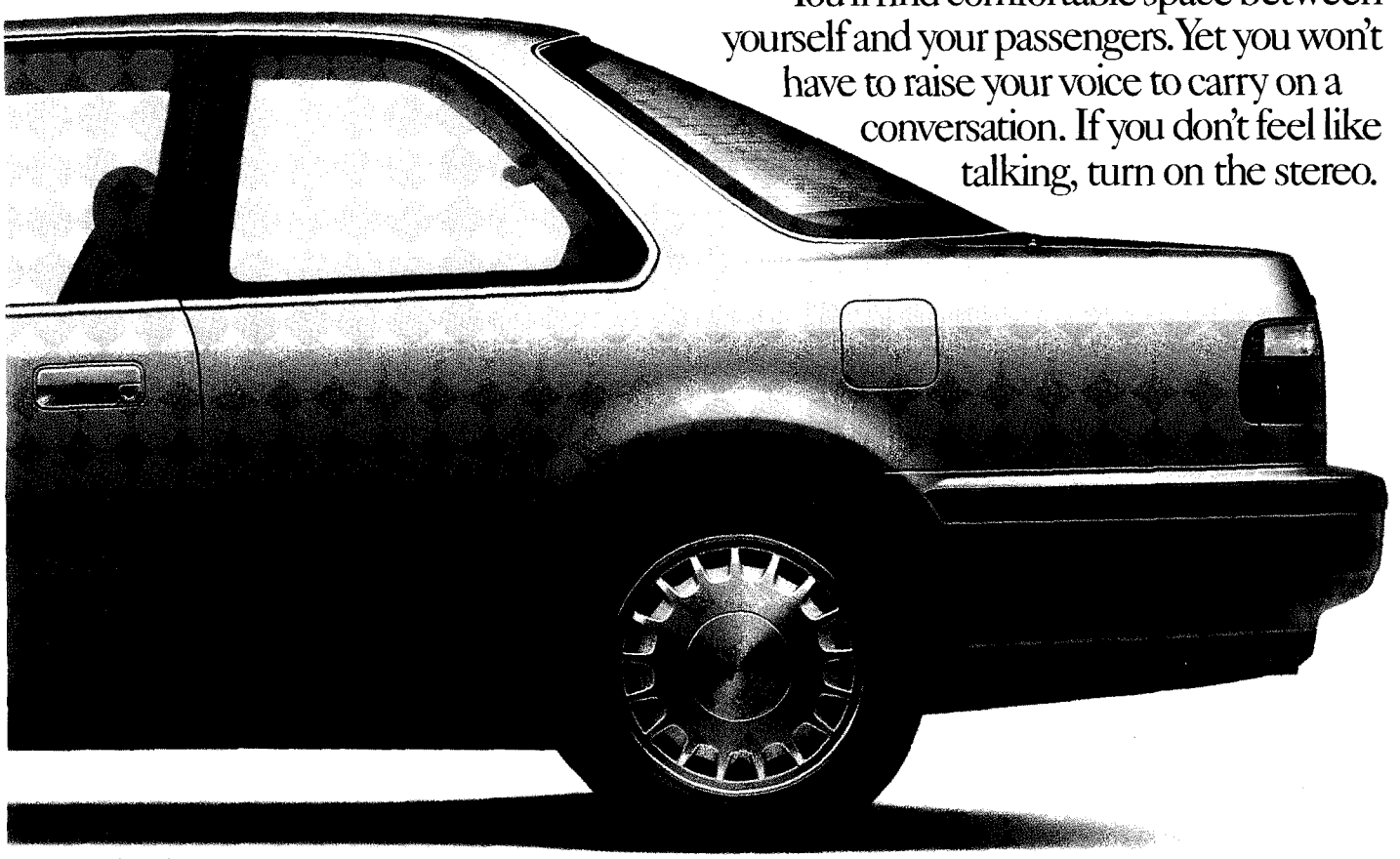
The five-speed transmission comes standard or you can choose a four-speed automatic with a driver selectable Sport mode and lockup torque converter.

Along with being quiet and smooth, the Coupe is comfortable. The front seats are large, with firm support. Rear seats contour to the shape of the interior. The rear seat cushion is formed from one piece of molded foam.

Carpets are plush and help to reduce outside noise that much more.

The headliner is built to absorb noise and is recessed for the windshield visors. Everything folds nice and flush for a more fitted appearance.

You'll find comfortable space between yourself and your passengers. Yet you won't have to raise your voice to carry on a conversation. If you don't feel like talking, turn on the stereo.



All the technology behind the Accord Coupe has but one purpose. To make you pleasantly aware of the joy of driving.

We may have arrived earlier than the others. Still, we can't wait for them.

HONDA

Accord Coupe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory to receive radio collars. In her small cage, Jenny, the senior female, watches us quietly. I slide a wooden divider through the cage bars and press her against one end of the cage, so that Andrea can give her an injection. Three minutes later, she tumbles asleep. Sliding my thumb and forefinger around the back of her neck, I tow her out of the cage. How soft and frail her throat feels! It is unnerving to hold the windpipe of a living thing in a grasp tight enough to restrain it (in case she wakes up and bites) but loose enough not to choke it. What delicate, just-this-side-of-deadly balance will do? As my fingers make their own decisions, I'm reminded of how many of life's processes require complex acts of inarticulate finesse. One rarely pauses to divine how to climb a ladder, swim, cross a busy street; muscles and joints make their own small trials and revisions. Jenny is not cognitive in the way that I am, but her body follows its own wisdom, just as mine does. There was a time, in the shadowy past of our species, when we looked, and even thought, a lot like her. It's an ancient version of myself that I'm cradling in my arms.

Carrying Jenny across the room, I first set her on a scale—she weighs six hundred and thirty grams, or a little under two pounds—then lay her down on the worktable. Golden tufts of fur stick out between her fingers and toes, which have small round pads at the base of each claw. Her long, slender fingers were made for reaching into narrow places, where insects may lurk. I have seen lithe, graceful hands like these in paintings of Thai dancers. Stroking the dark pads on her feet, I'm surprised to discover them soft and yielding. Sensitivity is costly. Her vulnerable soles will open a world of details to her, but at what price? Thorns, stinging ants, bees, sharp bamboo—all could be dangerous. Unlike some South American monkeys, tamarins don't have prehensile tails; though their tails are long, they serve merely as a balance bar. On Jenny's small nose, two thin nostrils angle away from each other. A slight, upside-down curve is the natural shape of her mouth, as if she were caught in a perpetual pout. Gold whiskers sprout from her chin, and a widow's peak of canary yellow leads to a full golden mane encircling her head. Her tiny, guitar-pick-shaped tongue, flicking in and out, has a deep groove down the center. Golden lion tamarins give off a pungent odor. Burying my nose in Jenny's chest, I inhale deeply the aroma of hot gingerbread mixed with drenched wheat. We jot down her powerful smell as average. Andrea fits her with the radio collar, a bow tie of electronics and antenna. Then I carry her to the sink and paint her tail with black dye. Picturing the tail in four sections, we mark a monkey according to a code, which makes it easier to identify. Because Jenny is the senior female, her whole tail will be black. Now Alfie, the National Zoo tooth-and-fossil specialist, begins a dentistry experiment, applying green latex to her teeth and taking an impression. When the mold reveals a palate covered with ridges, I smile, because I have seen that pattern before, on dental casts of my own mouth. All primates have ridged palates. Finished with Jenny at last, we set her back in a small cage where we can keep an eye on her until she wakes.

Then we process her daughter, Maria, in the same way. But we're distressed to find a cut, like a small red badge, on the left shoulder. This pair has been quarrelling. "As long as there's no cut on the face, it's O.K.," Ben says cautiously. "If there are cuts on the face, the fight's gotten serious enough for someone to get killed—it means that one of the animals has become passive and isn't running away from attack."

For the moment, mother and daughter can't get out of each other's way, and we're hoping that tomorrow, when a male arrives for mother, daughter will become more pacific, and the whole family will settle down. Then we'll turn them loose in a bright, fruit-laden forest. If their social bonds are sturdy, and they adjust well to their new home, they should start breeding right away. In the wild, tamarins generally get pregnant once a year, and give birth some four months later. But in especially rainy years, when fruit is plentiful, wild tamarins sometimes get pregnant twice. Each time, they give birth to fraternal twins or triplets, and it's those infants who really master the rain forest. Reintroduced monkeys are immigrants, plagued by the usual array of immigrant problems. They don't adapt perfectly, because there's too much that's new: sounds, foods, housing, predators, climate, disease, traffic patterns, educational needs. Their old-country dialect of habit and action doesn't quite work in this teeming new world. But their offspring will fit into this magical realm as perfectly as an incantation. The first generation born in a country belongs to it.

AT five-forty-five the following morning, the rooster begins loudly crowing, although gagging would be a more accurate description of the noise; he sounds as if he were choking on lengths of flannel. The room is black as a mine shaft. After the fortieth crow, I stop counting and swing my foot out of bed, and recall just in time that I'm in the top bunk. Making my way to the kitchen, I light a candle and begin the ritual of coffee—boil water, toss grounds into it, bring it fast to another boil, drag it off the flame just as it's starting to boil over, and then drip it through a socklike cloth filter hanging from a tripod. Finally, I pour the coffee into two tall thermos bottles and help myself to a cupful. Strong, greasy, glycerinlike, Brazilian coffee packs a wallop, which sends me out to the porch just as day is breaking. There I find Andrea and Beate, already preparing food for the monkeys.

"*Bom dia!*" Beate says. "*Todo bem?*"

"*Todo bem,*" I answer.

Because we're all worried about Jenny and Maria, we head down to their cage below the banana tree. Both are out of the nest box, but Maria's fur is puffed up, and her back is stiffly arched in a catlike show of aggression, called an "arch walk." Mother sits on a lower branch. Beate shakes her head. This is not good. In the wild, the mother would be dominating the daughter, but here, with no male on hand, the roles have somehow reversed. We wonder what will happen when a male is introduced. Only the breeding female of a family conceives. Though middle-aged, the mother is still vital, and she would normally drive a mature daughter out to start her own family. Will Jenny now lose her dominance and live out her days with the group as a dowager while Maria takes reproductive control? Will they fight savagely enough to kill each other?

Back at the house, workers have begun arriving. One of them found a hummingbird stunned on his car hood,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Ben holds its tiny, iridescent-green body, angling its long beak down to a dish of orange juice, which it laps with an even longer tongue. Soon it flies off, and we climb into the van and go to meet the field observers of the reintroduction team. We find them waiting for us at a crossroads near the main highway—seven young men and women wearing blue T-shirts with the program's logo on them. Because we're a little late, they've used their machetes to carve a bench out of bamboo and vines, and there we find them "kicking stones," as Ben calls the art of waiting. Nelson, Luis, P.C., Zique, and the others smile widely as we approach, and greet Ben and Beate with hugs and handshakes. All of them are in their twenties, fit and athletic, and the Conservation Program is a full-time job for them. They share news about the monkeys, problems with poachers or fazenda owners, and concern about their salaries. Galloping inflation has gutted the Brazilian economy, their wages are held until payday in U.S. dollars and then converted to *cruzados*, and the dollar keeps soaring and diving on their market. Ben assures them that their pay will stay safely tied to the inflation rate. In a sense, their village, Silva Jardim, is a company town, since the Conservation Program hires twenty-two of its young people and also buys substantial quantities of supplies and food from the village, fuelling the local economy. Skilled, well paid, and working for a noble cause, the program's employees have prestigious jobs, and the town has adopted the program's Portuguese-speaking gringos.

After the team sets off for its day's work patrolling the many sites, we drive to a neighboring fazenda, in whose forest a tamarin family from Seattle is living. We're hoping to trap the mature son, Seattle 6, for the fatherless Brookfield group, because he has grown too old to still be living at home. Mother has died. Father takes care of the kids, but the son needs to move out and start his own family, and the father, too, needs a bride. Low clouds hang like smoke in the valleys, and cecropia trees shimmer whitely on the hilltops as we drive down the rutted roads of a dairy farm. When the road runs out at the owner's palatial house, we leave our truck and begin climbing a steep hill up to the forest.

"This is the least progressive group," Ben says sadly as we leave the grassy

IF BUT ONCE...
PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO
LOEWS MONTE CARLO
Quite simply, very few things rival the sweeping splendor that is Monaco. See it...if but once. Fly Air France to outstanding accommodations at the Loews Monte Carlo, and for free brochures and package information call the Monaco Government Tourist Office at (800) 753-9696.
AIR FRANCE

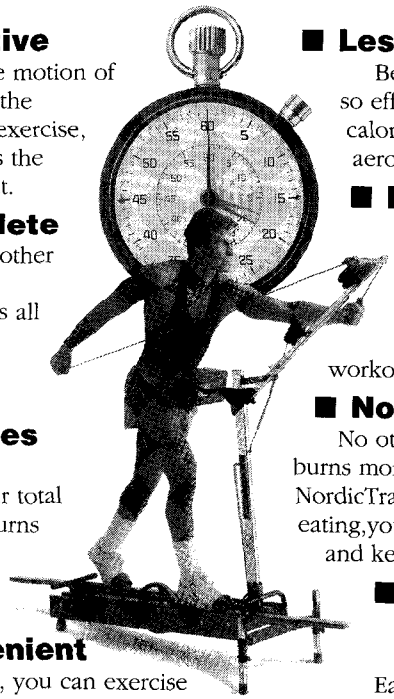
More with Less

■ More Effective
By duplicating the motion of cross-country skiing, the world's best aerobic exercise, NordicTrack provides the ideal aerobic workout.

■ More Complete
Unlike bikes and other sitdown exercisers, NordicTrack exercises all the body's major muscles for a total-body workout.

■ More Calories Burned
By exercising your total body, NordicTrack burns up to 1,100 calories per hour according to fitness experts.

■ More Convenient
With NordicTrack, you can exercise in the comfort of your home. NordicTrack easily folds, requiring storage space of only 17" x 23".



■ Less Time
Because NordicTrack is so efficient, you burn more calories and get a better aerobic workout in less time.

■ No Impact
Running and some aerobic workouts can cause painful and potentially harmful jarring. A NordicTrack workout is completely jarless.

■ No Dieting
No other exercise machine burns more calories than NordicTrack. With sensible eating,you can take weight off and keep it off.

■ No Skiing Experience Required
Easy and fun to use.

NordicTrack® A CML Company

FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE!
1-800-328-5888 EXT. #263F1
NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. #263F1, Chaska, MN 55318

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hill behind and enter a thick rain forest. Suddenly, the air feels cool and wet. "They're not wild yet. We still give them food every third day."

Climbing through the undergrowth and along a stream, we at last find ourselves in monkey heaven—a sunstruck glade of tall trees and sweeping vines. Branches sway overhead, cicadas buzz, mosquitoes whine, and gemlike hummingbirds swoop among bird-of-paradise flowers. A tree frog clicks slowly, as if someone were winding up a toy. Yet there is an odd sense in which this jungle is almost a desert: there are very few grasses or herbs in the understory for animals to feed on. In fact, walking through the jungle one rarely sees any animals. Some are nocturnal. Many are camouflaged so well that one can pass by them as they lie in plain sight. But most animals mass overhead in the canopies, feeding on the foliage and banking the most valuable commodity of all—sunlight.

Light is the seductress of the forest, and one rarely finds gaudy flowers or active animals at the lower levels; the richest array of plant and animal life is in the enormous, dense canopies overhead. Up high, the rain forest is a green jazz of flirting and mating, duelling and dancing, backstabbing and chicanery—of con men and gold-diggers, vamps and dandies. In the steamy tropical canopies, open blossoms drip with nectar, and male bats try to persuade females that they have more to give, are better endowed than the next bat—that they are larger than life. Birds do war dances and striptease in reverse. The delirium of the jungle, drunk on sunlight and sex, is perpetually ashake with courting, mating, duelling, birthing, and mating again. Death happens often, but disappears quickly under rain and hungry teeth, whereas the bluffing and strutting, cowering and crouching, bobbing and wooing, gathering and building, moaning and advertising continue day and night. Above us, an all but invisible pandemonium is under way. And yet what startles us is a sound completely out of place—the distant mooing of a cow.

"This is real-world conservation," Ben says. "Beside a highway, on a hill past someone's cattle pasture. There's this romantic image people have of working in pristine environments. If the monkeys lived in a pristine environment, they wouldn't be in this mess."

He and Nelson, one of the field observers, set up a few traps for the monkeys, baiting them with bananas. Although we keep well back in the foliage—lichen-covered trees are spotted green, brown, and black, just as we are, and our camouflage pants blend with the greenery and dappled light—the monkeys have almost certainly been aware of us from the moment we entered the forest. Small butterflies flit among the ferns, and then a giant blue one with wings as large as two playing cards kites by at eye level, stealing a gasp from all of us, and vanishes. In temperate forests, trees have leaves of various shapes, but rain-forest leaves look a lot alike. They are smooth and have tips from which water can drip. As raindrops fall with large resonant plops onto the broad leaves, the air feels thick and damp.

"Seattle 6 is No. 1," Ben advises us, and he hands round a guide to the whole family's tail markings.

Suddenly, gold monkeys appear overhead, making chucking sounds and leaping from branch to branch. It's a thrill to see them high and in the wild, where they belong, silhouetted against huge ferns, swinging through rays of sunlight. Instinctively, I wrap my hand around a slender tree trunk. Imagine sliding through the canopies with such grace, such ease! At last, we see Seattle 6, whom we've now begun to refer to as the Groom, his thick fluffy fur a dark chestnut gold, not the pale blond of zoo tamarins. One by one, the monkeys inspect the cages and get caught—all except the Groom, who, at one point, reaches in carefully over the trap's trick step and snatches a banana.

"He's a smart little bugger," Ben says. "We're going to have all on catching him." Hours later, after we've tried rebaiting and resetting the traps, laying a trail of banana chunks, we're starting to despair. Leaving Nelson in the glade, Ben, Alfie, Joleen, and I return to the pasture.

"O.K., cricket hunt!" Ben says. It's a desperate measure, but we're running out of ideas. So the four of us creep through the tall grass in search of crickets. While we're cricket

HANK APPEARED TO BE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE CONCEPT OF EGGS OVER EASY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hunting, a cowboy on horseback pursues three cows that have drifted into the forest. Ben jogs in and chases the cattle out; the cowboy thanks him and trots the cows downhill. Most Brazilians picture the jungle as a primitive, irrational kingdom full of spectres and goblins. It is the id-like center of their country. Civilization and progress lie in plowed land, in the chrome meccas of the cities, in the future, not in the pagan and inexplicable past. They respect those who work in the forest, but think they're *maluca* (crazy) ever to sleep there.

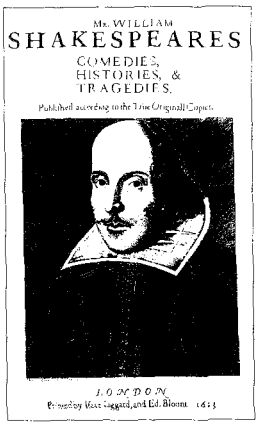
"Got one!" Joleen yells, holding up a fat cricket. Ben pulls a piece of wire from his pocket and makes a noose around its middle. Alfie and I catch more crickets, and soon Ben has a kicking stringful, which he carries back to the glade. Tamarins can never resist a juicy squirming cricket. At last, the Groom risks the trap and is caught, and the rest of the group is released. We carry him out of the forest, tramp back down the hill, and place him in the back of the truck, then head home to camp.

Before dinner, we process the Groom, admiring the luminous glow of his fur. He has sweet-potato-colored legs, bright yellow atop his forehead, a reddish beard and arms, and a chest and belly the tawny gold of an autumn cornfield. The thick mane framing his face makes him look like an Aztec sun god. Holding him in my hands, I feel the strange fur—soft, but also tense, like spun glass. Occasionally, his eyes open; they are dark doubloons. Who could invent a creature as startling as this? Does he dream? Are images weaving through his mind like shadows among the trees? When he wakes, he shakes his head and stumbles for a few tipsy moments. Tomorrow morning, we will carry him down to the Brookfield cage and open its door, which is secured with three small lengths of wire.

Bits of wire are the real currency of the camp, and many people carry them tucked into their pockets or waistbands. Wire secures the *comidoros*, the water dishes, and the bananas hanging in the cages; it's essential for building the *comidoros;* it latches the doors to the cages; it holds a piece of screen over the nest-box entrance to seal the monkeys in for travel; it holds freshly noosed crickets; it will fasten most anything to anything else.

"I thought it was silver duct tape men couldn't live without," I say as

Authentic First Printings of Shakespeare Uncovered



A small handful of private citizens can now own **the rarest of all literary artifacts**–original, authenticated pages from the **First Folio of Shakespeare's plays,** printed in 1623!

Rare Literary Artifacts

When a complete Shakespeare First Folio last sold at auction, it brought $1.7 million (Sotheby's, 1989). But you don't have to be a millionaire to acquire an important, original piece of this milestone in literary history.

GEORGETOWN GALLERIES recently acquired (from a rare book collector) sixty-five authenticated pages from a "broken" volume of the First Folio. We believe these rare artifacts are the only such pages available anywhere in the world.

Investment Quality Collectibles

Chances are these artifacts are also good investments. Single leaves from other rare printings have achieved steadily rising prices at auction in recent years.

Choice Scenes

Our collection includes choice scenes from **Hamlet; Macbeth; As You Like It; All's Well That Ends Well; Much Ado About Nothing; Love's Labour's Lost; and The Taming Of The Shrew.** Imagine owning a First Printing of the "Witches Scene" from Macbeth; or Hamlet's "To Be Or Not To Be!"

Museum Framing

Each original page is exquisitely framed alongside a fine reproduction of the First Folio cover (see illustration).

It's possible that no other private citizen–no matter what their wealth or stature–will own and proudly display the same First Folio page you acquire.

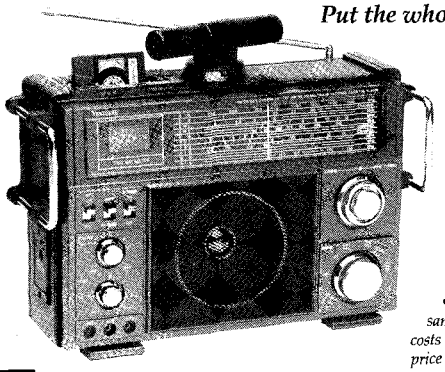
Unique Collection

For more information about our unique collection of First Folio Printings of Shakespeare, and other fine, historic collectibles, please call us at 1-800-877-1726.

All sales guaranteed. Gallery open by appointment only.

GEORGETOWN GALLERIES
Investment Quality Collectibles
7315 Wisconsin Avenue Bethesda, Maryland 20814
1-800-877-1726

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with...



Venturer MultiBand Receiver only $99.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

• We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the International shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V DC source. We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1195A851** or for the Cassette version, give order **#1196A851**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone - for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add ship./insur.: $6.95 for one; $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ben drops an extra bit of wire into his pocket.

Suddenly, his face takes on a primal fire, and, wild-eyed, he makes an ancient-ancestor hooting sound. "Silver duct tape!"

Beate and I laugh, in part because we are equally obsessed with Ziploc bags—precious indeed in an insect-drenched environment—and each of us has brought along dozens of them. The men need to hinge and join things; we, apparently, need to keep things protected and intact.

When the Groom enters the cage the next morning and settles on a branch, the Brookfield monkeys peek out of their nest box, one by one, and begin to chatter. Then the female trots over to him and sits close. They feed together on bits of apple and banana. So far so good. If they both sleep in the nest box that night, it's a match.

IN the evening, back at the house, a pair of hard-drinking cocktail hours begins, featuring local concoctions, followed by dinner at the long table, with everyone digging into pots of black beans and rice, and sharing fried squash, fresh French bread, and a mixed grill of sausage, chicken, and beef. Dessert and coffee appear, and people relax in armchairs or stroll out to the porch. Joleen has brought along a Portuguese-English phrase book, and, taking one of the handsome young Brazilian men aside, she regales him with its risqué phrases and obscenities. "Sperm!" she says to him in Portuguese. Then "Enlarged scrotum!" and "I'm sexually excited."

"Going to be an interesting couple of weeks," Ben says.

As darkness falls, bats pour like smoke from below the porch eaves. A thriving bat colony lives in the crawl space under the roof, and its droppings have attracted a sea of mealworms, which Fernando, the local project manager, sometimes uses to feed reintroduced monkeys that seem to be ill or to need extra protein. Both the bats and the mealworms are welcome guests. Kitchen scraps go to feed the chickens, whose eggs we eat. Most things in camp are recycled. With a whoosh of car lights, a woman I'll call Roberta arrives in a Jeep and joins us just after we've finished dinner. This is early for her. She usually shows up late each night to chat and drink beer and then crawl, fully dressed, into her top bunk. At dawn, she sets out for her day's work, taking along the leftovers from the camp's dinner, which she will eat alone at an abandoned mill she has converted into a lab. There is something not quite earthlike about her. After four years in Brazil (almost all spent in the wild), she talks and gestures like a Brazilian, punctuating her animated conversation with the Brazilian hand snap—five or six snaps in quick succession. Sometimes she will begin a sentence normally but, by the end of it, slip straight into the Twilight Zone.

"I really love it here," she says, all atwitch, taking a swig of beer. "But what's starting to get to me is the glasses." We consider the small tumblers. "They're jelly jars, you know. *Jelly* came in them. I'm sick of drinking out of jelly jars—you know, where jelly was. Jelly jars." Howard, Alfie, and I glance at one another. "And, of course, the mosquitoes," she continues. "You get into bed and they're there, they follow you, they wait, they're huge and bloodthirsty, and there's no way ever to protect yourself from them when they decide to come after you." Yet I've noticed that she leaves the bedroom door open at night with the overhead light on, inviting mosquitoes in.

She is ambivalent about going home. Her life, family, work, culture are now Brazilian, but she must return to her American university to finish a Ph.D. The camp is fond of her, and doesn't worry about her excessively if she's late or missing for a meal, since her unpredictability is predictable. Besides, she has become the forest. Soft and curvy when she first arrived, she now looks muscular—lithe and treelike. Her hair hangs straight down her back, and her bangs are chopped short in Indian style. Her skin has gone beyond tan to cured mahogany.

In this sort of business, something always gets left behind—sometimes one's country or family. After deep immersion, some people cross the line and become so used to being independent and in the wild that they never do return but, instead, wander, taking low-paying jobs in various projects, perhaps marrying a local. Roberta is right at that point. For four solid years, she has been collecting data, vast amounts, about the small mammals in this forest. And now she must return to the States and make sense of all her information, synthesize it, write up a dissertation, apply for jobs, return to an alien and formal world. There was a brief pulse, during the seventies, when people with field experience could find jobs in the conservation movement. But now those who do not return to academe may find themselves in their forties and drifting without a job, their lives all experience, no security. Suddenly weary of accumulating life, they have no way of reëntering normal society. An ecologist with invaluable time in the field, Roberta must return to a college degree and a job while she can. One day, she will probably send graduate students of her own to Brazil.

"How was Christmas?" I ask.

"Oh, I made this great crèche, entirely out of beetles—you know, those beautiful green and blue and black beetles, all different colors and sizes. Whenever I'd find one during the year, I'd save it for the crèche—the Mary beetle, the Joseph beetle, the Wise Men beetles, the sheep beetles. Ben found the Baby Jesus beetle for me—a small, really spectacular beetle. They have to be dead, of course. I've been thinking a crèche of flies would work well, too. But the beetles, man, they made a really cool crèche."

"Roberta needs to go home," Fernando says.

SUNDAY morning. The rain, falling thick and loud on the wide banana leaves, makes a thin gray screen. The wire screens on the windows create a blur, too; so, looking out, we see two rains, one silent, both steady. At the porch worktable, we chop up bananas, apples, pineapples, peaches, and monkey diet; then we carry the food to each monkey cage. Because of the rain, the monkeys eat slowly, and we wait for them to finish. Today is release day. At the house, the others are up and busy, eating breakfast, packing a lunch. Since we may be out for many hours, we drink too much coffee, eat too many fried sugared bananas. Despite the rain, the air feels tense with excitement as we seal the monkeys into their nest boxes and carry them to the van.

Half an hour later, we turn off the main highway and enter Dois Coqueiros (Two Palms), a fazenda marked by a picturesque pair of houses set against a hillside of sprawling farmland and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forest. We drive along a muddy road until the road runs out, then climb on foot through high forest, past a jungle waterfall, to a fig tree that has a yellow ribbon tied around its trunk—not a troop-support gesture but a trail marker. There we angle up a steeper hill to a tree tied with a red ribbon. Luis, a field observer, has already chosen this site as a fine home for the monkeys, with fruit trees all around and a nice array of branches and vines. When Ben sets down a blue-and-white nest box at the base of the tree, I see a small gold face peering out from behind the screened-over door. I think it is Jenny, the mother, who is so eager for freedom, but I can't be sure without seeing the tail markings. I wish there were some way to reassure and quiet her. She can't know that we're here to help her, and that all the turmoil and confusion of the past few days will soon be over.

Luis takes off his slicker and climbs twenty feet up the tree, to where the thick trunk forks. With his machete, he clears an area for the nest box. Andrea tosses him a coil of wire and a pair of pliers, and Ben throws him a freshly cut branch to use as a crossbar. Then Ben sends the nest box up a rope pulley, and Luis wires it into place, fixing a branch close to the doorway, so that the monkeys won't have far to leap.

"Monkey kindergarten," Ben says. "We're trying to make it as easy for them as possible."

The moment Luis opens the door to the nest box, Jenny rushes out. Next out is her daughter, Maria, then Melvin, the male from the orphaned L.A. group whom we captured in the forest two days ago as a groom for Jenny, then the kids. Melvin and the three kids suddenly begin a harsh rhythmic chatter at Mom. There's no question about its purpose. Loud and grating, it has an immediate effect: she rushes higher up the tree and looks truly rattled. The chatter grows louder and more strident. Mother falls twenty feet to the ground.

"Oh, no," I say, laying one hand up the side of my cheek, as humans so often do when distressed. My instincts beg me to help her, but I stay put.

"Should somebody follow her?" Beate asks anxiously.

"She's got a collar," Ben says. "Look, she's up again."

Climbing another tree, Jenny hurries from branch to branch until she is halfway down the hill. Stoning her with their hard voices, her family continues driving her away. If she runs at speed, we'll have to follow to keep an eye on her, despite the mud and rain. Middle-aged Jenny is still vibrant, active, fertile. She has small kids to raise. But she's a little too old to find another family elsewhere. What will become of her? It's soul-wrenching to watch her exiled from her family, discarded, banished to the prison of a far tree.

Maria sits on a branch by the nest box and makes alarm calls after her. She has temporarily won the new male, Melvin, who arch-walks past her to assert dominance, then scent-marks a branch. The kids quiet down and begin scampering around the tree, eating from the *comidoro*. Not quite out of sight, Mother begins slowly working her way back toward the family. Seeing this, Maria and Melvin go out on a limb together and yell at her a monkey version of "Don't come in, lady!" She backs away. They return to the top of the nest box. One of the kids makes a hoarse, earsplitting rasp—the characteristic "infant call" that serves as an appeal to be fed. Sometimes even a full-grown adult, in moments of stress, will make the infant rasp to defuse a tense situation, saying, in essence, "Don't hurt me, I'm really still a baby." But the kid does something that surprises us: he goes to the stepfather, stares him right in the face, and makes the infant rasp again. The male has no food, isn't eating. "Feed me," the kid continues to plead. "Feed me, feed me." In this strange new land, with his natural father missing and his mother driven away, the kid must ingratiate himself with Stepfather. Another kid scampers in, rolls over, and begs Stepfather to groom him. Stepfather begins slowly to play with both of them. As the main family starts eating, Mother sneaks in a little closer. Seeing her, Maria leaps to the top of the nest box, taking the high ground above her male, and arch-walks back and forth and chatters aggressively. Her body language says, "That's my man!"

When Mother retreats, the kids, the stepfather, and the daughter begin

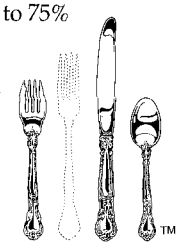
What Marie-Antoinette wore to bed.

Marie-Antoinette is the one who said: "If they don't have bread, let them eat cake."
She herself had cake ... but wanted bread.
People want what they haven't got. Especially when they have everything.
She had everything. Her father was Emperor. Her husband was King. She was Queen.
But Versailles suffocated her. She hated the acres of ormolu, miles of mirrors, armies of flatterers.
She yearned for something else; she yearned for innocence.
She almost got it; built another world for herself. Off in the woods, far from Versailles, she created a tiny hamlet of farms, cowsheds, private apartments with thatched roofs, dairies, vegetable gardens, a ballroom in the form of a barn; a little gleaming river, even a secluded meadow.
Few were ever invited to see it.
But it was a sensation. Overnight, the aristocracy would have given anything for the privilege of ... milking a cow. Or any other favors.
This very simple nightshirt epitomizes Marie-Antoinette's dream of innocence.
Innocent it is. No lace. No embroidery. No gewgaws. Pure 100% Pima cotton (the best there is). Fresh, white, crisp, innocent. 4-button placket. Band collar. Shirttail hem.
Sleep in it, walk along beaches in it, visit a secluded meadow in it.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL.
Price: $37.

Call (800) 231-7341
Visa, MasterCard, American Express.
Absolute satisfaction or your money back.
Catalogue on request
The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509
©1991 The J. Peterman Company

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?™

We specialize in new and beautiful-as-new sterling silver flatware. Over 1,000 patterns in stock, at up to 75% off retail prices. Call or write today for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We also buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*



Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009
Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROMANTIC CITIES OF EASTERN EUROPE
8 to 15 DAYS
From **$1895*** including airfare on
FINNAIR

This year vacation in Eastern Europe and watch history in the making. Choose tour packages from 8 to 15 days and visit from 2 to 4 cities, including Berlin, Prague, Budapest and Warsaw. Each tour also includes a bonus night in Helsinki. Call now for our new Eastern Europe brochure.

FinnWay
800-526-4927
354 Eisenhower Parkway, Livingston, NJ 07039
201-535-1610

*Price per person double occupancy. Price varies from $1895 to $2895, depending on tour and date of departure.

For Back Relief and Total Relaxation

Our recliner is like no other chair in the world!
Adjustable from upright to a fully horizontal position.
Office Model Available

BackSaver™ FREE 12 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Avenue, Dept. NYH, Holliston, MA 01746

Sinai, Red Sea, Jerusalem

This October, bring to film nature's greatest bird migration, breathtaking desert panoramas, exotic wildlife and the world's holiest shrines. Experience Mt. Sinai, Red Sea and Jerusalem. A tour you will re-live forever. ***Free brochure.***

Red Sea Traveler 1-800-999-3587
12017 Brookhaven • Silver Spring, MD 20902

Half Moon
Half Moon Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
Tel. 809-953-2211 • Fax 809-953-2731
For Res. call your Travel Agent
or 800-237-3237 / 800-424-5500

exploring their new world, gamely, without much hesitation. One scratches with a hind foot, dog style; another wraps its whole body around a branch. Sometimes they do the splits between branches or sit back on their haunches like kangaroos. They excel at catching three branches with three of their feet and laddering up, or at climbing a vine hand over hand. As addled as we are about Jenny, we're also gladdened by how well the rest of the group seems to be adjusting.

"This is a group that was used in orientation experiments back at the zoo," Ben explains. "A grad student would disorient them on purpose—move their nest box while they were sleeping, so that they'd wake up in an unfamiliar place—and it really seems to have helped. I'm so excited about this!"

Dealing with novelty or random change is very difficult for primates. Facing the unknown can be paralyzing. But once change becomes habitual, novelty itself becomes a familiar state of things. Life is still awkward and demanding, but not paralyzing; they learn to puzzle things out.

One of the kids tries to walk on a thin palm leaf, skids onto a branch. Ben calls out a running commentary on all their movements to Andrea, who records them in a notebook. Mother continues to keep her distance, moving slowly among the branches of a nearby tree. That she is moving at all is a good sign. We're afraid she may stop at any moment, forfeit the battle, become helpless, give in to despair, and starve, or fall victim to a predator.

Sitting on the forest floor, we humans vocalize to one another and swat at mosquitoes. The monkeys ignore us: we are part of the leaf litter; we are background. Sometimes they stare at us and hold our gaze for a moment, but the moment passes. They do not search our faces for familiar traits. They do not need to bridge the distance. They would not understand our loneliness as a species. Ben speaks in three languages: Portuguese, English, and scientific code. One moment, he says, "She's driving the hussy away!" and the next, "CB-3 solicit-grooms LA-5." The daughter is all intimidation, the mother guile and diplomacy. The daughter stands next to the male, strikes aggressive poses at the mother, and shrieks. The mother waits until the male is alone, and approaches him seductively or asks him to groom her.

"Good ploy," I say.

Ben cautions me against crediting them with intuition. "They're like Swiss watches," he says. "They just react. Their genes and hormones and experience tell them what to do. They don't think about it."

He doesn't like attributing cognition or emotion to the monkeys, or calling them by name, or even regarding them aesthetically. It makes him wince when I say that the cowering mother seems "intimidated" by the daughter's display, or when I describe one of the kids as "cute."

"Look at it like this," I finally offer. "As a higher-primate female, I'm hardwired to respond to the young of all mammalian species as cute, especially lower primates. Think of it as part of my evolutionary program."

For hours, we watch the family feeding and playing, while Andrea carefully notes even their smallest actions. Observers are taught a complex shorthand, with which they must record many bits of data about all the monkeys at once. Sometimes, they also choose an animal at random and just follow its actions for ten minutes solid. The best observer does a good "scan"—takes a mental snapshot of where every monkey is in time and space. Coolheaded observation is crucial to the project, which is collecting reams of data about the tamarins' habits, family life, and nutrition. But workers like Andrea are far from emotionally uninvolved.

THE Golden Lion Tamarin Conservation Program is a hands-on enterprise. For ages, people have taken rare or exotic animals out of the wild and kept them in zoos. Now zoos are sending animals back into the wild. Most scientists live by a prime directive only to observe animals, never to intrude upon nature's ways, even if it means watching a favorite animal die of illness or fall to a predator. Abstinence is a central ethic among scientists, for whom "Observe but do not interfere" reigns as a strict commandment. But zookeepers are used to handling animals, doctoring them, breeding them, protecting them, and moving them around; they live by a different code.

"When I began doing business, in 1970, zoos were right on the cusp of change," Ben says, sitting down under the shelter of a palm leaf. A few years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in academia had convinced him that zoos offered more opportunities to do something about his primary concern: the loss of biodiversity. "Up to that time, zoos had largely been consumers—taking animals out of the wild in order to stock their collections. But then most of the enlightened zoos came to recognize that it was irresponsible to go into the wild and wantonly take animals for collections—that zoos had to begin producing self-sustaining populations of animals. It wasn't only a question of self-interest: the zoos' collections were an extraordinary scientific resource for behavioral research. Zoos also had a responsibility to conservation in the wild, either by buying up and protecting reserves or by sending experts into the field to assist researchers and wildlife managers. And they realized that they had an obligation to teach people about biology, ecology, conservation biology, world economics."

"Is it best for animals to live in an artificial Eden?" I ask.

"Zoos need to rethink their philosophy," Ben says. "At the moment, it's to protect every individual animal and spare it stress, spare it hunger, spare it climatic extremes. We also carry with us this notion that the wild is somehow a romantic paradise, but look around you. The wild tamarins are half starved; they're infested with parasites; they don't have veterinary care; they don't have reliable food sources; they're subjected to wet and cold; there are predators stalking them every minute. It's not paradise at all. And zoo-born animals are ill equipped to deal with these kinds of challenges. If we are to provide experience for zoo animals to enhance their adaptiveness, we're going to have to subject them intentionally to stress, for the sake of their species. That is going to be a real problem, because we zoos are used to thinking only of protecting the individual. And visitors to zoos get to like individual animals. But, you know, conservation isn't about Bambi. We're trying to save a whole species, a whole ecosystem in which a species lives."

In a palm canopy, a young male with a Don Ameche face searches for insects. Suddenly, he falls spread-eagled like a cat, and bounces on the ground thirty feet below. Then he sniffs, grabs a low branch uncertainly, and climbs back up. Although he seems a little unsteady, he's not favoring any of his limbs. It's the first time he has been more than a few feet from the ground in the rain forest, and the long drop must have been quite a shock. Walking back and forth on a branch, he leaps to a tree closer to us, then sits and scans. He seems to know where he wants to go, but he's reluctant to jump onto thin, fragile branches to get there. Stepfather quickly leaps over to the stranded kid and then negotiates a safe route back to the nest box, and the kid follows.

"Excellent, excellent," Ben says. "Lesson one in the forest: Be able to find your way home. We've sometimes had an animal sit there all day long and be unable to work it out."

Back at the nest box, the kid reaches into the *comidoro* and crams a wad of banana into his mouth until his cheeks bulge like a trumpet player's. A minute later, he holds a piece of apple in his fingers and nibbles at it delicately.

"In a sense, the biological reserve is also a zoo," Ben says. "It's only about twelve thousand acres. It has gates with locks; it has firebreaks; much of it isn't forest but, rather, the remnants of old ranches; it has some cultivated fruit trees; it has roads; airplanes fly overhead; trains go through it; there's a dam on one perimeter. And we've got monkeys with radios on them. We've got people out studying small-mammal populations at night. So it's not really very different from a zoo, is it? More and more, as we look at national parks and wildlife refuges around the world, we're finding that they need to be intensively managed if they're to survive. The best we can hope for is to save ten or fifteen per cent of an ecosystem for posterity. This has resulted in one of the most amusing ironies in my professional life. When I got into the zoo business, there was a certain arrogance among people who studied animals in the wild. They looked with disdain on people who worked with animals in zoos—it was less real, less normal, less *natural*. And, indeed, it *is* less natural. But now, twenty years later, as national parks and reserves become key refuges for wild populations, wildlife managers are facing problems that zoos have already solved. For example, if you need to move a male rhinoceros from one reserve to another to breed, because it no longer can migrate normally, you'll come to a zoo and say, 'I never moved a rhinoceros. How do you do it? How do you get it into a crate? What sort of crate do you use?' Of course, in time everyone will realize that it isn't necessary to move a rhinoceros—all you've got to do is move his semen. But meanwhile zoos have mastered many techniques of breeding and handling wild animals."

When an owl flies over, the monkeys instinctively flatten themselves against a tree. With land predators,

"To be or not to be, that is the question. Next question?"

• •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they act differently. If a snake, an ocelot, a bamboo rat, or a wild dog showed up, they would mob it. There's safety in numbers, as schooling fish and warring humans know, and it teaches the kids, who hang back a little, to recognize dangerous animals.

"What are the chances for this tamarin family?" I ask.

"Over the past seven years, we've reintroduced ninety golden lion tamarins," Ben answers. "Thirty-five of those still survive in the wild. Some have to be fed every day. Some are totally self-sufficient. Those reintroduced monkeys have given birth to forty-five live offspring, of which thirty-three are still alive today. And some of those have also reproduced, so we have second-generation births. For a reintroduction program, that may be about average, although there are very few programs like this to compare ourselves with. The record for the Arabian oryx, in Oman, or the red wolf, in the southeastern United States, or the peregrine falcon is comparable. But success in conservation is a posthumous wish, because we're not concerned only about what we achieve in this decade or in this century. Conservation is really a timeless concept. You're conserving forever. You're conserving so that evolution can proceed naturally. I personally will never know whether the Golden Lion Tamarin Conservation Program was successful. All I can look at is short-term goals. One goal is reintroduced tamarins that are totally self-sufficient. We have several such groups now, and I would say they are wild. But I'm also glad that the golden lion tamarin has become a powerful symbol in Brazil, not just for the conservation of the Atlantic Coastal rain forest but for the country's wilderness in general."

TOWARD nightfall, Jenny returns to the family and, though she is still subdued, begins to feed with them. Relieved, we head back to camp. On the way out of the fazenda, we stop to say hello to the manager, who surprises us by explaining that he's changed his mind about the location of the monkeys. Now he would prefer if the nest box were on a different hill, on the other side of the estate. Heartsick, Ben, Beate, and Andrea try to persuade him to let the nest box stay where it is, but he's adamant, and there's little they can do. Nothing is on paper. The reintroduction project relies heavily on the good will of the landowners. But this will mean moving the family once more, and, with mother and daughter quarrelling, the last thing we want is to shift them to another neighborhood. Also, there is a problem of African ("killer") bees, which have already invaded one of the nest boxes on the opposite hill. Last year, Andrea and the others found the mother of one group stung to death; her mate had twenty-seven bee stings on his body. Andrea grabbed him, rushed him back to camp, and gave him steroids, which saved him.

"Let's see how they're doing tomorrow," Ben says as we bounce over the muddy road, travel the few miles back down the highway, and make our way to the main house.

One quickly adapts to the routines of camp life. Because towels never dry, I get into the habit, after washing my hands, of drying them on my hair. Clothes will dry only if they are hung in the generator house, but then they smell strongly of diesel fumes and, by midweek, also of the possum carcass someone has hung up. Toilet paper is never flushed but tossed into a basket beside the toilet bowl. On patrol, the best way to fight the mosquitoes is to clothe every inch of skin. When peeing in the forest, it's a good idea to wave both hands near your butt to keep the mosquitoes away. On rainy days, the mud roads grow as slithery as soap, and you must always be ready to push a car out of a ditch. Everyone sweats mightily climbing in the forest, and it's easy to become dehydrated, so whenever we pass a wild fruit tree we stop and pick papaya, jambo (a red, pearlike fruit), passion fruit, or coconut.

Dressing on the porch one morning, I find small U.F.O.s clinging to my

boots and realize that I have inadvertently become a dispenser of seeds. A few men and women of the program arrive with a three-toed sloth they've found, and others with baby opossums. No sooner are they gone than a ferret with a white chevron on its forehead runs across the yard, chasing a large rodent and harassing the chickens. "Get the rooster!" Joleen urges him, and we laugh, because the rooster has jackhammered his way into everyone's sleep.

Setting out for the forest, we head first for a hill where a tamarin family from Omaha lives. They're not at their nest box, where we leave bananas, apples, and fresh water. Putting on headphones and holding up a large antenna, we locate them to the south. First, we follow them across a stream into a dense swamp of bamboo, white ginger, and thornbushes. P.C., one of the Brazilian field observers, machetes a way through the undergrowth; then the monkeys change direction and flee all the way to the top of the hill. For us, the climb is steep and muddy, with clutching vines, thorn-wrapped trees, large spiders, and stinging insects. We must orient ourselves fast as we rush along the ground from branch to branch, guessing which ones will hold our weight and which will send us tumbling into thorns. There is something wonderful about being forced to brachiate through the trees, something thrilling about climbing and leaping at ground level, as I know the tamarins are brachiating and climbing and leaping in the canopy. Falling is a fear for us, too, on so steep an incline, and every handhold may conceal a fire ant, a poisonous spider, or a girdle of thorns. Dashing in three dimensions isn't easy, and all of us end up skidding, sliding, slipping, revising, straining muscles, getting scratches and bumps. Two hours later, we come upon the monkeys, quietly eating bananas in a low tree. After making a few notes, we return, exhausted, to the main road. There we stop to eat the sandwiches, bananas, and cookies we packed for lunch, and I take the opportunity to study the rain forest's insect parade—one reason the ground isn't a safe place for tamarins.

When we've rested, we drive to another fazenda to find Marty and the Los Angeles family to which we introduced him two days ago. Climbing again through dense foliage, we see Marty overhead, playing with two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tawny babies. Tumbling all over him, clinging to his back, burbling, the kids are evidently having fun, and Marty seems to be enjoying his new role as paterfamilias. The babies' older sister sits on a branch nearby, searching each twist of a palm leaf. She scampers to a broken tree and probes its crevices. One of the kids follows her. Reaching up to her shoulder inside a branch knoll, she grabs something feisty and rags it right to the opening. The kid scurries in, and she immediately releases her grip. The kid reaches in with both hands, and, with much effort, drags out a cricket almost as big as he is. The older female must be hungry, but she sits quietly, altruism incarnate, as her little brother devours the entire cricket, crunching loudly through its shell. Then she leaps to another branch, and he follows, climbing onto her back, as she joins Marty. The female buries her head in Marty's chest, asking him to groom her, and he does. She sniffs his face, rubs against his body, makes soft, cheerful trilling sounds. For an hour, we sit contentedly watching one tableau after another as the animals unconsciously act out all the scenes of a happy family playing, feeding, exploring the world together.

When we get back to the van, we find Andrea and two men of the reintroduction team waiting with bad news. All hell has broken loose with the Riverbanks family. Jenny bit Maria viciously on the neck and drove her out of the nest box, thus restoring her authority and reclaiming the male. When the daughter ran to the top of a hill, the family not only shunned her but began leaving without her. So the reintroduction team captured the daughter and brought her to us.

What to do? Ben strokes his forehead hard, as if he could erase what he has just heard. We all were hoping that Jenny and Maria would stop squabbling, make peace, and get on with family planning. "Well," he says, "it was a good try. Now what will we do with the daughter?"

Transferring Maria to our van, we head back to camp. How frightened she looks, sitting in one corner of her cage, occasionally uttering a long call, to which no other monkey replies. This has been a disturbing week of many journeys for her, and we're not sure what her future will include. At the moment, there aren't any families in need of a new female. Should she be kept in solitary at camp in case a position in a family opens up?

At camp, we clean out the Brookfield family's old cage and put Maria in it by herself. We are a sad lot, standing in the drizzle, wondering what to do for her. One by one, we drift back to the main house to get ready for dinner. An hour later, the deputy director of the reserve arrives with a tamarin confiscated from a nearby town. The animal had been stolen at around two months of age and kept in a small cage in someone's house for two years. Acting on a tip, the deputy went straight in and confiscated the monkey.

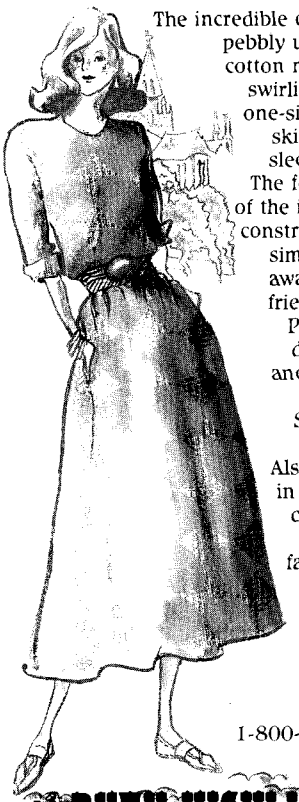
Ben throws his hands to heaven and thanks God in Portuguese. Ziggy is a male of breeding age—perfect for Maria. Our prayers have been answered. We process Ziggy right away. He's fat from being a pet for so long, and his calls are those of a baby. Unfortunately, he didn't have the example of adults to emulate. But he looks healthy. Because of Ziggy, the camp's mood brightens as the cocktail hour begins. Out on the porch, Beate gives two of the Brazilians haircuts. Fernando sorts slides of trips he has made to several of Brazil's national parks. Joleen flirts hard with Luis, Zique, and P.C. At a large sink, Howard scrubs dirt from his clothing with a stiff brush and a bar of soap. Alfie crosses the porch doing a high rapid finger snap. Ben rubs his back against a corner of the building to scratch, like a horse, a huge, contented smile on his face.

IN the morning, the rooster crows thirty-four times in a row, pauses, phlegmily clears its throat, and goes on crowing. In deep darkness, I stretch one leg over the side of the bed, and am relieved to feel a chair underfoot. Like a mole, I know my dark way to the kitchen, where a candle is already throwing shadows among the pots and pans hung on the walls. Alfie, the maestro of *cafèzinho*, has set water to boil; Ben is getting out cannisters of dried milk and chocolate. "*Bom dia*," we say groggily to one another. At the sound of the screen door opening, we turn to see Fernando standing in the doorway but not entering the room. His face looks troubled.

"Your country is at war," he says anxiously.

With that news, the morning's events

THE GO EVERYWHERE SKIRT



The incredible chic of dry, pebbly unbleached cotton muslin in a swirling, pullon, one-size country skirt and 3/4 sleeve T-shirt. The foreverness of the impeccable construction and simple design award it "best friend" status. Pre-washed, dryer-dried, and not to be ironed. Skirt $150. Top $120. Also available in hand-dyed colours and other fabrications. Brochure and swatches available...

Call Margo 1-800-343-3062.

RUTH KISHLINE'S
COUNTRY CLOTHES SHOP
Evansville, Indiana · Naples, Florida

Union Square San Francisco

$87 to $107
Value Value Value
800-428-4748

SINCE 1914
CHANCELLOR HOTEL
433 Powell by the Cable Cars.

CONNECTICUT WATERFRONT

Charming 4-BR, 2-bath home with wraparound porch on the shores of Niantic Bay. A boater's paradise and beach lover's dream, this treasure comes complete with its own deepwater mooring. A Westledge exclusive at $375,000.
Call Joanne Bevins at (203) 739-6277 or (203) 443-3518.

NORTH MOUNTAIN BEEF JERKY

The Beef goes on...
throughout the U.S., from the Amazon to Mt. Everest. Take some on your next adventure. Call or write for free brochure. Enclose $5.00 for a sample of original or hot & spicy. All natural ingredients. USDA inspected.
North Mountain Beef Jerky
1655D Tysons Dr. / Winchester, VA 22601
(703) 722-6616

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A level of luxury perhaps never known in the United States."
Travel & Leisure

Gourmet meals in an elegant dining car. The intimacy of a private Pullman cabin. Live entertainment in an art deco club car. Meticulous service on a mountain route across half a continent. North America's only privately operated Train Deluxe. An incredible travel experience. Call today for reservations.

— *Connecting* —
NEW YORK, WASHINGTON
AND CHICAGO
via The Greenbrier

For vacation, travel and special Greenbrier Resort plans, call our Reservations Office at
1-800-677-4233
or your travel professional.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN EXPRESS
RAILWAY TRAIN DELUXE

SECLUDED CANADIAN LAKEFRONT PROPERTY

Eight exclusive and private one-acre year-round lots with 200' frontage available on the untouched and unpopulated southwest end of Oromocto Lake in the province of New Brunswick; within 2 hours from Bangor, Maine. Road, power, and telephone by spring 1992. 4000-foot paved runway, 15 minutes from lake at Brockway. Lots are $45,000 US each. Serious inquiries only. Remit a $50.00 non-refundable deposit for complete details, and to arrange for an inspection.

Scott McMullen
Harvey Station, New Brunswick, Canada EOH 1HO

Gardener's Topiary Pin

Tribute to the gardener's art, a polished topiary in sterling silver, $98, or 14K gold, $425. $4 shipping. In NY add sales tax. VISA/MC/AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check to:
EAST END SILVER · Dept. N8
P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

PAUL REST ♦ FINE ART
F. Remington · C. M. Russell
Originals
707-823-1823 · 800-333-9ART · Fax: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue · Sebastopol, California 95472
By Appointment Only

move fast: telling the others, borrowing a shortwave radio, clustering around it and listening to the Voice of America. It seems impossible to be at one of the ends of the earth and yet to be receiving war-zone news that is only thirty minutes old. Mainly, we all feel shell-shocked, helpless, and worried about our families. Although our adrenaline is pounding, there's nowhere to focus it. The Brazilians are sympathetic, worried both about the war itself and their economy, which is frightfully unstable. And what will happen to the last families of tamarins? Zique says, "The whole world is *maluca*."

Camp work must still be done. It's time to put Ziggy in with Maria, and we carry him down to her cage. Although he is around two years old, and therefore should be sexually mature, he hasn't seen other tamarins since his infancy. Running right to the floor of the cage, he crawls and squeaks like a baby. Maria pokes her head out of her nest box and looks at this new teen-ager, but doesn't seem much interested. Ziggy fusses with his radio collar, finally bending the antenna right in half. He talks baby talk, trips on the branches, and crawls on the floor. Maria studies him again, harder this time, then ignores him. He just doesn't sound like an adult male, or move like one, and he's fat. Somehow, he's giving her all the wrong cues, and she may be finding him the monkey equivalent of a nerd.

"Oh, brother," Beate sighs. If it isn't one thing, it's another. "We were happy too soon about her."

"Well, it's not over yet," Ben says. "Maybe he'll watch her awhile, she'll watch him awhile . . . maybe . . . maybe . . ." His voice trails off.

Some of the men set out on their morning rounds, while we Americans gather in front of the shortwave radio on the porch. As we listen to war news, Howard paces, and Ben obsessively sweeps the porch. We are all wearing war clothes—camouflage pants, desert boots, khaki shirts—and they feel too appropriate. In one sentence we lament Ziggy's behavior, in the next Saddam Hussein's. They weave together effortlessly. The world is *maluca*. The rain begins to fall in thick, lenslike drops, with a slow-motion quiver and only the faintest drumbeat. In a storm like this, you can get drenched just walking a few yards. How will Ziggy and Maria be faring, we wonder. Heavy rain disturbs the zoo-born tamarins, who aren't used to it. Putting on our ponchos, we walk down to their cage.

At first, one of them seems to be missing. Has something happened to Ziggy? Maybe Maria is playing hard to get in the nest box. Then Ben starts to grin. It's not one monkey we're seeing but two. Ziggy and Maria are huddled together on a branch, arms wrapped tightly around each other. Fear of the storm, or chill, has sent them into each other's arms. At nightfall, when we check again, they've disappeared into the nest box.

Ben, Beate, Alfie, Howard, and I will be leaving tomorrow, but Joleen has decided to stay on in camp an extra week; she has bought one of the "dental floss" bikinis popular on the beaches of Rio, and the Brazilian men have agreed to teach her the lambada. For Andrea, Fernando, Luis, and the rest of the reintroduction team, work will continue, with all its usual excitement—the fazenda owners, the African-bee attacks, the poachers, the soap-opera-like family dramas of quarrels, truces, and hardships—whatever happens in the rest of the world. What, I wonder, will become of the Riverbanks family? Of Ziggy and Maria? Of Marty and the kids? Will they find enough food and water? Will they learn to thrive in their strange new land, full of savage and nourishing trees? Charles Darwin once said of this region, "The land is one great wild, untidy luxuriant hothouse, made by nature for herself." For Darwin the rain forest was timeless; for us the plight of the golden monkeys is more and more urgent. Soon the newspapers are put away, the radios turned off. Thick arms of water embrace the hillsides. Despite the storm, the forest seems nearly silent. All the monkeys will be in their nests, huddled together and calm. There are no sounds of birds, mammals, or thunder—only the occasional Saran Wrap-like crinkling of leaves. When the rain falls in the Mata Atlantica, it throws a blanket of quiet over everything.

—DIANE ACKERMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

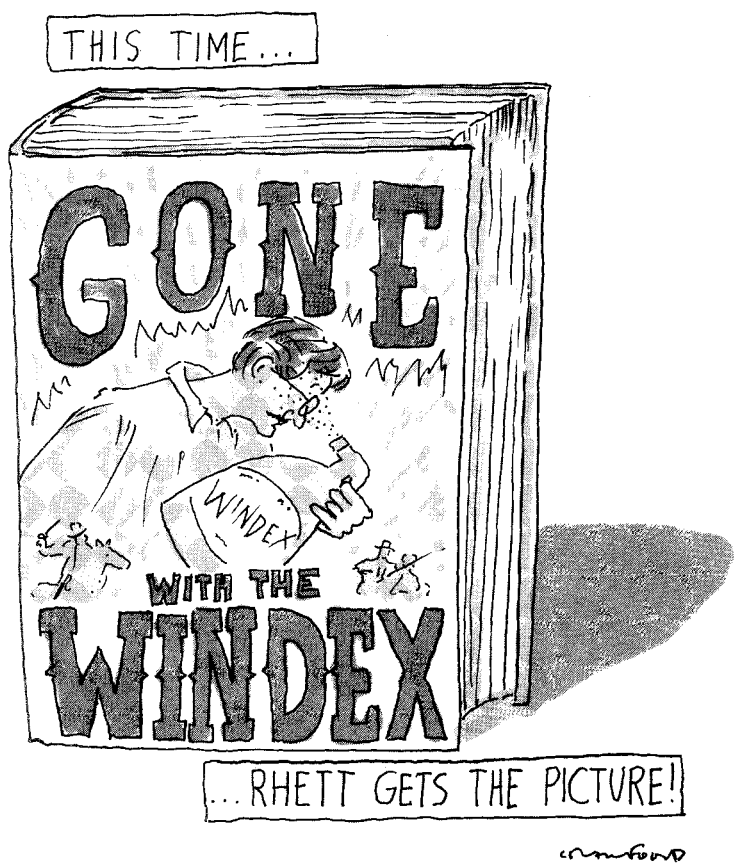
REPORT FROM BAGHDAD

IT was five in the afternoon when the taxi, a lumbering 1974 Dodge, pulled into the driveway of Baghdad's Al-Rasheed Hotel. The journey—sixteen hours across the desert from Amman—had not been pleasant. In the night hours, the temperature was bitterly cold, and the car had no functioning heater. After the sun rose, the air turned hot and dry, and the water that we carried, in plastic bottles, was by now lukewarm and barely drinkable, and was only slightly refreshing when splashed on the face. The driver, an elderly Jordanian named Muhammad, chain-smoked to stay awake, and played groaning Arab music on cassettes that competed with the rumble of the ancient engine. The car's springs had long since expired, and its suspension system, such as it was, magnified every bump. I had not anticipated being nostalgic for the bland experience of air travel, but Iraq had lost the war, and the United Nations embargo imposed last August was still in force, so I had no choice. The traditional overland route from Amman, without the charm of camels, was the only way to reach the Iraqi capital.

During the months of buildup before the war, Amman had been the point of departure for hundreds of newsmen and women assigned to Baghdad; the restaurants, the bars, and the hotels were booming then. But once the allied bombing started, in January, only a few Western journalists were assigned to cover the Iraqi side of the war, and a kind of languor took over Amman. After the cease-fire, on February 28th, civil war erupted, with Iraq's Shiites and Kurds challenging Saddam Hussein's regime, whose power derives chiefly from the Sunnis living in and around Baghdad. During this fighting, the government permitted no journalists to enter its territory at all—presumably so that Saddam could butcher the rebel forces in private. The ban lasted a month. Then Baghdad—presumably to send the message that the rebels had been subdued—announced that it would reopen its frontiers but added that, in view of the destruction suffered in the war, the number of journalists admitted would be limited by the scarcity of accommodations. Since most of its embassies in Western capitals had been closed, Baghdad also said that it would issue entry visas only in its Amman Embassy. When I arrived in Jordan, in April, the journalists had begun to gather again, but the onset of the month of Ramadan, during which practicing Muslims fast from dawn to nightfall, had closed most of the restaurants and bars, casting something of a pall over the earlier social routine.

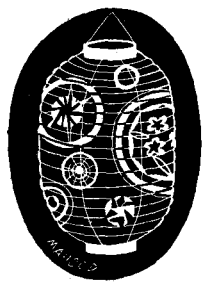
By then, the first wave of journalists had entered Iraq; it consisted entirely of television teams—a circumstance that seemed a tipoff to Baghdad's priorities. When the print journalists grumbled, the Iraqi Embassy declared that the groups to follow would be more diverse, but the decisions were made far away—at the Ministry of Information, in Baghdad—and the applicants were left powerless. Even so, the competition in Amman was intense: every day, journalists paraded to the Embassy to plead their case. The Iraqi Embassy, like most of the other embassies in Amman, is a handsome building hidden behind a high stone wall, but, almost certainly in violation of some zoning statute, the Iraqis have refaced its wall with a garishly painted plaster replica of the gate of Nebuchadnezzar's Babylon, to which Saddam Hussein has been known to compare Baghdad under his own rule. Such imperial kitsch, which might have been tolerable for an exultant Iraq, seemed particularly ludicrous in the light of the recent defeat. The defeat, however, had not humbled the functionaries within: they dealt with the petitioning press people as if they were awarding free vacations to a Caribbean paradise. Indignant, the journalists complained to one another about the haughty treatment they had to endure, but since getting to Iraq was the single reason for their being in Amman, their only prudent course once they were inside the Embassy was to maintain a respectful silence.

I got lucky in Amman. During my first weekend there, Nizar Hamdoon showed up at the Intercontinental Hotel, where most of the foreign press was lodged, on his way home from an official visit to Zimbabwe. I had known Hamdoon, currently Saddam Hussein's Deputy Foreign Minister, during the many years he served as the Iraqi Ambassador in Washington, and I had seen him in Baghdad several times since. He agreed to transmit an endorsement of my request to the Ministry of Information, but he pointed out that administrative procedures, never very efficient, were now additionally burdened by the destruction of Baghdad's telephone system. Papers moved around the city only by messenger, he said, and the list of approved visas had to be sent to the Embassy in Amman by courier. What Hamdoon did not know was that the process had been speeded up with the help of the Western TV



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crews who had arrived in Baghdad the previous week: they were equipped with satellite telephones, the latest in communications gadgetry, and had made them available for the Ministry's use. (Later, I learned that the networks rather graciously also placed these phones at the disposal of less well-equipped journalists, like me, and of Iraqi citizens seeking to get in touch with relatives abroad.) In the late afternoon of the second Tuesday in April, about ten days after my talk with Hamdoon, the Ministry in Baghdad transmitted a list of approved visas to the Amman Embassy by satellite phone, and at about ten o'clock that night, while I was at dinner in the hotel, an Iraqi official called to tell me that my name was on it. My instructions were to come to the Embassy as quickly as possible for the paperwork, since I was expected to be on the road at three in the morning, in a convoy of taxis laden with journalists on their way to Baghdad.



Most of the journalists in the convoy that morning were in television, and had to take along tons of bulky equipment, the transport of which had required days of planning and the hiring of special vehicles. Travelling alone, I packed all I thought I would need in a shoulder bag, and made a last-minute arrangement to ride with a Turkish journalist named Ali, who had already reserved a car. Fortunately for me, Ali was an old hand at wartime travel to Baghdad; this was his fifth trip since the start of the crisis. Ali said that during the weeks when the bombs were falling the drivers routinely charged eighteen thousand dollars for the Baghdad trip, and a Japanese television crew, ill at ease with the local custom of bargaining, was known to have paid thirty thousand. The market collapsed after the ceasefire, Ali noted with satisfaction: we were riding for a mere five hundred dollars, which we would split. He acknowledged that our car was not very comfortable but added that it was big enough to handle the supplies that our stay in Baghdad would require. Assigning me the front seat, he climbed into the back with six cases of bottled water, two of assorted canned foods, a carton of cigarettes, and a large plastic bag filled with flatbread. Obviously, I should have been carrying such provisions myself, but I had had no time to get to a grocery store. I felt embarrassed at travelling empty-handed, but Ali insisted that we would share whatever he had; and later, within the community of journalists in Baghdad, I found such sharing to be the general rule.

In the taxi, I fell into a fitful sleep, fighting the chill night air and the bumpy pavement. Heading due east, we were soon looking directly at a rose-colored sky instead of a new moon and glittering stars, and I came fully awake. The part of Jordan we were passing through was flat and unattractive, lacking even enough vegetation to feed the sheep and goats that support Bedouin life in much of the desert of the Middle East. We drove through a few shabby oasis towns, slowed at warnings of camel crossings, and, at recurring checkpoints of the Jordanian security forces, halted for inspection of our papers by soldiers wrapped in red-and-white checked kaffiyehs, for protection against the cold. At one point, we joined a handful of taxis and some two dozen trucks queuing for a final fill-up at a ramshackle gas station. Most of the trucks were lightweight, and that fact suggested they were carrying medicines, or the food that had recently been exempted by the Security Council from the United Nations embargo. More than a few, however, were gasoline trucks. Several weeks before, Jordan had announced, in defiance of a warning from the United States, that it had reopened its borders to the importation of Iraqi crude oil, to be processed in Jordanian refineries; it seemed unlikely to me, given Iraq's desperate need of fuel to keep its economy alive, that these trucks were making the return trip empty.

We reached the Jordanian border post at seven-forty-five, and spent fifteen minutes on formalities before heading into forty miles of no man's land. At nine, we rolled into the Iraqi border post, an unkempt assemblage of one-story buildings bleached by the relentless sun to the color of the surrounding sand. Waiting at the border was a representative of the Ministry of Information, whose assignment was to take care of the convoy's paperwork and then escort us into Baghdad. While he worked to clear passports, Ali and I munched a breakfast of flatbread and cheese. It took the Ministry official an hour to finish his work, during which I made the acquaintance of the journalists with whom I would spend most of the next three weeks in Baghdad. Then the official rounded up his scattered charges and got us back on the road.

IN Iraq, the terrain looked the same, but the road changed into a newly finished six-lane divided superhighway. It did not take long for the first sign of war to appear—a series of steel communications towers snapped off near ground level, their wires lying in heaps in the sand. Every few miles, burned-out trucks lay at the side of the road. Ali was not shocked, as I was. The Iraqis, he said, had worked hard at clearing away wreckage; a month before, the roadside had been littered with such hulks. During the allied bombing campaign, Ali said, civilian cars had been rerouted to the old Baghdad road, parallel to the superhighway and about a mile south of it. On busy nights, however, allied aircraft would attack both roads, making a mockery of the precautions. The superhighway itself was not badly damaged. Open craters in the shoulders and on the median strip testified to near-misses, and here and there the pavement had been hit, but most of the pits had been filled. The overpasses had not been struck at all. The first serious damage I saw was on the bridge over the Euphrates at Ramadi, about two hundred and fifty miles from the border and seventy-five miles from Baghdad. Though it had been struck several times, it was still in use. Muhammad, familiar with the route, followed the bridge pavement with some confidence as it dipped almost to the surface of the river, circumvented a wide hole, then climbed precipitously back to the level roadway on the other side. Ramadi is the dividing point between the desert and the fertile soil of Mesopotamia, with its green fields and palm groves. The sight of peasant women in bright-colored costumes harvesting spring vegetables in the fields was enough—for a few moments, at least—to make us forget our tired bones, and even our preoccupation with the war.

The diversion ended abruptly when we entered the Baghdad suburbs, for there we encountered the first of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

series of checkpoints manned by soldiers of the Republican Guard, the Iraqi Army's crack military unit. Cleanshaven, their uniforms neatly pressed, their berets at a rakish tilt, the Guards looked in no way like a defeated force. They were courteous in asking to see our passports, and said "Welcome," in English, on returning them. Not far into the suburbs was the wreckage of the Abu Ghraib factory, made famous by the dispute over whether it manufactured arms, as the allies maintained, or baby formula, which was Iraq's claim. Ali, who had visited the site after the bombing, told me that he leaned toward the formula. As we advanced to the center of the city, I saw machine-gun posts at regular intervals along the road, and antiaircraft batteries on nearby hilltops, but the casual bearing of the soldiers manning them left no doubt that they considered the war behind them.

Inside the city, the security structure took on a different character. Every few blocks there was a checkpoint, manned by scruffy-looking, surly fellows, many of them in civilian clothes, with cigarettes drooping from their lips, and nearly all of them cradling Kalashnikovs. Later, I learned that these men belonged to the so-called Popular Army, composed chiefly of Baath Party members or candidate-members, whose loyalty to Saddam Hussein was said to supersede their loyalty to Iraq. In security terms, it was hard to say what function their checkpoints were supposed to serve, unless it was to keep an army of loyalists at the ready in the event of trouble from the Baghdadi masses.

But my first impression of Baghdad—which the subsequent days did little to dispel—was that the masses were not looking for trouble. The streets we drove through on the way to the Al-Rasheed looked very much as they had during my visits last year and the year before; only the traffic was sparser. The passersby whom I saw seemed as well washed, neatly dressed, amply fed, and nicely behaved as I had remembered. Of course, the city was damaged, but the ruins did not leap into view. The in-town airport, where I had often boarded planes for short hops within Iraq, had been wrecked; two bridges over the Tigris were knocked out; a convention center across from the Al-Rasheed had been blown up. But the city's railroad yards were

THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES

1-800-447-6553

American Airlines
"Something Special in the Air"
American Airlines offers you the convenience of Fly AAway Vacations to such places as Europe, the Caribbean, Asia and Latin America.
For more information:
30133

Bermuda. A Short Trip to the Perfect Holiday
Gorgeous pink sand beaches, tidy pastel towns, glorious golf, old-world charm — all less than two hours from the East Coast.
For more information:
30132

The Peninsula Beverly Hills
Located in the heart of Beverly Hills, this 200-room residential property offers luxurious accommodations and superb personal service. Opening in August 1991.
For more information:
30130

Tourisme Québec
From châteaux to shopping, music festivals to haute cuisine, summer feels so different in Québec.
For your free brochure:
30124

Southhampton Princess Hotel
Bermuda's reigning Princess rules over pink beaches and sapphire sea. Manicured golf, championship tennis. Heated pools, nightclubs, fine restaurants, shops and a spectacular private beach club.
For more information:
30129

The Princess Hotel
The queen mother of Bermuda. Old-world elegance, stately rooms and suites, modern ease, fine dining and civilized leisure. The crowning jewel of storybook Hamilton Harbour.
For more information:
30127

ASTA Travel Agents... Your Ticket to the World
American Society of Travel Agents
ASTA travel agents help travelers get the most for their vacation dollars, and ASTA offers its members the opportunities to stay one step ahead of the competition with the top travel agency programs in the industry.
For more information:
30128

ADVERTISEMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

untouched, the other bridges remained intact, and the open-air stadium was apparently ready to receive a soccer crowd. I thought I might see fewer portraits than before of Saddam Hussein, but there he was—in his field marshal's uniform, his Bedouin robes, his Italian designer suit, his Party greens—laughing as usual, as well he might, since the war was over and he was still in power. It took me some days of watching and talking to pin down a sense of what seemed different about Baghdad since the defeat.

When we reached the Al-Rasheed, I discovered that the daily room rate was now extremely high, and was payable in weekly installments, in American dollars, in advance. Accustomed to travelling on my credit card, I had brought nowhere near that amount of money—and the first week's hotel bill was only a down payment on an extended visit. I should have remembered that under the terms of the embargo Iraq was barred from credit-card transactions. Still, the credit crunch did not explain the astronomical charges we faced not only at the hotel but wherever the government set the price. The explanation seemed to be that for the time being journalists were Iraq's chief source of foreign exchange. A story circulating among us held that each night the Finance Ministry scooped up our cash payments and rushed off to settle Iraq's bills with the importers who were enabling its economy to survive. Ali made me a bridge loan to cover the first week's hotel charges, but I would have been in a serious fix if the manager of the Cable News Network's office had not agreed the next day to exchange many thousands of the company's dollars for my personal check. By the time I left the country, nearly all those dollars were gone.

At the hotel, Ali had some good news: the Al-Rasheed's generators now provided electricity around the clock (more or less), and its restaurants were plentifully stocked with beer and food. As for running water, Ali had mentioned earlier that during his last visit the showers had been turned on only between five and six in the evening—the one hour that the satellite phone was available to him for filing his daily story to Istanbul. Now Ali said he had been told that all water restrictions were lifted, and he was looking forward to making this a much cleaner visit.

IN the daylight hours, the war does not seem to have created much hardship in Baghdad, a city of five million. Sadun Street, its main thoroughfare, is vibrant with pedestrian traffic. Along the river, a crush of men, women, and children, most of them dressed in reasonably up-to-date Western styles, negotiate the labyrinth of the ancient souk in an atmosphere of surprisingly good humor. Beneath the arcades of Rasheed Street, Baghdad's first "modern" thoroughfare, the little department stores, shoeshops, and bookstores are crowded with shoppers. Grammar-school pupils in uniforms, carrying book bags, pass on their way home from class. Moviegoers line up for films from Egypt and India. A policeman writes parking tickets for double-parkers. (At the Al-Rasheed Hotel, the wartime suspension of weddings ended with much fanfare when eighty couples—the brides all in white, the grooms in tuxedos—were married in a single evening.) Baghdadis, in contrast to other Arabs, and even to other Iraqis, tend to carry their religion lightly, and though it was Ramadan, few seemed to be fasting. Restaurants suffused the air with the spicy aroma of grilled kabob. Old men sat sipping tea in seedy cafés; younger men drank beer and whiskey in darkened bars. Bakeshops offered a variety of pastries and pancakes for the ceremonial *iftar*, when families and friends get together after sundown to take what is supposed to be their first meal of the day.

If Baghdad's street scene suggested that the city was going about its business normally, a closer examination revealed the nature and the seriousness of the damage left by allied aircraft, which announced that life was not normal at all. The damage was easier to confirm by night, when whole sections of the city remained blacked out. Iraqi officials liked to say that the Americans executed the plan of General Michael Dugan, the Air Force chief of staff who was dismissed in September for boasting to the press that air power would level Iraq. It did not take a trained eye to see that the bombing raids had crippled Baghdad's physical infrastructure. Oddly, it seemed, there was no Second World War-style urban destruction, despite the tons of explosives that had fallen. Instead, with meticulous care—one might almost call it artistry—American aircraft had taken out telecommunications facilities, transportation links, key government offices, and, most painful of all, electrical generating plants. A report made by a Harvard study group in mid-May said that eighteen of Iraq's twenty power plants had been knocked out. The central post office, in downtown Baghdad, was struck with such exquisite accuracy that three of its four brick walls remained standing but the interior was transformed into a maze of twisted girders and piles of debris.

Some of the targeting seemed hard to understand. Why did the allies select the Ministries of Justice and Local Government, on stately Haifa Street, for example, while carefully avoiding a nearby mosque and an art museum? Did they have to hit the convention center, a local wag was asking, and spare the pompous monuments that Saddam had built to himself? The allies obviously targeted Saddam, if one can judge from the ruin that is said to have been made of his palace. (It is hidden from view in a park.) But, other than the direct hit on the shelter in the Amariya district, which killed about three hundred sleeping people, the allies kept civilian casualties and random physical destruction remarkably light. Even showing such restraint, however, they tore the fabric of civilian life apart.

By the time I arrived, Baghdadis had plenty of food to eat and water to drink. Getting the food to the dinner table was something of a problem, though, for without gasoline many shoppers simply could not do their marketing. Ironically, this was a problem that inconvenienced the rich and the middle class more than the poor. Because the poor were crowded into old neighborhoods, near the center of the city, they generally found the necessities of life in shops within walking distance. By contrast, the well-to-do lived—as those in most of the world's cities do—in increasingly distant suburbs, where they took pride in open spaces and avenues unblighted by common commerce. Unable to use their cars when gasoline ran out, they found themselves scrambling to do their daily

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

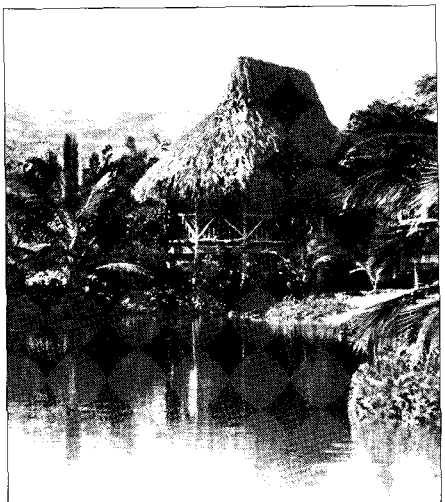
chores. A friend told me that to get into town he had to walk half an hour to catch a bus that passed only at irregular intervals, then turn around with his bag of groceries and make the slow return journey. The government, to ease the hardship, cut down its standard working day substantially, giving employees more time for household duties. (But without telephones, and with supplies of electricity severely curtailed, most offices had little work to do anyway.) The routine nevertheless left the Baghdad bourgeoisie out of sorts and grumbling.

More serious, the defeat brought inflation, and the prospect of rising unemployment. If the well-to-do were being inconvenienced, the poor were being wiped out by prices that, by the government's admission, had risen sixfold since the defeat but that others said were ten or twelve times what they had been. The government was operating a system of rationing, in which the prices of basic commodities were controlled, but it was generally agreed that the system provided most families with too few calories to thrive, and required recourse to the uncontrolled prices of the open market. Some of the excesses of this market had already begun to correct themselves as power was restored and the transportation system was repaired. A kilogram of flatbread, for example, which had soared from one dinar to eight dinars during the war, had dropped to two dinars. But the government had made no wage increases to compensate for the new price levels; it had no money with which to do so. Furthermore, there were signs that it had quietly begun laying off employees, adding to the thousands already left idle by the embargo or the destruction of their places of work. Recognizing inflation and idleness as incitements to urban unrest, the government made one telling exception: it raised salaries for the Army and the police.

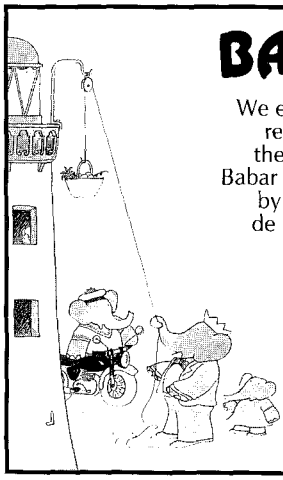
Most Iraqis I met agreed that the middle class was exhausting its savings, while the poor were living on the margins of hunger. Some Iraqis pointed to a rise in prostitution and petty crime as signs not only of economic hardship but also of social decay. As long as the United Nations embargo lasts, furthermore, there seems to be little chance that dynamism can be restored to the economy, and until the industrial structure is rebuilt increasing numbers of Iraqis will have trouble finding work, with the burden likely to fall most heavily on the demobilized veterans of the Iran-Iraq War and the Gulf War. And even if the embargo is lifted, the Security Council's plan to divert much of Iraq's oil income to reparations for Kuwait promises a steady decline in the standard of living for rich and poor alike.

Some of the bomb damage was not as immediately visible as that I had seen earlier. For instance, the mayor of Baghdad warned during my visit of the likelihood of epidemics this summer, because sewage and water-purification systems cannot function without electricity. His words were confirmed in the report of the Harvard study group, which predicted that at least a hundred and seventy thousand children under the age of five would die unless prompt repairs were made. According to the report, serious epidemics of cholera, typhoid, and gastroenteritis—all waterborne diseases—had already broken out. Hospitals, short of power, have had to cut back their services; vaccination programs for children have been abandoned; all incubators have been turned off. The power shortage, furthermore, has brought irrigation systems to a halt, threatening this year's harvest. Air-conditioning—in a city where temperatures of a hundred and ten degrees are common—has been severely curtailed. In retrospect, it is evident that a United Nations survey taken in March, at the Secretary-General's request, overstated things in describing the destruction as "near apocalyptic," and in relegating Iraq "to a pre-industrial age." Indeed, the Iraqi government has already made a remarkably good start in putting its house back in order. But the embargo will continue to stymie repairs that require the importation of parts or technology, even if hard currency should be available to pay for them. And even if Iraq had limitless funds, and the best of relations with the outside world—which it is unlikely to have as long as Saddam Hussein remains in power—the country would still need years to restore the infrastructure to what it once was.

The war, then, represented an abrupt reversal of Iraq's steady transformation from a primitive, Third World



DISCOVER HAWAII
AS IT WAS MEANT TO BE.
To learn more about Hawaii's legendary resort, see your travel agent or call us toll-free at 800-367-5290.
Seasonal rates apply.
Kona Village RESORT
The Most Dreamed-of Spot on Earth
P.O. Box 1299, Dept. IL, Kaupulehu-Kona, Hawaii 96745



BABAR
We exclusively represent the original Babar illustrations by Laurent de Brunhoff
Mary Ryan Gallery
452 Columbus Ave
NY NY 10024
(212) 799-2304

TAKE YOUR MIND ON VACATION
FIRST EDITION
THE GUIDE TO ACADEMIC TRAVEL
Worldwide Study Vacations!
258 Stimulating Programs for all Ages and Interests
At bookstores or $18.95 ppd. from:
ShawGuides, 625 Biltmore, #1406 ND
Coral Gables, FL 33134
• *Guidebooks for Savvy Travelers* •

THE PELHAM HOTEL
London
In the Tradition of Excellence
15/16 Cromwell Place, London, SW7 2LA
Telephone: 071-589 8288, Fax: 071-584 8444
Telex: 8814714 Tudor G
USA Toll Free:- 1-800-553-6671

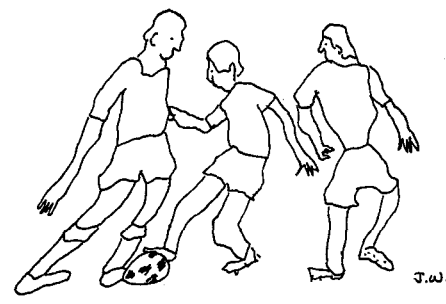
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country into a modern, developed one. The West had never given Saddam Hussein adequate credit for social and material improvements made under his rule. The emancipation of women, a standard index of social progress, advanced spectacularly under Saddam, especially compared with the absence of progress in neighboring Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. And though he adopted a façade of piety during the Gulf crisis, he had over the years followed a deliberately secular policy, taking major steps to free Iraq's civil life from clerical control. Iraq has never been very forthcoming with statistics, and since the start of the war with Iran, in 1980, its secretiveness has been almost maniacal, but the trend toward a better life for Iraqis was apparent in indicators that were published last year by the United Nations. In recent decades, child mortality in Iraq had dropped by nearly two-thirds, life expectancy had risen from forty-eight years to sixty-five, and adult literacy had tripled, to ninety per cent. Urbanization had almost doubled, extending to three-fourths of the population, yet food production had also risen (though not enough to eliminate the need for substantial grain imports). Eighty-seven per cent of the population had access to clean water and ninety-three per cent to health services. Ninety-eight per cent of the children of primary-school age were enrolled in schools, and the average daily caloric intake was a hundred and twenty-four per cent of basic needs. One might conclude from President Bush's propaganda campaign last year that Iraq's only material progress was military and that the government's single concern was conquest; the full story is much more complex. As a Baghdad intellectual put it to me, Iraqis had a social contract with the Baath Party, under which they endured repressive, dictatorial government in return for modernization and economic development. The war over Kuwait breached that contract.

WHAT surprised me most on returning to Iraq this spring was the level of open criticism I heard of Saddam Hussein and the Baath regime. It was as if a dam had burst and the grievances of decades were pouring forth. People I had known for years and had never heard utter a word against the government suddenly could not be contained. One friend, mocking Saddam's boast that his Army would provoke "the mother of all battles," referred wryly to the war as "the mother of all defeats." Taxi-drivers and storekeepers, and even government functionaries—people I had never seen before—seemed ready to complain about the government at the slightest sign of sympathy or interest. In a downtown stationery shop where I stopped to buy some notepads, the proprietor volunteered the information, after his other customers left, that because of Saddam he had lost a son, a son-in-law, and two nephews in Kuwait. When I asked his name, he declined to give it, saying that if it were to be published there would be no men left in his family at all.

During a visit to the University of Baghdad, I was told that the student body had made a heroine of a young woman who was expelled last fall for saying in class, "I love my country, but we have got to get out of Kuwait in order to save ourselves." (She has still not been reinstated.) In fact, it seemed apparent from many conversations that the intellectual class—writers, professors, artists, the pride of Baghdad—was, because of opposition to the war, thoroughly alienated from the regime. Many spoke of emigrating, temporarily or permanently. Some said they suspected that Saddam's recent announcement that exit visas would be granted to those who wanted them (the processing began on May 15th, and there were hundreds of applicants) was not so much a sign of liberalization as a way to get rid of a bothersome segment of the population. If the theory of the historian Crane Brinton—that the flight of an intellectual class is a portent of revolution—is valid, then the Saddam regime is in big trouble indeed.

Obviously, Iraqis had not lost their fear of the secret police, of listening devices, and of informers among coworkers, servants, and neighbors. Recognizing that Saddam's surveillance network was still intact, they spoke only when the odds were that they would not be overheard. One intellectual called the current season Baghdad Spring—a moment of freedom before the secret police would strike back. Yet I found that Iraqis were not as cautious as they once were, and seemed almost to revel in the danger that they knew was inherent in their defiance.



The critics I encountered all blamed Saddam personally for the defeat. A few admitted to having shared the patriotic elation that came with Kuwait's occupation, in August. (Since independence, in 1932, Iraqi schools have been teaching that Kuwait, having been stolen by imperialism, is an integral part of the homeland.) Like most other Arabs, Iraqis loathe Kuwaitis; they consider them stingy, abusive, and arrogant. Iraqis accepted Saddam's contention that Kuwait deserved punishment for its greed, which they saw as a danger to Iraq and to the economic equilibrium of the region, but they surely did not regard the annexation of Kuwait as Iraq's God-given right, especially if it meant their having to go to war to preserve such a right. Certainly none understood how Saddam could have calculated that Iraq was capable of defeating not only the world's mightiest military power but also the array of thirty or so nations that were allied with it. At some point, Iraqis agreed, Saddam should have simply acknowledged the wisdom of retreat. The adjectives I heard people use to describe him—"stupid," "arrogant," "stubborn," "self-deluding," even "crazy"—echoed those used by the editorialists of the American press. And I heard more than a few Iraqis argue that the country would never have got itself into its present fix if it had been a democracy and the government had been required to pay heed to the people.

Interestingly, Iraqis expressed virtually no anti-American feeling. It seemed almost as if they were so angry with Saddam that they had no emotion left to condemn their attackers. A woman who told me how saddened she was by the destruction of the Joumhouriyah Bridge, where she had played as a girl, and which she had crossed a thousand times on foot, insisted upon adding that she understood why the Americans might have thought it necessary to impair Baghdad's transportation system. Some hacks in the bureaucracy, of course, felt it their duty to make anti-American declarations, but even

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they spoke with notably little conviction. After a tour of a hospital ward, for example, a young administrator said to me, "See what Mr. Bush did to us!" When I muttered under my breath, "With a little help from Saddam Hussein," he paused for a moment, then smiled and responded, "With a big help."

I found Iraqis, on the whole, remarkably tolerant of the allied bombs that had destroyed homes or killed civilians. They referred to them as "mistakes"—conceding, in effect, that American pilots had occasionally missed their aim but had not deliberately sought out civilian targets. I also heard Iraqis speak with appreciation of the decent treatment their sons and brothers who were taken prisoner had received at American hands. During my visit, I encountered only one genuinely anti-allied incident. When I was travelling with other journalists through the region south of Baghdad, our car stopped in a village whose small tractor factory had been bombed during the war. With us was a French photographer called Fifi, and while she was snapping pictures of the marketplace an old peasant woman with a tattooed face and dressed all in black leaped at her, shouting, "Foreigners, go home! You are the enemy! You killed our people!" Several young men standing nearby, looking more embarrassed than alarmed, took hold of the woman gently and led her away, explaining to Fifi, apologetically, that the woman's home had been destroyed and a son killed in the attack.

The irony for most Iraqis (and for many Americans) is that the war has been lost, the country has been ravaged, and many thousands have been killed, and yet Saddam Hussein, the man who started it all, is still in power. "At least Nasser had the good grace to resign," an Iraqi said to me, referring to the aftermath of Egypt's catastrophic defeat in the Six-Day War of 1967, "even if the people subsequently kept him in office." Saddam, in contrast, has acknowledged no personal accountability whatever. He shows no sign of remorse for bringing about the war, or of being chastened by its results. At one point, he criticized the Baath Party, as if it might be held to blame for the defeat, but the idea played poorly, and he did not repeat it. Saddam has not apologized; he has not even bothered to make excuses. He certainly understands that the Western powers are unlikely to restore normal relations with Iraq—much less grant the economic concessions needed for reconstruction—as long as he remains in office, but he has not given the slightest hint of a willingness to go. When I asked officials whether the regime had not made grievous errors in handling the crisis, they replied that a study was under way to decide. There is an eerie quality to the demeanor of the government: in many ways, it behaves as if the war had never taken place at all.

Saddam, to be sure, has replaced some of his ministers since the war ended, but his purpose was not to open the government to a greater diversity of opinion. Tariq Aziz, said to be among the dissenters to the war, is no longer the Foreign Minister, and, despite his exalted title of Deputy Prime Minister, it seems that he will have diminished authority. Latif Nassif Jassem has been dismissed from the post of Information Minister, but few believe that his widely recognized incompetence was the reason; rumor has it, given Saddam's fondness for the practice of family punishment, that Jassem had a brother in the Army who defected to the Shiite rebels during the uprising in March. The government over which Saddam now presides has his son-in-law Hussein Kamel Hassan as Minister of Defense and his cousin Ali Hassan Majid as Minister of the Interior. (A torturer by reputation, Majid has in the past run Kurdistan and the security police, and, more recently, Kuwait, in Saddam's behalf.) Saddam's son Qusay is believed to be currently in charge of the security police. Another son, Uday, heads the government's youth programs. A second son-in-law, Saddam Kamel, is said to be the head of the President's personal bodyguards. In addition, Saddam has three half brothers in other key posts, the most prominent being Barzan, who is based in Geneva and is said to have enforced the hard line taken by Aziz in his talks with Secretary of State James Baker last January, on the eve of the war. Saddam, who in July, just before the invasion of Kuwait, had himself officially named President for Life, does not look like a man who is prepared to loosen his grip on power; on the contrary, it is clear that he is increasingly turning the Iraqi government into a family affair.

Much has been made in recent weeks of Saddam's appointment of Sadun Hammadi as Prime Minister—a post that had not previously been filled. Hammadi, educated in the United States, has for many years been considered the liberal in the ruling élite, though always a step or two away from Saddam's inner circle. Iraqis regard him as decent and well intentioned but colorless and without charisma. That he is a Shiite in a regime dominated by Sunnis does not enhance his credibility. Since taking office, Hammadi has been promising gradual democratization, including elections within a year. With the old social contract in tatters, he seems to be holding out the prospect of a new contract, based on constitutionalism, multiparty democracy, and human rights. The Iraqis with whom I spoke were not surprised that, in the aftermath of the defeat, the regime was currying popular favor by offering greater freedom, but they sensed that Hammadi was no more than a façade for a government seeking to improve its image. And the popular response has been less than enthusiastic. The explanation is not that Iraqis are indifferent to freedom but, rather, that they are skeptical about whether Saddam, after two decades of brutal tyranny, has the will, or even the psychological capacity, to loosen the reins.

When I asked Hammadi at a meeting in Baghdad whether it was possible for Iraq to embrace democracy, or to persuade the United Nations to lift the economic embargo, as long as Saddam was in power, he answered with obvious irritation.

"Who is President of a country is a sovereignty issue, a national issue, not for the United Nations or any foreign state to decide," he said. "The President will be chosen by the Iraqi people. I don't agree that our system is currently a dictatorship. It is a one-party system, but, in fact, now we are moving toward greater democracy. Our plans for democracy are not new. There have been discussions within the leadership since the early nineteen-eighties about adopting constitutional institutions, which include civil liberties, a free press, and multiparty elections. We believe in democracy as a matter

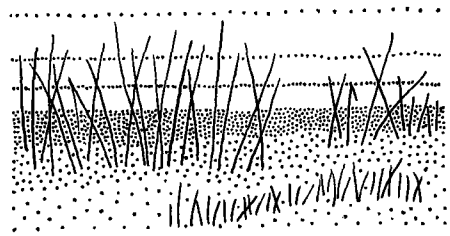
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of principle, and if we have not implemented our plans until now it is not because we have gone back on our promises. It is that circumstances, principally the Iran-Iraq War, have prevented us. After that war, a draft law to change the system was prepared, but then the Gulf crisis caused our plans to be postponed again. Still, we are unwavering in our commitment. I'd like to say with emphasis that no leader is more attached to the principles of democracy than President Saddam Hussein.

"Now we are prepared to forget the recent past, to turn over a new page. We can't remain entangled in this crisis. Those who say they are not ready to coöperate with Iraq until it changes its government, until it replaces Saddam Hussein, are making a serious mistake. Countries talking about what kind of government we should have are embarking on a dangerous trend in international relations. Iraq has had the same stable government since 1968. We have had good relations with the Western countries. Iraq's leader is popular and he has historical achievements. Now I am confident that the time has come for this government to realize its commitment to democracy. I can't tell you how long it will take. It won't be done in a few months, but it won't take decades, either. I think it will be a few years. But I believe we will be able to do it."

Whatever Saddam's intentions may be, he has given no public endorsement to Hammadi. In fact, he has said almost nothing since the defeat. Saddam did not emerge from his hiding places for some six weeks after the ceasefire—he was said to have slept in a different bed every night of the war—and his early appearances in public, staged for television, were unannounced and were without crowds. The first time he showed up on the evening news, he was in the Kurdish city of Irbil, where he delivered a brief homily before some Party functionaries, then went off to a mosque for some on-camera religiosity. Wearing a uniform and with a pistol on his hip, he knelt praying, his knees on a colorful Oriental rug, his hands raised toward heaven, his face trying to look beatific. Try as he might, however, he failed to convey the notion that he was a true believer. (I also had the impression, based on drooping jowls and a belly protruding over his belt, that he had gained weight since I last saw him, in August.) A few days later, he again appeared on the evening news, filmed this time at the al-Dora refinery, southwest of Baghdad. Here he listened attentively to a progress report, from a group of technicians in hard hats, on getting the machinery back in operation. In the distance, a crowd of employees cheered on cue, but none were permitted by the police or his contingent of bodyguards to get close enough to touch him. Saddam's followers used to acclaim his personal courage, but he has amply demonstrated on television that he is now not brave enough, even with his full security apparatus in place, to present himself in person to the Iraqi people. The few words he spoke from al-Dora skirted the war, proclaiming simply that Iraq would solve its problems on its own, and be great once more. He said nothing at all about democracy.

Iraqis see pictures of Saddam Hussein every evening on television—generally stock footage, but occasionally shots of a visit with some official or foreign dignitary. The TV is part of the cultism that places his portraits on nearly every street corner, in every morning's newspaper, in every office and restaurant, even in many private homes. Yet it is hard to imagine that television enhances Saddam's popularity. Saddam did not appear comfortable at the al-Dora refinery, or in Irbil; his eyes wandered back and forth, and his hands fidgeted. In his absence of spontaneity, in his smile that invariably seemed forced, he reminded me of Richard Nixon. In Irbil, he was caught by the camera beneath a portrait of himself grinning from ear to ear; the real Saddam, as he appeared on the screen, seemed unable to take on any expression except a scowl. I have read reports that during the war he appeared depressed. If so, he seems to have overcome the depression; the face before me on the TV screen seemed to be free of the scars of war. But it was not free of stagefright. Saddam has never mastered television. Since leaving Iraq, I have learned of a new trick he has



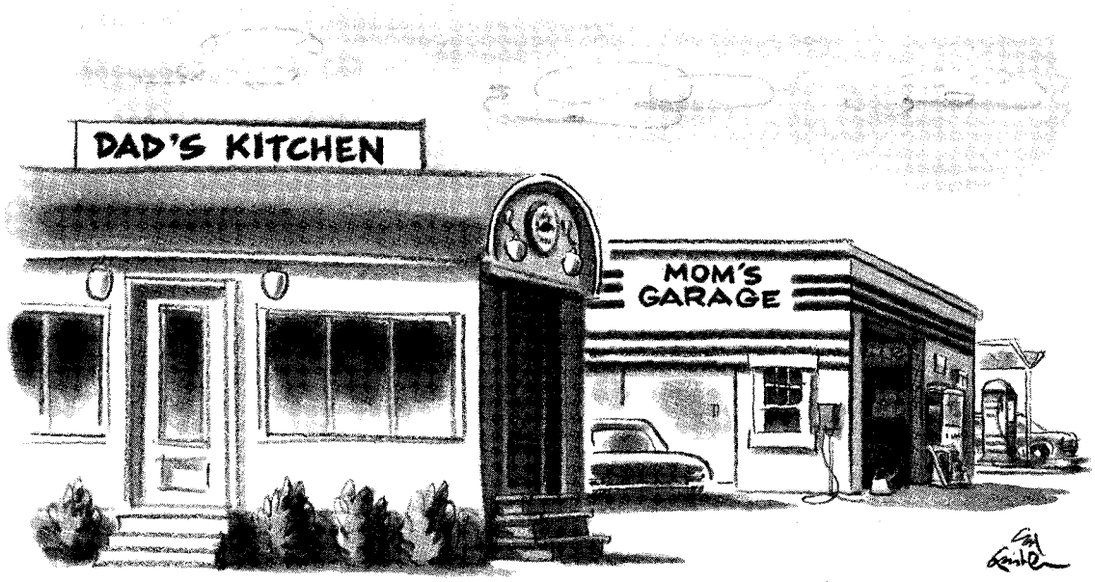
acquired: firing his pistol into the air. He obviously likes it as a symbol of power, and it evokes cheers from the crowd. But in the ordinary business of government he finds the camera hostile, like the world at large. Not even his propaganda apparatus has been able to persuade him to lower his guard, lay aside his suspicions, and deal with television as if it were a friend.

I left Iraq before Saddam celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday, on April 28th, but by chance I was in on some of the preparations. While I was standing at a side door of the Ministry of Information, about a week before the festivities, a truck pulled up and proceeded to unload tens of thousands of freshly printed poster-size portraits of Saddam. The Ministry, clearly, was the depot for the distribution of the portraits around the country. As I watched the unloading, a Ministry employee leaving the building stopped next to me and, looking at the posters, whispered hoarsely, "Our biggest movie star! He used to play Rambo. But his last picture, called 'Desert Storm,' was a flop. Now we hope he'll retire." Then, without another word, he walked away. After my return home, I read in the Washington *Post* that Saddam was televised at a private birthday reception, where he wore an immaculate white suit and was enthusiastically embraced by government officials. The Information Ministry would not say where the reception took place, or why Saddam did not show up at any of the public ceremonies conducted for the occasion.

Saddam's concern for his personal security is probably justifiable. (Tariq Aziz told me that Saddam had not used the telephone since August 2nd, because he was convinced that the Americans could pinpoint his location and bomb him while he talked.) Not only has he lost the backing of rebellious Shiites and Kurds but his power among the Sunnis of Baghdad has also seriously eroded. These are the people who in the past have taken to the streets when conditions have become bad enough to make regimes tremble. Yet I did not see even a symbolic protest—a defaced portrait of Saddam, for example—in Baghdad, much less an overt act. I heard no talk of any secret preparations for revolt. Nor did I hear a word about a possible coup by the Sunni-dominated Army, which was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Bush's hope. In the immediate aftermath of the war, with uprisings already under way in the north and the south, there were rumors—never confirmed by the government, of course—of attacks on the police within Baghdad, and of some arrests. These incidents were believed to have taken place in Shiite sections of the city, however, and the violence did not spread. During my visit, Baghdad seemed totally secure.



Then why, if Saddam has squandered his mandate, is Baghdad quiet? Part of the answer lies in the mechanism of repression over which he presides. It intimidates the Army no less than the civilian sector of the society. Baghdadis remain scared. But at least as much of the answer lies in the structure of Iraqi society. Iraq is a nation of some eighteen million people. Between fifty-five and sixty-five per cent are Shiites. Twenty per cent are Kurds. Apart from a few hundred thousand Christians, the rest are Sunni Arabs. But though they may be the smallest of the three major elements, they have been politically dominant at least since the Ottoman era. One of the hidden factors in Iraqi politics is the effort by the Sunnis to remain in control.

The Sunnis, furthermore, have a different concept of the nation from that of the Shiites or the Kurds. The Kurds dream of uniting with their brethren in Turkey, Syria, and Iran to establish a state of their own—something they have never had, though they cannot forget how close they came in the peace conferences after the First World War, when the Ottoman Empire was being dismembered. The Shiites, following religious strictures, hope to transform Iraq into an Islamic republic, modelled in some measure on Ayatollah Khomeini's Iran. To be sure, many Kurds and Shiites, especially those who have prospered, have entered the mainstream of Iraqi society, and distance themselves from the traditional visions of their communities. But integral though they are to the identity of both Kurds and Shiites, these visions do not necessarily compel either to seek separation from the Sunnis. Except for the romantics, Kurds recognize the political complications of attaining the status of nation-state, and they have reduced their goal to a kind of political-cultural autonomy within Iraq. As for the Shiites, they are Arabs, and have no sense of nationhood at all, apart from being part of Iraq. To Sunnis, Iran is the implacable historical foe. Though both Kurds and Shiites accept Iran's tactical help, in the long view both see Iran as an enemy. For now, however, the principal enemy is Saddam, and it is likely that both the Shiites and the Kurds are rebelling more against him than against Iraq.

The Sunnis consider themselves the pure Iraqis, with their identity rooted in Arab history, and their highest goal the preservation of a national and secular state within the wider Arab community. They are willing to tolerate Shiites, with whom they share their Arab ethnicity, and Kurds, whose Islam is Sunni, like their own, but their principal concern is that the three continue to hold a vision of Iraq in common—or, at least, hold separate visions that are not incompatible. Fed up though Iraqis are with despotism, it is hard to imagine how democracy—with Kurdish, Shiite, and Sunni voters pulling in different directions—will reconcile the three visions. Even though the Kurdish and Shiite rebellions were raging simultaneously, without the intercession of the Sunnis—who are, in practice, the link between the Kurds and the Shiites—the two movements have had little contact with each other. Similarly, Kurdish, Shiite, and Sunni exiles, who agree on the need to replace Saddam, have failed miserably in coming up with anything more to unite them. Among Sunnis, even the bitterest foes of Saddam did not find it possible to support either of the March rebellions—particularly since Iran was involved with both. To Baghdadis, who are the heart of Sunni power, Saddam represents the Iraqi nation—not Sunnis or Shiites or Kurds separately but the nation. And, much as they detest his brutality, they will not give their consent to having the nation, their nation, shatter.

To Sunnis—and, to a remarkable degree, to other Iraqis, too—Saddam Hussein established his legitimacy as the nation's leader by virtue of keeping the country together during the long war against Khomeini's Iran. Never, in all its history, was Iraq more of a nation, committed to a single purpose, than it was then. As for the Baath Party, it is Saddam's lapdog: a self-serving bureaucracy; an oppressor that may be corrupt but is a unifying force; the impartial Big Brother to all citizens; the instrument that turns Kurds and Shiites into Iraqis. The Sunnis' anger with Saddam is the product not only of the material destruction but also of the political decomposition that the nation experienced in the war. If there is a Sunni consensus, however, it is that abandoning Saddam now would—in provoking a fierce struggle over succession—weaken the central government further, at the very mo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

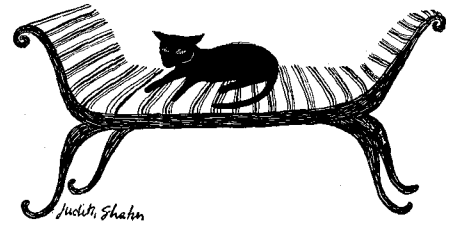
ment that it is most needed in order to preserve the integrity of the state. In a direr scenario, Sunnis believe, abandoning him would mean an Iranian takeover of Iraq, reversing the very triumph for which Iraqis sacrificed so much during most of the past decade.

Ironically, the concerns that limit the Sunnis are the same ones that have paralyzed American policy since the end of the war. Much as President Bush wanted to be rid of Saddam, in February he had to recognize the risks to the United States of the disintegration of Iraq, and prevent American troops from destroying the country. These risks, which emerge from the separatist tendencies with which Iraq has struggled throughout its modern history, were already apparent last August, however, and should have imposed on Bush greater caution about rushing into war. Now the United States is victorious and Iraq is partly in ruins, and Bush has been left with virtually no power over the villain of the piece. Some Baghdadis have told me that mobs will be ready to take to the streets in six months, when the Shiite and Kurdish rebellions have been crushed for good and the nation is no longer in danger. But by then the regime is likely to have reëstablished its position far too effectively to be challenged at all. It seems probable at this point that Saddam Hussein, in defeat, will yet have the last laugh on George Bush. Because Baghdadis—and many other Iraqis as well—prefer an Iraq intact with him to an Iraq in fragments without him, they are not likely to rise up to drive him from power.

TARIQ AZIZ insisted he was glad that he was no longer Foreign Minister. He said that he had never enjoyed the administrative chores that went with the post, and that he would have a wider influence on policy, both foreign and domestic, now that he was only a Deputy Prime Minister. Officials in the Foreign Ministry say they do not know for sure whether he will be more powerful or less. Aziz, who was Iraq's chief spokesman during the months of the Gulf crisis, is the most widely travelled, most sophisticated member of Saddam's inner circle, and he is said to have warned against the course that led to Iraq's defeat. Instead, Saddam followed the advice of family members and old comrades in arms, most of whom are like their leader in knowing precious little about the outside world. No one can say whether Saddam now looks askance at Aziz; averse to being proved wrong, Saddam Hussein has disposed of colleagues for far less provocation. But Aziz has been at Saddam's side since their days in the underground, in the nineteen-fifties (Tariq Aziz is actually a nom de guerre), and he is still in the political picture. He meets with diplomats, both in Baghdad and abroad; he has played a major role in the recent negotiations with the Kurds; and he remains a member of the Revolutionary Command Council, the government's highest policymaking body.

For a journalist, an interview with Aziz, notwithstanding billows of cigar smoke, is unusually rewarding. He listens carefully to questions, and addresses them directly and at length. His English is excellent. He is courteous and knowledgeable, and once you have him in front of you he shows no impatience to get away. Most important, he is unlike many high Iraqi officials in that he does not babble slogans; he conveys the impression of telling the truth—at least, his view of the truth. Some subjects are exceptions: Aziz is evasive about differences within the ruling circles, and especially about differences between him and Saddam. Although Aziz is unquestionably a Saddam partisan, he does not often mislead, and his words, when they are checked against other sources, prove reliable to a high degree. I met with Aziz in a spacious town house where he has worked since leaving the Foreign Ministry. It is in Baghdad's Qadisiyah district—part of a walled compound of official residences, a large section of which was destroyed by bombs. I asked him to give me his account of how relations between the United States and Iraq, which only a year or so ago seemed cordial, had turned sour and ended in war.

Aziz said that the United States, after increasingly friendly relations with Baghdad during the Iran-Iraq War, shifted suspiciously in its attitude as the fighting drew to a close. To Iraq, the most upsetting incident was Irangate, in which Washington was revealed to have authorized secret sales of arms to the Khomeini government. It was followed by Washington's angry accusations—which Aziz said were not true—that Iraq used poison gas against fleeing Kurds after the Iran-Iraq ceasefire, in the summer of 1988. Then, he said, the Iraqi government began receiving information from responsible officials of the Gulf states—Kuwait excepted—that American diplomats were spreading a warning that Iraq was dangerous, and were advising the states to be cautious about its power. (Aziz' assertion, which I checked in newspaper files, was confirmed by contemporary reports.) Early in 1989, Aziz said, his government was informed that the Central Intelligence Agency was getting in touch with Iraqis, both inside and outside the country, and saying that Saddam's regime had to be deposed.



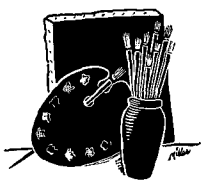
"I went to Washington in the fall of 1989, at the time of the General Assembly session in New York," Aziz said. "And I raised our concerns with Secretary Baker. I spoke to him in a very businesslike way, not at all hysterical. We had a talk of fifty minutes, and it was very substantive. I told him that we were working for the stabilization of the region, and that we were discussing procedures with our neighbors to settle disputes."

In support of these statements, the record shows that Iraq backed tentative moves toward Arab-Israeli peace talks in 1985, and in 1988 became one of the few Arab countries that endorsed Yasir Arafat's recognition of Israel, as a step toward a regional settlement. There is even some evidence of secret meetings during this period between high Israeli and Iraqi officials.

"We felt that after eight years of war we needed stability, to rebuild our country and our depleted wealth," Aziz went on. "Later, we signed nonaggression pacts with Saudi Arabia and Bahrain. We made the same offer to the Kuwaitis, but they were not interested. I also told Baker that we were disturbed by obstacles to our efforts to renew the soft-loan agreements by which we bought food from the United States. Baker replied that it was not true that his government was looking for trouble with Iraq. On the contrary, he said, the United States wanted good

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relations with Iraq, and he said he would do his best to renew the soft-loan deal. In February, Kelly"—John Kelly, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs—"came to Baghdad and saw Saddam Hussein, who raised the same questions that I had spoken about with Baker. Saddam also protested that the United States had not done enough to put a formal end to the Iran-Iraq War, and he asked whether American policy was no war, no peace—to keep us weak. Baker, by the way, did follow up on the soft-loan problem; he got half the deal through, but in April of 1990 it was suspended, just when we critically needed barley. By then, relations between our countries were becoming more complicated."



Aziz recalled that at an Arab summit meeting in Amman in February of 1990 Saddam Hussein had delivered a speech that made Washington bristle. Saddam said that with Moscow in decline the United States was planning to project its power increasingly into the Persian Gulf, and that such a move was contrary to Arab interests. The speech was followed in short order by highly publicized accusations, most of them leaked by Washington, that Iraq was building a long-range artillery weapon and had tried to smuggle in sophisticated electronic devices from the West for use in guided missiles and nuclear bombs. On March 15th, over British protests, Iraq executed Farzad Bazoft, an Iranian-born journalist travelling on British papers, on charges that he was a spy. "He *was* a spy," Aziz said. "We are very sensitive about security matters in our region. We react strongly, but that is how we are. Bazoft was tried in a security court, and a British official attended his trial. We punished him the way we punish others for this crime." Aziz said that the reaction from the West was so fierce that Iraq could not understand it, and began to think that something was being prepared against the nation.

At about this time, Aziz continued, the Western press began to talk increasingly of war, though there was no international crisis to raise such a concern. He acknowledged that Iraq was buying arms, because it was not sure whether its war with Iran was really over, but he said that the military budget was decreasing. He also said that Iraq had demobilized fifteen divisions since the end of the fighting, and that its Army was half of what it had been in 1988. But the heated atmosphere reminded Iraqis of the period preceding Israel's bombing of their nuclear reactor in 1981, he said, and to head off a repeat attack Saddam made a speech threatening to burn half of Israel in retaliation. "In 1981, being at war with Iran, we could not retaliate," Aziz said. "But we were not that weak any longer. We talked it over in the leadership, and we decided the speech would be a deterrent." Whatever the aim of the speech was, Washington reacted to its harsh tone, and relations between the two countries only became worse.

"One important unresolved question for the region was that of loans made to Iraq during the war, by Saudi Arabia and Kuwait and by the Emirates," Aziz said. "They acknowledged that Iraq had protected them against Iran, and they were thankful. They said so publicly. Our problem after the war was that we were deep in debt not only to our neighbors but to the outside world, and since the loans from the Arabs were for our mutual benefit, we asked that they be forgiven. They didn't say no; they just passed the buck back and forth. We brought it up when King Fahd visited Baghdad, and when Saddam made a reciprocal visit to Riyadh, but though the King made promises, he did nothing. We saw no real obstacles then to settling this issue, even with the Kuwaitis, to whom we also offered a settlement of our border differences. This was the period when we were concentrating on improving relations in the Gulf, looking for a new start." Aziz stopped here and chuckled bitterly.

"Then the oil crisis began," he went on. "In December, 1989, oil was selling for twenty-one dollars a barrel, and people were talking of a price rise to twenty-five dollars. Iraq took a rational attitude. We needed cash badly, but we did not want a sudden jump. That's when the big pumping began, with the price dropping until it reached eleven or twelve dollars, and our economic situation worsened dramatically. We talked to the Kuwaitis and the Emirates, which were mostly responsible. We also talked to the Saudis, who seemed to agree with us but were very complacent. We know that the

How To Get No Kick From Champagne.

Meier's all-natural sparkling juices contain no alcohol and no added sugar. Choose from eight crisp, bubbly flavors and give any occasion a natural sparkle.

MEIER'S

To Order Call 800-346-2942
The John C. Meier Co.,
Silverton,
Ohio 45236

Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT
131 WEST 3rd ST. • N.Y.C. • TEL 475-8592
SUMMER HEAT: LATIN & JAZZ
PAQUITO D'RIVERA SEXTET
plus LES McCANN QUARTET
Tue thru Sun June 25 - 30 at 9 & 11:30
Third show Fri & Sat 1:30 WEEK II
EDDIE PALMIERI BAND plus
HILTON RUIZ QUINTET With
DANIEL PONCE July 2 - 7 WEEK III
WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT & SUN

NUMBER SIXTEEN
Four Victorian Town Houses form this exquisite hotel with the unique atmosphere of the home in the heart of South Kensington.
16 SUMNER PLACE, LONDON SW7 3EG
TEL: 071-589 5232 TELEX: 266638
FAX: 071-584 8615

PETER RABBIT PENDANT

Beatrix Potter's Peter Rabbit is brought to life in this sterling pendant with 18" chain crafted by Hand & Hammer. 7/8" $28.00 Postage paid.
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
1 (800) 545-4556
© F.W.Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans understood the problem. We weren't the only ones being hurt. President Mubarak told me that Egypt had lost seven hundred million dollars. Algeria and Iran lost billions. But, because of our vulnerable condition, we were the worst victim. Oil is our chief source of income, and we had a budgetary shortfall of seven or eight billion dollars. We were near the point of economic collapse, and in May, 1990, Saddam Hussein brought up the issue at a summit in Baghdad, and accused Kuwait of waging economic war. Yet, though all the Gulf heads of state heard him, nothing changed. Until the end of June, we were still thinking in terms of reaching a financial and border settlement with Kuwait, but then we began to wonder whether Kuwait was deliberately trying to destroy us. The Kuwaitis were very strange, very pompous, very obstinate. As for the United States, we figured that our two countries were engaged in a peaceful competition for influence in the Gulf, but we committed no acts against American interests, and we saw no reason for conflict."

Aziz recalled that on July 10th the Oil Ministers of Iraq, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Qatar, and the Emirates met in Jidda and agreed to limit production in order to get the price back up, to eighteen dollars a barrel. "When our Oil Minister informed us of the outcome of the meeting, we thought it was too good to be true," he said. "In fact, it was." In announcing the agreement the next day, Kuwait added the stipulation that it would review and possibly reverse its commitment in the fall. The summer months are always slow, Aziz said, and the Kuwaiti statement tipped off major buyers to wait for October, when the price would drop again. In effect, he said, Kuwait killed the agreement. At an OPEC meeting a few days later, he went on, Kuwait repeated its intention of observing the limitation only until the fall, and it took the same position at another meeting in Jidda, on August 1st, the eve of the invasion.

"President Saddam Hussein had no intention of invading—he didn't even think of it before the end of June," Aziz said. "It was never discussed at any level of government. After Saddam's speech at the Baghdad summit, we desisted from further threats against Kuwait. The issue of the Rumaila oil field and our border demands became a part of our talks with the Kuwaitis only in late June, by which time we had concluded that they had joined some sort of conspiracy to destroy our regime. I have the impression that in Washington at the time there were two contending schools of thought. One held that Iraq was a tough partner to deal with but responsible; the other held that Iraq was dangerous and had to be checked, even if it meant conflict. And you know who controls the balance in situations like this in Washington." Aziz at this point raised an eyebrow, which was meant to tell me that his reference was to the Israeli government and its Washington lobby—and it is true, according to press reports, that for more than a year Israel had been urging the Administration to impose economic sanctions on Iraq. "We didn't ourselves go to Washington with our complaints. Maybe it was a missed opportunity. But we assumed that if the Israelis were involved the Americans were right behind them. Finally, in mid-July, we decided to dispatch troops to the Kuwaiti border, hoping it would make the Kuwaitis change their minds."

On July 17th, Saddam toughened his rhetoric, warning the Kuwaitis that if they violated their production quota he would use force, and he explicitly condemned the United States for instigating Kuwait. A week later, he received President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt on a mediation mission that was to include a stop in Kuwait. Aziz said that Saddam made clear to Mubarak how angry the Iraqis were—"Don't comfort the Kuwaitis," Saddam told him—but pledged to take no military action as long as negotiations continued. Mubarak instead told his hosts when he reached Kuwait that there would be no invasion at all; and that, Aziz said, only encouraged them to remain inflexible in the negotiating sessions. Mubarak, Aziz said with some contempt, was the Americans' man, and had been following the Americans' program from the very start.

After the invasion took place, Mubarak accused Saddam of having lied about his intentions. According to Aziz, it was actually Mubarak who was the liar, and whose lie speeded up the race to disaster.

A day after Mubarak's visit to Baghdad, Saddam summoned April Glaspie, the American Ambassador, for their now celebrated meeting. Saddam gave Glaspie the same conditional pledge of desisting from an invasion that he had given Mubarak, and added that Iraq had no hostile intentions toward the United States. Though much of what else happened in the meeting is disputed, the State Department acknowledges that Glaspie told Saddam—the statement will go down in diplomatic history—that her government regarded the Iraqi-Kuwaiti dispute as none of its affair. Many Arabs see the statement as a trap that was meant to lure Saddam into invading; many Americans see it as proof that the State Department was soft on Saddam. But the context of this statement has been generally misunderstood. Glaspie had standing instructions to deliver it in a set of circumstances much different from those which existed on July 25th; it was an answer prepared in anticipation of Saddam's asking for American help in the negotiations with Kuwait, and it was meant to complicate Iraq's bargaining efforts. The statement was in no way intended to imply American indifference to an invasion. Summoned without notice, Glaspie had no time to request new instructions. Presumably, she could have improvised, but that is not what ambassadors—especially professionals—are expected to do. Glaspie followed orders.

When I asked Aziz, who had been present at the Glaspie meeting, how he interpreted it, he took a surprisingly coolheaded view.

"Having been a Foreign Minister, I understand the work of an ambassador, and I believe Miss Glaspie's behavior was correct," he said. "She was summoned suddenly. The President wanted to tell her that the situation was worsening and that our government would not waive its options, and he wanted to add that Iraq was not hostile to the United States. We knew she was acting on available instructions. She spoke in vague diplomatic language, and we knew the position she was in. Her behavior was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a classic diplomatic response, and we were not influenced by it."

Aziz told me that Saddam's decision to invade was made at the last minute, after the collapse of the final negotiating session between Iraq and Kuwait, on August 1st in Jidda. (Bob Woodward, in his new book, "The Commanders," basically confirms this assertion in his discussion of the American satellite surveillance of Iraqi war preparations.) He said Kuwait was surprised, but only because Iraq did not confine the invasion to the disputed border areas—specifically, the Rumaila oil field and the islands of Būbiyān and Warbah. Many Arabs, in fact, had predicted a limited invasion, something like a border incursion, which had precedent in Iraqi-Kuwaiti history. One well-placed non-Iraqi told me that Saddam decided to go all the way only after information reached him that Kuwait planned to invite an American expeditionary force to land in the unoccupied part of the country. Convinced that the Saudis would not allow American forces on their territory, this source says, Saddam calculated that he could thwart the Kuwaiti plan by taking the whole country, and thus leaving the Americans no place to establish bases. Aziz confirmed that his government made a late shift to full occupation, but he said that the decision was predicated on Saddam's belief that it would make no difference whether Iraq chose to take part or all of Kuwait. The Americans, Aziz said, had decided long before August 2nd to crush Iraq, and there was nothing his government could do to stop them.

"We expected an American military retaliation from the very beginning," Aziz said. "We doubted whether the Americans would be caught by surprise. I have no conclusion about what might have happened if we had engaged in a limited incursion, but within the leadership we had no dispute—we agreed that we had to go all the way. As Foreign Minister, I was convinced that in April the Americans had stopped listening to us and had made up their minds to hit us. Senator Bob Dole met with Saddam Hussein in mid-April and said he thought the United States could do business with Iraq. But no one in Washington was interested in what he said. After the collapse of Eastern Europe, the Americans became more and more arrogant. I'm not a strong believer in conspiracies, but they do exist. And they exist more in our part of the world than elsewhere, because we have oil, a strategic position, and Israel. Our people have been frustrated for decades. War seems to come whatever we do. It seems to be our historical tradition to suffer and to fail. We felt fatalistic. That is the mood that governed our judgment here."

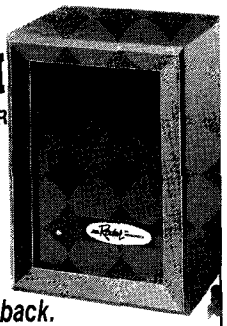
Incredulous, I told Aziz that the passive nature he attributed to his government did not seem in character. Even if a thread of fatalism is woven into the fabric of Islamic culture, I said, it had never before seemed to restrain Saddam Hussein, whose regime, whatever else it might be, was surely the most audacious in the Arab world. Like others, I was bewildered by the clumsiness of Iraq's diplomatic moves, by its failure to create or to seize opportunities to put Washington on the defensive, in the months preceding the outbreak of the war. I had assumed there was some design to Iraq's behavior, however hard to decipher, and notwithstanding the subsequent collapse and humiliation of the Army on the battlefield. Even now, I find myself disturbed by the conception that Aziz seemed to be articulating—of man, and government, as a cork upon the waves. Was this the best case he could make for the disastrous course chosen by Saddam, his leader? Still, from what I heard, I could conclude only that the Iraqi government was paralyzed as the war approached, and had no design at all.

Aziz lamented that his government had tried repeatedly to find a diplomatic exit from the situation and had invariably found itself trapped by the determination of the Americans to wage war. The government had not anticipated the almost total political boycott that Washington succeeded in imposing, he said, which closed all normal diplomatic channels to Iraq. Old friends like the French and the Germans would not even talk to Iraqi emissaries, he said. As for Moscow, he said, none of the proposals that had come from the Soviets had real authority behind them. Having repeatedly failed in its peace overtures—whether through public statements or friendly diplomats or private visitors to Baghdad—the

RODAR® II

ULTRASONIC SUPERPOWER

GETS RID OF RATS, MICE, BATS, FLEAS, SQUIRRELS...



...or your money back.

RODAR II is the super powerful *professional* ultrasonic pest repeller based on more than ten years of engineering and field testing. Its super transducer blasts out ultrasound (at 23 to 55 kHz) with up to 60 and more times the power of other ultrasonic devices (that make preposterous claims). **And power is what makes the difference - both in size of area covered and how effective it is in any size area. You need all the power you can get, within safe limits, and RODAR II is completely safe.**

RODAR ULTRASOUND, as loud as a jackhammer - unbearable to pests, but inaudible to humans and pets - drives pests out and, better yet, keeps them from getting in. Use RODAR II wherever pests exist or are a threat - home, office, vacation home, farm, restaurant, storage area, kitchen, attic. . . Protects up to 3000 sq. ft.

ROACHES, OTHER PESTS. . . RODAR II users report remarkable results. Our 90-day money-back trial shows you how well RODAR II works, *at no risk*.

Handsome simulated walnut 5⁹⁄₁₆" high. 2 lbs. Uses less than 5 watts. Plugs into standard 110v. outlet. A Monadnock product manufactured by Micron Corporation in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.

90-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. 12-MONTH WARRANTY

SPECIAL LOW PRICE...send $89.95 plus $4.75 for shipping and handling (in Mass. add 5% tax) by check, money-order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date, to **MICRON SALES COMPANY, Dept. 724, 170 Kerry Place, Norwood, MA 02062,** or **CALL TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-334-0854 Extension 651.** (For information call 617-326-8675.) **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 724.**

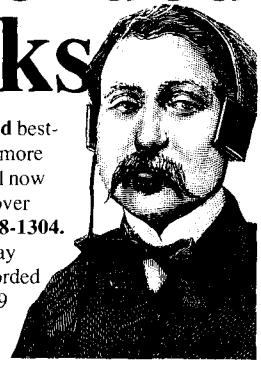
GALAPAGOS

You, nine others and our naturalist will explore by yacht more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. From simple adventures to splendid yacht charters, from scuba diving to serious hiking and even college credit, no one else offers as many ways to experience the Galapagos because no one else specializes exclusively in the Galapagos. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.

FREE BROCHURE

Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-YL 63rd. St., Emeryville CA 94608

Recorded Books



Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409 Charlotte Hall MD 20622

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

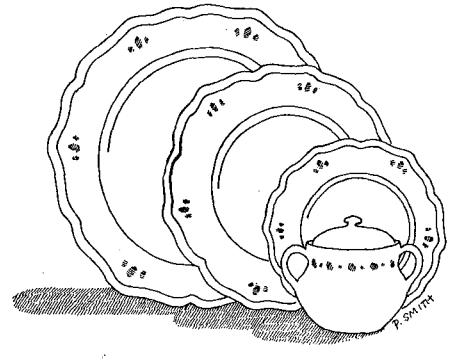
government decided in December, Aziz said, to stick to its position, to make no concessions, and see what would happen.

Aziz said that when, as Foreign Minister, he finally met with Secretary of State Baker in Geneva in January, Baker opened by saying, "You think we are bluffing," and he answered, "No, we take you very seriously." But the Iraqi government, he acknowledged, had decided not to make the concession—withdrawing unconditionally from Kuwait—that Bush demanded as a prelude to putting an end to the crisis. Now, Aziz said, he looks at the whole episode philosophically, and what he sees is that the West was unwilling under any circumstances to accept Iraq as an equal partner in a negotiation, or in any sort of relationship. More important, the West was not prepared to tolerate the rise of a strong, modern, assertive, developed country in the Arab world. He told me he had no choice but to believe that what had happened to Iraq was what America wanted; in that sense, it was foreordained.

Saddam Hussein did not respond passively, much less fatalistically, to the domestic uprisings that followed his defeat at the hands of the United States and its allies. On March 1st, the day after the ceasefire, the Shiites in the south rose up, and a few days later the Kurds in the north did the same. It may be too much to say that Iran provoked the two rebellions, since both Shiites and Kurds had ample reason to rise up against a regime they hated, but Iran, having much to gain by the uprisings, gave impetus to both; neither uprising would likely have taken place without its support. Like Russia in 1917, the central government seemed to have nothing left to protect it once its armed forces were vanquished on the battlefield. Furthermore, had not President Bush indicated repeatedly that he would not permit the government of Saddam Hussein to survive? The leaders of the rebellions smelled success, and by the middle of March, while the Iraqi Army was still occupying positions in the south, most of the major Kurdish and Shiite cities of Iraq had fallen into rebel hands.

Then, as Iraq was on the verge of disintegration, Bush came face to face with a calamity. A successful revolution, whether of Kurds or Shiites, was likely to reduce Iraq to a shell, and, without a viable Iraq, Iran's preeminence in the region would be uncontested. Having been beaten back by Iraq's Army only two years before, fundamentalist Iran now threatened to establish its domination over a landmass that reached deep into the Arab world, and more than halfway from the Gulf to the Mediterranean. Was the Khomeini regime, even without Khomeini, really a more reliable friend of the West than Saddam Hussein? If protection of the Gulf's oil was Bush's interest, had not the Iraqi Army been America's first line of defense? Suddenly, the prospect presented itself that the United States, without the Iraqi Army, might be caught in a web of regional animosities and be unable to extricate itself. President Bush had second thoughts about what his victory had wrought, and decided to let Saddam regroup.

Once the Iraqi Army was out of Kuwait and the real fighting began, neither the Shiites nor the Kurds proved as strong as their early triumphs had suggested, nor did Saddam prove nearly as weak. A few units of his Army defected to the rebels; most stayed loyal to the regime. Bush drew the line at fixed-wing aircraft and poison gas; otherwise, without fear of American intervention the Iraqis were free to use whatever equipment they had salvaged from the defeat. Saddam turned first on the Shiites, then on the Kurds. His units moved quickly through the countryside, over a road network that many said he had built precisely to meet such a contingency, and he used his advantage in weaponry—especially tanks and artillery—devastatingly. The rebel forces could not stand up under the fire of his helicopter gunships. Poorly led, the rebels seemed to lack a strategic plan. In retrospect, it is clear that their leaders had acted quixotically, taking to the battlefield without real preparation. Inexplicably, when the Iraqi Army appeared, the Shiites fought and the



Kurds fled. But, whether the rebels stood or ran, Saddam's Army crushed them summarily. By the end of March, at most a few guerrilla bands remained in the field, capable of no more than an occasional raid. The civil war was over.

It is hard to say whether, of the two losers, the Kurds had suffered the greater catastrophe, but their condition received by far the greater attention. Encamped in the mountains on both sides of Iraq's frontiers with Turkey and Iran, they were accessible to the world's press, in contrast to the Shiites, who were concealed from view behind Iraq's sealed borders. The world was told that hundreds of thousands of Kurds—some reports said as many as two million—had taken flight, and were living in appalling conditions. Television carried dramatic shots of human wretchedness. The newsweeklies had a field day laying out the tragedy as the latest horrible example of the brutality of Saddam's regime. The true history of the relationship—in which virtue has been in short supply on the Kurdish no less than on the Iraqi side—is complex, and was scarcely told at all.

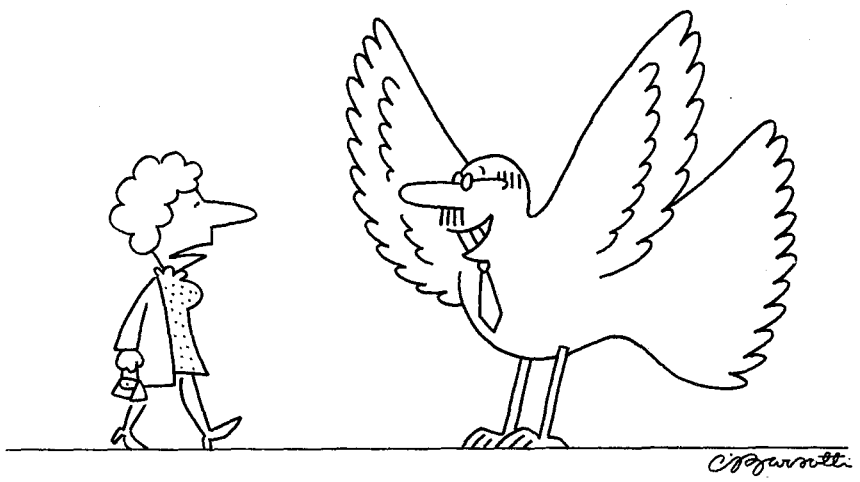
The fact is that, in 1970, it was Saddam Hussein, then second-in-command of the recently installed Baath regime, who proposed to put an end to decades of warfare between Baghdad and the Kurds by negotiating an autonomy agreement; to this day, the agreement remains the model, accepted by both sides, for the exercise of Kurdish political rights. Saddam later violated the agreement, at least in spirit, by placing the autonomy regime under the control of the Baath Party, thus making it an instrument of the central government. Nonetheless, he delivered to the Iraqi Kurds far more concessions—Kurdish as an official language, a school system administered by Kurds, the establishment of a Kurdish university, government services administered equally to Kurds—than Kurds enjoyed in any other country. Unfortunately, his violations were equalled on the Kurdish side by those of Mustafa Barzani (the father of Massoud Barzani, one of two principal Kurdish leaders), who dealt with Baghdad while maintaining a clandestine military relationship with Iran, across the mountains.

Though most Iraqi Kurds sided loyally with the government during

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Iran-Iraq War, some—chiefly Barzani's guerrillas—collaborated with the Iranian Army. Living high in the mountains, they made their villages into sanctuaries for anti-Iraqi forces and, for a while, seemed invulnerable. But in the late nineteen-eighties Saddam struck at the rebels by the controversial practice of destroying the Kurdish villages at the lower levels of the mountains, and relocating their inhabitants to ugly agglomerations of cement-block houses, called resettlement villages, on the plains. These villages, which were kept under tight surveillance, were described as concentration camps by his foes; his supporters cited such services as clean water and electricity, which gave their inhabitants higher living standards than they had in the isolated villages they had left behind. Then, in the last stages of the Iran-Iraq War, Saddam undertook a major offensive against the mountaintop holdouts. In the course of the fighting, his Army dropped poison gas on the town of Halabja, killing some five thousand people. (One United States Army study says that it was actually Iran that first used gas in the Halabja battle.) A few weeks later, Kurds fleeing to Turkey alleged further use of gas, during the Army's stepped-up efforts to depopulate the border area. By now, the Kurds were charging genocide, while Saddam was claiming the right to deal harshly with Iraqi citizens who had gone over to the enemy. Whatever the relative justice of the arguments, Baghdad's relations with the Kurds fell to an all-time low, and when the Gulf crisis began, last August, it was predictable that if the Iraqi Army was defeated the Kurds would rise.

When I arrived in Baghdad in early April, the Ministry of Information, committed to demonstrating that the Kurdish north had been pacified, was organizing reporting trips throughout the region. We journalists knew rather little about what was happening in those days. Save for BBC radio broadcasts and the hearsay that circulated after conversations over the satellite phones, we were isolated from the outside world—no non-Iraqi newspapers and no non-Iraqi television, and, naturally, a blackout of information from the Information Ministry. It was only after leaving Iraq that I could place what I had seen in the context of international events. In Iraq, meanwhile, we did our best to make sense of our visits, while fighting off the Ministry officials accompanying us—we called them minders—who were determined to have us see only what they wanted us to see, and nothing more.



"Forget it."

• •

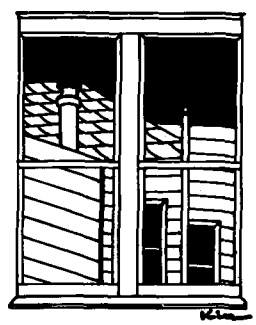
We observed virtually no signs of war damage along the road in Kurdistan. Occasionally, we spied a factory that had taken a big hit, or a burned-out truck that no one had bothered to haul away. But we had no sense that anything was unusual until we passed a series of resettlement villages, set back from the road, and did not see a soul in any of them. I remember a stray dog walking up the main street, an abandoned bicycle, and a couple of chickens that had somehow escaped the flight to the hills, but it was bizarre to see a community of hundreds of houses without people. The region was still heavily armed, with machine-gun posts and tanks at many road junctions. But soldiers in open trucks heading south appeared relaxed, more as if they were going home on leave than redeploying for battle. The fact that we saw no military equipment at all heading north seemed to confirm that the fighting was over. It was only the bullet holes and the mud splattered on the usual pictures of Saddam along the road which reminded us that the region had been in rebel hands just days before.

The minders knew exactly where they wanted to take us when we reached Sulaimaniya, the capital of a governorate of nearly a million Kurds. We stopped first at a vacant lot at the edge of the city where several hundred men and women, divided about equally in dress between Western and traditional, were queuing up to receive food rations. A few spoke a little English; some spoke only Kurdish, a language related to Iran's Farsi, which our Arabic translators did not understand. In return for a family's ration coupons, which were presented to functionaries stationed at the tailgates of open trucks, these Kurds received sacks of flour, a jerrican of cooking oil, and cases of assorted tinned foods. They trundled these by wheelbarrow to the street, and tried to hail taxis to take them home. It was a good photo opportunity for the TV crews. When they were satisfied, we drove to a hill in another part of the city, where a group of men with shovels, wearing surgical masks or kerchiefs tied across their faces, were working with a tractor to dig up a mass grave. As each body was removed, they laid it on the ground and washed it with hoses, and then they carried it to a refrigerated truck that stood nearby. A crew leader told us that a hundred and twenty bodies had been found; Prime Minister Hammadi later raised the number to three hundred and seventy, all members of the Baath Party organization that had ruled the city. My most vivid memory of the visit was of a uniformed man of about twenty-five who, having found his brother among the dead, was caught by the cameras sitting on the ground, weeping inconsolably.

A few days later, we visited Irbil, the seat of government of the Kurdish

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Autonomous Region; it was one of the few cities in the north that had been damaged in the fighting. A hole about six feet in diameter in a wall of the principal administrative building, where I had once interviewed Saddam's man Sirwan Abd Allah Jaf, suggested an attack by an Army tank against rebel forces inside. Jaf was still around, but, with the interior of the building badly burned, he had moved to a Baath Party building, where he received us in a small library that had been turned into a temporary office. When I reminded Jaf that at a meeting only a few years before he had assured me that, with few exceptions, the Kurds of the Autonomous Region were grateful to Saddam for their lot, he answered with a touch of wrath.



"This unrest was another phase of the international conspiracy against Iraq," he said. "Kurdistan was the target of troublemakers who came here from Iran and other countries in huge numbers. Most of our prisoners are Iranian—that proves what I say. They had machine guns, mortars, and heavy weapons. They were here for twenty days, but they could not win. The Kurdish people under the leadership of Saddam Hussein have all their civil and patriotic rights as Kurds. That is a major contrast with the Kurds in Turkey and Iran. Now, on instructions from Saddam Hussein, we are working to reconstruct the services that were destroyed by the enemies of Iraq and of God. Everyone who understands diplomacy and politics knows that what has happened to Iraq is part of a big conspiracy." Jaf's line was one we were to hear often from Party functionaries, who seemed indifferent to whether or not they sounded credible.

On another day, we drove far to the north, almost to the Turkish frontier, to the region around the towns of Zakho and Dohuk, which has since been taken over by the United States Army as a protected haven for Kurdish refugees. At a checkpoint on a mountain road, a small contingent of Iraqi soldiers, backed by two Baath Party functionaries, greeted an occasional truck or private car jammed with unwashed, bedraggled-looking refugees who were returning to the lowlands, carrying pots, pans, bedrolls, and babies. In the distance, we could see American cargo planes flying at low altitudes, parachuting supplies into the refugee camps in the hills.

The returning refugees told of the misery in the mountain camps, from rain and cold, hunger and filth and tainted water, and also said that most of the people there were too frightened of Saddam's revenge to come home. Though they knew of the amnesty the government had offered to returnees, they said they did not trust it. The soldiers at the checkpoint gave them some food, then examined their ID cards and wrote down their names. When I asked why, one of the Party officials said that it was to keep track of the numbers; he denied that the records would be used for retribution. The line he took was that the refugees had fled not out of fear of the government but out of fear of being caught in the crossfire between the rebels and the Army, and that the government was now trying to convince them that it was safe to come home. But the rebels, he said, had made the refugees into political pawns, and were holding them against their will. He said that the Army had the capability to go up into the hills and defeat the rebels, but he acknowledged that the people were suspicious of government soldiers. Knowing that an offensive would alarm the refugees, he said, the Army had no choice but to wait until some understanding was worked out.

Zakho and Dohuk, where we stopped after leaving the checkpoint, looked much like the ghost towns in American Westerns. Both had been evacuated without a fight. Destruction was limited. All but a few shops were shuttered. No traffic moved on the streets. Apart from a handful of old men smoking in a coffee shop, the signs of life were few. In Zakho, the only working building appeared to be the Baath Party headquarters. In Dohuk, the Party headquarters had been torched and burned to the ground.

While I was looking around Dohuk's main street, a couple of teen-age boys suddenly appeared, and, on the chance that one of them spoke English, I stopped them and asked why everyone had fled. "Kurds are Kurds," one boy replied, with a shrug, "and will always remain Kurds," which I took to be a testimony to the Kurdish will for independence. That was about as good an explanation as I had heard. Since he seemed willing to talk, I asked him why he had remained behind, and he answered that it was because his father had had some doubts about the rebel leadership. "They promised an independent Kurdistan after the revolution, and people believed them," he said. "They said the government would use poison gas, napalm, and even missiles, and they believed it. Half of the leadership came from outside the region and spoke Farsi; the other leaders were from Dohuk. The people don't believe the leadership any longer; they are sorry they left. But they are afraid of the government, and so they won't come back." As we talked, a crowd of men emerged from nowhere and gathered around. One, in particular, wearing a dark suit and tie, volunteered answers to my questions which were more faithful to Baathist orthodoxy than what the boy was saying. After the boys left, he followed them, and before turning a corner he took the arm of the one who had talked to me and said something in his ear. I did not have a good feeling about what it was.

On my last night in Baghdad, Jalal Talabani, the other principal leader of the Kurdish rebels, held a press conference at the Ministry of Information. For a week or so, there had been reports over the BBC, based on Kurdish sources in London, that he was in Baghdad conferring with Saddam. The reports were true, but to those of us in Baghdad they seemed farfetched, given the depth of bad feeling between the Kurds and Saddam. In characteristically shortsighted fashion, the Ministry claimed to know nothing about any talks—effectively forgoing the opportunity to put its own spin on the reporting. Then, at around ten that evening, a Ministry official made a sweep of the Al-Rasheed, pulling all the journalists he could find away from dinner to invite them to the Ministry at once. There Talabani waited in the Minister's large, luxurious office, sitting on a brown divan, directly beneath a picture of Saddam.

Talabani is a round man with curly hair and, behind tinted glasses, an appealing face. He wore an all-beige, designer's version of traditional Kurdish dress, with tailored baggy pants, an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

open collar, and a cummerbund. A lawyer and former journalist, he speaks an English in which the words tumble grandly off the tongue. Talabani generally represents the leftist intellectuals and the smaller tribes among the Kurds; Massoud Barzani draws his power from the major tribes. As well as an outsider can tell, however, the two men work harmoniously together, and when Talabani talks it is presumably with the authority of the coalition of parties which represents the entire Kurdish movement.

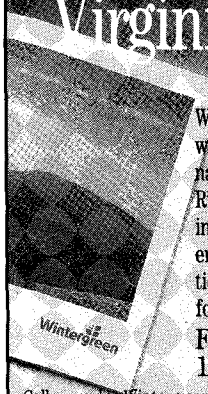
Talabani said that he and Saddam had reached an agreement in principle, in which the autonomy plan of 1970 would be reinstated, and administered according to its original intent. In effect, it would make Kurdistan self-governing. He dismissed the importance of differences, still unresolved, over the city of Kirkuk and the revenues derived from the oil fields nearby—large obstacles in previous negotiations. The climate of the talks with Saddam, Talabani said, had been positive—frank and open. "Saddam tried to crush us and failed," he said. "We tried and failed to bring down his government. Now we are both looking for a political and peaceful solution. A new page will be turned in relations between the Baath Party and the Kurdish front." Talabani said that enforcement of the agreement would be based on common Iraqi interests and democratic processes, and not on international guarantees, which had not worked in the past. The Kurds, who he said were, deep down, faithful to Iraq, shared with Baghdad the conviction that foreign forces could not remain in the country. Barzani, he said, would soon be arriving in Baghdad to settle the final details of the agreement.

Those of us who heard Talabani's message considered it somewhat vague and incredibly optimistic. Taken at face value, it said that Saddam had agreed to give up the Baath Party's dominance of Kurdistan and allow the existing Kurdish parties to compete for power in the autonomous area. As Talabani put it, having negotiated with Baghdad for twenty-eight years he knew Saddam Hussein very well. But I was not alone in wondering if he was being naïve in believing that Saddam would actually do what he promised. Talabani seemed to me to be saying he had faith not only that Saddam would keep a deal with the Kurds but also that Saddam was sincere in his intention to democratize the political system of Iraq. Did Saddam have in mind some sort of Sunni-Kurd alliance? Baathists might be willing to rule with the Kurdish parties, whose left-of-center, secular ideas were much like their own. Such a concession would transform Iraq's politics, but it would leave current social values intact. In legitimatizing the Kurdish parties, however, would Saddam inevitably have to do the same for the Shiites, whose parties are deeply fundamentalist? Such a concession to the Shiites, the majority of the population, seemed to promise a radical transformation of Iraq itself. That Saddam would take such a step seemed inconceivable.

The next morning, Prime Minister Hammadi held a press conference, which the assembled journalists assumed had been arranged so that he could reply to Talabani. But Hammadi did not say a word about the Kurds in his opening statement, and in answer to a question about the talks he said simply, "I confirm that we are conducting this dialogue with sincerity and good intentions, and I have nothing more to add." It was hardly a ringing endorsement of any commitments by the government to Talabani, and left the journalists not only more confused than before but also more skeptical. Barzani has since issued hopeful reports on the negotiations, but he has not nailed down a deal, which Kurdish sources say has been snagged over the details of democratization and Kirkuk. The American presence in Kurdistan, along with talk of a United Nations protectorate there, appears to have added a new complication to a prospective agreement. Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of Kurds remain refugees, still unwilling to leave their sanctuaries along the frontiers.

ONE day, between visits to the north, a group of journalists and I were taken south, to see Karbala and Najaf—pilgrimage cities that to Shiite Muslims are nearly as holy as Mecca itself. Najaf is the burial place of Ali, son-in-law of Muhammad and, according to the Shiites, his rightful successor. At Karbala are buried Ali's two sons, Hussein and Abbas. We knew from reports that conditions in both cities were bad—that they were without electricity and clean water,

The definitive book on mountain living, Virginia style.



This new booklet is all about Wintergreen, a special place where families enjoy the natural splendor of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Outstanding golf and mountain properties offer first-class amenities as part of this unique four-season community.

FREE! Call today, 1-800-325-2200

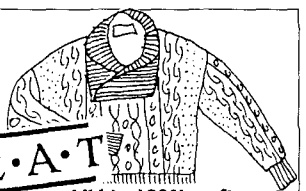
Call or send to Wintergreen Development, P.O. Box 638, Wintergreen, VA 22958.

Name NYR26
Address
City State
Zip Phone

Wintergreen

For vacations, for the family, for a home.

Obtain the Property Report required by federal law and read it before signing anything. No federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Void where prohibited by law. See offering plan for full terms.
New York H.O.A. registration number H000094.

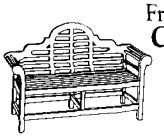


T·R·E·A·T

a child to 100%, soft wool
Aran sweater from Ireland, entirely hand knit.
Classic style, unique shawl collar pullover. Razzle-dazzle colors: Red, Emerald Green, Royal Blue, Deep Pink, Turquoise. Sweater chest sizes in brackets. 2-3T(22"), 4-5(24"), 6-6x(26"): $80 7-8(28"), 10-12(30"): $85 Check or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shipping $3.50 each. N.Y. Residents add sales tax. Free brochure.
Carron & Company
Box 909, Planetarium Stn., New York, NY 10024

BLACKWATER GALLERY
Specializing in Fine Tribal Arts from New Guinea, Indonesia, Africa
Write for free price list
3703 Parkridge Dr.
Rapid City, SD 57702

White Painted Mahogany Furniture
Interior & Exterior Use
Free "Quick-Ship" from stock
Country Casual - NYW
17317 Germantown Road
Germantown, MD 20874
Call 1-301-540-0040
Garden Furniture Catalogue $3.00



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

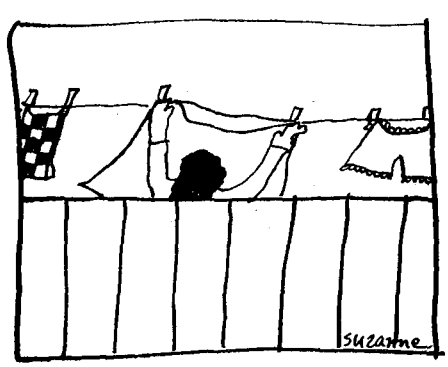
and that many inhabitants had fallen sick. About an hour from Baghdad, as we neared Karbala, it seemed an ominous sign that groves of palm trees had been uprooted and were lying on the ground. Our minder told us that the Iraqi Army had destroyed them, to deny hiding places to rebel bands. Having seen how the cities of the north had been spared by civil war, and how few scars the allied bombing had left on Baghdad, I was shocked by what I saw in the south. The devastation here was in fact comparable to the levelling of cities in the Second World War, and the damage to the shrines was more serious than that which had been done to many European cathedrals. What is more, a sharp edge of tension persisted in the south, as if no one could be sure that the fighting would not start up again.

A manned tank, its national flag flying and its gun covering the road, greeted our car when we entered Karbala. As we approached the center of the city, I saw pedestrians negotiating their paths amid piles of rubble. It seemed that no neighborhood had been spared. Big holes in walls indicated tank fire; smaller holes, and chunks taken out of concrete, were the signature of lighter, automatic weapons. The wreckage suggested block-by-block, if not house-by-house, resistance, and many casualties.

Then I saw, in silhouette, the Shrine of Abbas, and at a distance it was as resplendent as I had remembered it. The shrine occupies the equivalent of two or three city blocks, so its size is awesome in itself, and above the wall that surrounds it soar twin gold-leafed domes and slim, piercing minarets. But in a few moments I saw tanks at its gates, and the closer I came to the shrine the more horribly defaced I realized it to be. Huge gashes had been made in the walls, and the heavy wooden doors had been blown apart. Swirls of Arabic graffiti had been painted on every surface and then painted over. "Long Live the Republican Guard," an outer coat said, but still visible was a message underneath saying "Down with Saddam Criminal." The arches leading into the courtyard had been badly hit. An officer invited us inside and, in what had been a library for the clergy of the mosque, showed us instruments of torture, which he claimed had been left behind by the rebels, and even a noose, with which he said Baath Party officials had been hanged. The large courtyard, where I remembered families picnicking during an earlier visit, now served as a parade ground and barracks for an Army unit standing guard. As we left the shrine to return to the car, soldiers carrying weapons slung over their shoulders looked down on us from the top of the wall. One of them signalled to me with a thumbs-up gesture, a message of triumph.

The Shrine of Hussein, which stands about a hundred yards from the Shrine of Abbas, was in even worse condition. The souk and the plaza that lay between them had been reduced to dust. Handsome old houses with overhanging balconies called *shanashils* had been destroyed. Fifty-millimetre machine-gun shells littered the ground. I saw several men sifting through a mound of debris, and asked what they were doing; one replied, good-naturedly, that the rubble was all that was left of his jewelry shop, and he was trying to recover lost gold. The wall surrounding the Shrine of Hussein looked as if it had been struck by an earthquake. The colorful mosaic tiles, the granite facing, and the ceramic grilles that covered the windows were scattered all over the pavement. The dome, leafed in gold at great cost during the Iran-Iraq War as an offering from Saddam Hussein to the Shiites, had been punctured by cannon fire. Through breaches in the wall we could see Iraqi flags flying inside, but an officer standing at the gate would not let us enter. He told us that the destruction had been the result of a three-day battle to dislodge rebel forces from the shrine. Both sides, it seemed, were trying to make a political asset of the devastation: the government blamed the rebels for making a fortress of the shrine, and the rebels blamed the Army for the gunfire that had ultimately subdued them.

Barely out of Karbala and heading farther south, we were stopped at a roadblock and informed by a young police officer that we would not be permitted to go on to Najaf, which was an hour away. We argued with him to no avail, and when we tried to get our minder to cite the authority of the Ministry of Information he declined, saying, "I'm an Iraqi. Sometimes the police say yes, sometimes they say no. There is nothing we can do about it." But we did persuade the minder to take us to the office of Karbala's governor, where we hoped for an interview and, perhaps, an appeal on the Najaf visit.



To our surprise, we were ushered immediately into the governor's office—a dark and gloomy room with a television set and, on the walls, no fewer than five portraits of Saddam. The governor, a tall, bald man wearing an olive-drab uniform with the insignia of a general of the police, introduced himself as Khalid Abdul Aziz Sayeed. Though he had been a Baath Party member for thirty-five years, there was something engagingly open about him, and he struck me as a more honest spokesman than, say, Sirwan Abd Allah Jaf, in Irbil. Sayeed told us that on March 1st, with the Army engaged in Kuwait, a force of Shiite fundamentalists under Iranian leadership had raided the headquarters of the Karbala police and stolen all its arms. Within a few days, defecting Army units had swelled this force, until the rebels—whom he referred to as "criminals"—reached a strength of about fifty thousand. But, he said, the force was weakened by the absence of a centralized command and of strategic plans. Though some of the rebels fled when the Army arrived from Kuwait, most of them, he said with grudging admiration, put up a tenacious defense. About three thousand rebels, along with some civilian followers, retreated into the two shrines, thinking that the Army would not dare attack them there, and at first the Army did attempt to dislodge them by siege. But then, reluctantly, the Army turned to its heavy guns, and their fire ended the resistance quickly. About six hundred people were killed in the fighting, Sayeed said, most of them civilians—a figure that, given the condition of the city, seemed to me a low estimate. He also said that three thousand rebels had been captured, including sixty Iranians. When Sayeed finished his account, we thanked him and asked for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permission to go on to Najaf, and, to the dismay of our minder, he wrote out an order that he said would get us through the roadblock.

Our first impression of Najaf, at the entrance to the city, was a portrait of Saddam that had been penetrated by three well-aimed rockets to the face. But Najaf was less seriously damaged than Karbala. The Shrine of Ali, where Ayatollah Khomeini had prayed for fourteen years while plotting the downfall of the Shah, had survived, even though it had not been completely spared. It had been hit by mortar fire, and there was some indication, visible through open doors, of fighting inside the walls. The authorities who were keeping guard would not allow us to go inside, however, or to make a walking tour of the outside, which was unusual, even for Iraq. In the normally busy marketplace around the shrine, we were struck by how few people were to be seen. Apart from a man dispensing rations of water from a mule-drawn cart on a street corner, there seemed to be almost no business going on. We wondered about the effort made at the police roadblock to keep us from coming to Najaf. Having seen no signs of a military alert, we concluded that a guerrilla attack was unlikely. It was obvious that the city was on edge, though, even if we would never learn why.

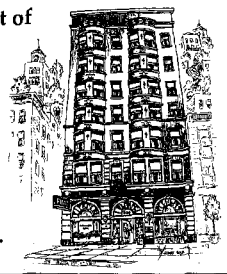
One reason I had been eager to visit Najaf was to call on the Grand Ayatollah Abolqassem al-Khoei, a ninety-one-year-old scholar who is said by Shiites to be even more venerated than the late Ayatollah Khomeini. Al-Khoei had appeared briefly in the news in March when Saddam transported him to Baghdad to make a televised statement urging Shiites to end their civil war. Later, Iran protested that al-Khoei had been kidnapped and was being kept under house arrest. Our minder, who wanted to show us that the old man was free, willingly took us to the small, mud-brick house where al-Khoei lived. Al-Khoei was sitting in a shabby library, wearing a black turban and a brown wool robe over several layers of clothing, and he was sweating profusely. He seemed very frail and had trouble breathing. When we asked him about the television incident, he answered, "I never asked for a jihad against Saddam Hussein. I am satisfied with the government. The rebels committed horrible crimes, and I asked Shiites to calm down and not commit aggression." Then we asked him about his family, and, as the words came out, the minder panicked. "My son, my son-in-law, and others of my family—six persons in all—were arrested," al-Khoei said. "The President ordered them released, but up to now they haven't come back." At that point, the minder called on everyone to leave, and, with barely a thank-you to al-Khoei, ushered us out of the house.

With the al-Khoei visit behind us and our movements in the city restricted, we had no reason to linger in Najaf, so our driver headed back, along a new highway that led directly to Baghdad. Suddenly, however, we encountered a reminder of an earlier war, between Iraq and the United States. Our return to Baghdad was halted by a decisively blown-out bridge over the Euphrates. We were about to detour back to the Karbala road when a man walking along the shoulder of the highway waved us down, and pointed out an alternative route, which bypassed the useless bridge. Following the man's instructions, we drove through a palm grove along a shaded dirt road that paralleled the river. Then, about a mile downstream, we went over the top of a small dam, which took us to the river's east bank. As we drove back upstream, we observed a group of women in long dresses standing knee-deep in the river, washing clothes. Within a few minutes, we regained the highway and turned north, and would have been in the capital in an hour, except that our minder asked if he could stop to see his mother, who lived along the road. We had forgiven him for the incident in the al-Khoei house by now, and, since he invited us in, I suppose he had forgiven us. It was a charming house, with a grape arbor and a goat in the yard. His mother was a gracious, dignified widow, and, after boiling water over a portable gas burner, she served us tea. I had the feeling that she was sincere when she apologized for such spare hospitality, and she asked us to return for dinner sometime, when electricity would again light up the house.

—Milton Viorst

In San Francisco

Just 2 blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary Continental Breakfast. California wine each evening. Home of *Fino Bar & Ristorante.* $76 - $105

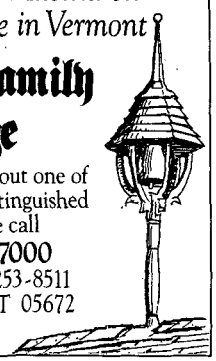


THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
— *Call for Brochure* —
(800) 227-4742 (415) 563-6877
In California: (800) 622-0557

The flavor of Austria on a mountainside in Vermont

Trapp Family Lodge

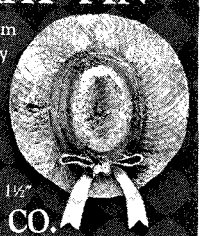
For information about one of America's most distinguished resorts, please call
1-800-826-7000
in Vermont 802-253-8511
or write Stowe, VT 05672



Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181

STRAW HAT PIN

This whimsical straw hat from James Breakell is a lovely reminder of summer. In sterling silver $40; 14k gold $628. Add $3.50 handling. Brochure on request. VISA/MC/AMEX 1-800-767-6411 Actual size: 1½"



J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYST Newport, RI 02840

POGO fans!
Call 1-800-347-6902 to order our new catalog, the ONLY source for affordable limited edition prints of some of America's greatest cartoon art.
The Entertainment Art Company
400 Main St. Suite 312N, Stamford, CT 06901

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

The Road to Minsk

WHY all the long faces over "Mr. Gogol and Mr. Preen," at the Mitzi E. Newhouse? Call me superficial, but I thought it was a delight, and just the right thing for Gregory Mosher, who got his start at the Goodman Theatre, in Chicago, to end his tenure as the director of Lincoln Center with: a piece by a Chicago writer (Elaine May), directed by Mosher himself, starring Mike Nussbaum and William H. Macy (two actors whom Mosher helped to make familiar around New York), and featuring an actress (Zohra Lampert) who spends most of the evening trying to gain access to the stage. "Mr. Gogol and Mr. Preen" doesn't justify the ways of God to man, or anything. It doesn't solve the riddle of existence or suggest how we can put an end to world hunger. But it makes you laugh, ends sweetly, and gives you something to talk about at dinner. What do you want for twenty-five bucks?

Actually, "Mr. Gogol and Mr. Preen" is exactly the sort of play I wish Mr. Mosher and his executive producer, Bernard Gersten, had been putting on at the Newhouse and the Vivian Beaumont all along. I could never muster much enthusiasm for their long-running hits (what were long-running hits doing at Lincoln Center, anyway?) and their big-splash productions—"Anything Goes," "Sarafina," the all-star "Waiting for Godot." I always thought that what Mosher should be serving up was something that had special meaning for him or for Lincoln Center's audience—either Chicago theatre or plays (like "Some Americans Abroad" and "Six Degrees of Separation") that in some way held a comic mirror up to the particular class of people likely to subscribe to the Newhouse and the Beaumont. The Elaine May piece belongs to the latter category: it's a play about the then-and-now of the world of ideas, explored through a relationship that develops between an aging writer-intellectual (Mr. Nussbaum) and a vacuum-cleaner salesman (Mr. Macy) who, having insinuated himself into the writer's apartment, finds himself unable to leave.

In general, plays in which people kidnap other people or hold each other hostage make me nervous. They're usually sadistic, in a craven sort of way, and they grope too effortfully after some notion of social importance. "Mr. Gogol and Mr. Preen" reminded me of nothing so much as a "Road" movie—with Mr. Macy and Mr. Nussbaum as Bob and Bing, and Miss Lampert as a sort of *mitteleuropäische* Dorothy Lamour. Only, the jokes, instead of being about sex and show business, are about philosophical questions: rules, definitions, choosing sides, perceptions of truth. It would be unfair to Miss May to go more deeply into what happens in the play or to identify the specific values that Mr. Macy and Mr. Nussbaum come to represent. "Mr. Gogol and Mr. Preen" is a divertissement: ideas flit by and disappear before you've managed to figure out what was clever about them. But you get your bearings when you realize that Mr. Nussbaum is responding to Mr. Macy's questions about the state of his rugs as though he were testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

"Mr. Gogol and Mr. Preen" is a writer's play, but it's also an actors' play, and it gives Macy and Nussbaum, who have been working together on and off for fifteen years (they both appeared in the first production that Mosher directed at Lincoln Center—a pair of Mamet one-acts), a chance to put on a real show. Each is playing the character he plays best—the Jew who's seen it all, the clean-cut naïf—but with a kind of sinister spin, which makes it all the more fun to watch. They're both doing moral slapstick, essentially: Nussbaum balances mile-high towers of indignation on nothing at all, while Macy sustains the kind of slow burns Cary Grant used to spin out in movies like "Bringing Up Baby" and "Arsenic and Old Lace." Macy gets to go in for a lot of physical slapstick, too. (One sight gag, involving a Murphy bed, gave me much joy.) The pleasure you get from watching him is the pleasure of seeing an actor who is actually a very cool guy—leading-man material—disguising himself as a nerd. Once or twice, I found myself wishing that Mosher had cast these two instead of Steve Martin and Robin Williams in "Waiting for Godot."

Miss Lampert, though less visible, is equally funny, playing a woman

"Darling, will you feed the meter?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who keeps dropping by and trying to get into Mr. Nussbaum's apartment. She's a veritable symphony of Jewish mannerisms. But the third star of the play is really the apartment itself, a witty extravaganza designed by John Lee Beatty. It's worth getting to the theatre early just to take in the set, which, like much of the play, is partly a joke on exposition. You know you're looking at a man's apartment not from the mess—the half-eaten pizza and the remains of a pie, the cartons of Chinese food, and the piles of laundry scattered around might belong to anyone—but from a man's jacket hanging discreetly where only a man would hang a jacket, just as you know the apartment is in New York less from the bars on the window than from the peculiarly inconvenient placement of the kitchen. But the scenery also seems like a joke on the whole idea of clever set design—specifically, on the problem of designing for Lincoln Center's stages. Mr. Beatty has, to all appearances, remodelled the theatre, building over an entire section of seats, obliterating one of the two usual stage exits, and completely blocking the other. It's as though in approaching this last production he and Mr. Mosher had decided to throw up their hands and say, "The hell with it!"

Everything on the set is somehow perfectly chosen to belong both to the past and to the present—from the haircut that Macy sports (which is not quite fifties but a take on the fifties) to the foodstuffs that are periodically brought onstage. Only a few objects seem wrong because they plant questions about when the play is taking place. Two of them are books (a political text that sits on the hi-fi at the end of Act I, and a Penguin Classic that Mr. Nussbaum is reading in bed at the end of Act II). The third is hardly worth mentioning. Could I respectfully suggest, however, that for the rest of the run, which I hope will be long and prosperous, Mr. Macy be more than usually cautious about what color underclothing he wears? Some of the newer and more vibrant shades of turquoise are visible even through frosted glass. —Mimi Kramer

•

Mister Rogers' Neighborhood
An oboist plays and discusses motherhood.
—*TV listing in the Baltimore Sunday Sun.*

But not at the same time.

WORLD'S LARGEST/SMALLEST RECORD STORE

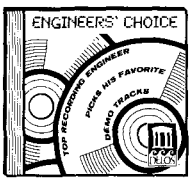
BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC CATALOG

Browsing through **Bose Express Music Catalog** is like having an enormous record store all to yourself. You can shop for the music you want, when you want it. We carry everything in print in Rock, Jazz, Blues, Pop...you will find it all here in our 240-page, 50,000-title CD, Tape and Video source book.

Ordering from us couldn't be easier. Call our 800 number, or send the order form to us by fax or post. Your first issue includes a refund certificate for $6.00, plus $50.00 in additional merchandise credits. There is no obligation or unrequested shipments.

FREE UPDATES

New Subscribers will receive one free year of Updates, covering new releases & specials.



ALMOST FREE CD

New catalog subscribers may choose to receive a ***free*** Delos CD, ***Engineer's Choice***. Master recordist John Eargle's favorite orchestral, choral, vocal, piano, organ and chamber music. Reg. Price: $9.99 + S&H. **New subscribers pay only the $3.95 S&H Charge** (52465)

SUBSCRIPTION/MAIL ORDER FORM

❑ Start the Updates & send the 240-page Catalog ($6.00/yr, refundable on the first order from the Catalog)
❑ Yes. Please include my FREE Delos CD, Engineer's Choice. I'm enclosing an extra $3.95 for Shipping & Handling. (52465)
❑ Check or ❑ Credit Card ❑ Visa ❑ MC ❑ AMEX (Outside U.S. Credit Card Only, Please)

CC# EXP

Name
Address
City, State, Zip

Call **1-800-233-6357** or mail with payment to:
BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC
50 W. 17th St., NYC, NY 10011
Fax: 212-627-2613 NY61

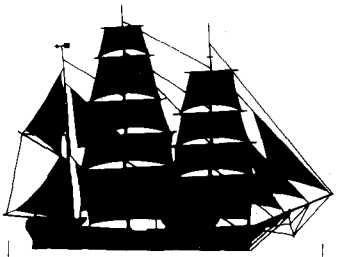
PALM BEACH SANDALS

Both Styles Available in Full & Half sizes
Narrow or Medium Widths
Write or Call for full Color brochure
Chris Kornhauser
Seminole Sandals of Florida
P.O. Box 705, Palm Beach, Fl. 33480
(407) 655-5732

•Beautiful hand-painted Turtle, in solid porcelain
•Specially priced to introduce a wonderful new series
•Mailed immediately. Please send check or money order

Chesterfield's
#569 - 200 West 3rd Street, Sumas WA 98295-8000

Belize Discover treasures the Conquistadores missed—the *natural* riches of Belize. **Jan–June, 1992**
JOSEPH VAN OS NATURE TOURS
P.O. BOX 655 P.VASHON ISLAND, WA 98070, 1-800-368-0077



Over 130 Family Activities
at America's Largest Maritime Museum.
Call for Your '91 Visit *Planner*
(203)572-0711, Ext. 315
MYSTIC SEAPORT®
50 Greenmanville Ave., Mystic, CT 06355-0990

Africa Namibia, Kenya Top wildlife locations, camps, lodges and expert leadership for our 1992 tours
JOSEPH VAN OS NATURE TOURS
P.O. BOX 655 P.VASHON ISLAND, WA 98070, 1-800-368-0077

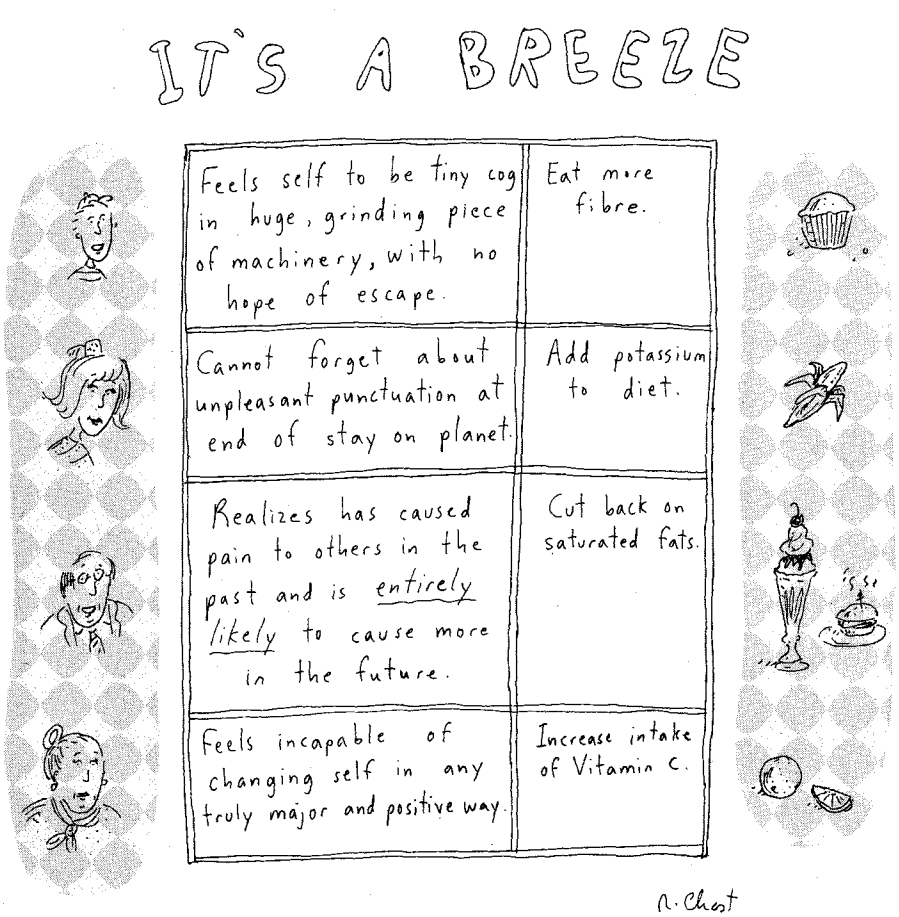
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AROUND CITY HALL

Roman Holiday

IT has been several months now since George Will described New York City as the Willie Horton of the 1992 Presidential campaign. The columnist was explaining why Mario Cuomo, a resident of this city's borough of Queens, could not be elected President next year. Generally speaking, Will holds a more benign view of Cuomo than he does of most Democrats. Certainly he has never described the current governor of New York as making the sounds of a lapdog—a phrase he once used of the current President of the United States, referring to Bush's relationship with the Reagans. Cuomo had little chance of making it to the White House, Will wrote, despite his eloquence and "genuine passions," because he was still denouncing the war in the Gulf and making such bleeding-heart statements as "We must share our wealth in ways we have been reluctant to do." (If he were to be elected, Cuomo would be the first President from this state since Franklin D. Roosevelt—whose share-the-wealth philosophy did not prevent him from being reëlected three times.) But the reason that a Cuomo candidacy was truly impossible, Will wrote, was his association with this city, and he concluded, "New York City is a Willie Horton: scary." The columnist was arguing not, of course, that New York is a rapist but that in the mind of the public it is heavily associated with rampant crime and racial violence, and that Cuomo's candidacy could be doomed by the Republicans' calculated linking of him with the city, just as the candidacy of the 1988 Democratic Presidential nominee, Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, was done in by the Bush campaign's use of the spectre of Horton, a black man who was serving a life sentence for murder in a Massachusetts prison and during a weekend furlough raped a white woman. In what some would call the ultimate proof of civic arrogance, many New Yorkers tend to shrug off insults to their city which would cause badmouthers of other jurisdictions to be threatened with tarring and feathering. Having read the Will column, Cuomo let it go. A few New Yorkers took it hard, however, including the *Newsday* columnist Robert Reno, who, addressing himself to Will, demanded, "Good Lord . . . who do you think you're insulting?" He described him as "a snivelling little White House spaniel." Of this city Reno wrote, "Its incivilities are our incivilities, its glories, our glories." And he added, borrowing a little Will's stately rhetoric, "But it is our home, sir."

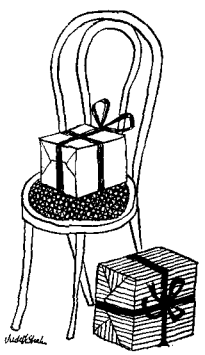
Unfortunately, in the few days before New York's huge "Welcome Home" parade, on June 10th, honoring the Desert Storm troops, two widely headlined tragedies occurred which revived the impression of New York as a center of bloody violence between the races. Howard Beach, Bensonhurst, and Central Park are place names that have become international symbols of interracial horror. Part of this is doubtless because of the drama of the cases involved; part of it may also be the price the city pays for being—as its politicians often boast it is—the communications center of the world. Lately, there had been some hope that this ugly and turbulent era in New York was subsiding. The Reverend Al Sharpton, seen infrequently on the evening news, resembled an almost historical figure, on the fringe of things, in contrast to the raucous prominence that, beginning with the large demonstrations he led against leniency for the white defendants in the Howard Beach case, made him a celebrity. It was in nearly all-white Howard Beach, in Queens, that in December of 1986 a group of blacks stopping at a pizzeria were attacked with baseball bats, and one of them was chased onto a highway, where he was killed by a passing car. Then Sharpton and his supporters demonstrated for verdicts of not guilty for some of the black and Hispanic defendants in the case of the attack and rape of a white jogger in Central Park in April of 1989. But the Sharpton demonstrators were most persistent in the Italian-American Brooklyn neighborhood of Bensonhurst, where they demanded guilty verdicts for members of a band of young Italian-Americans who in August of 1989, when Yusuf Hawkins, a sixteen-year-old black, strayed into that nearly all-white neighborhood, attacked him with baseball bats and then shot him dead in the


IT'S A BREEZE
Feels self to be tiny cog in huge, grinding piece of machinery, with no hope of escape.
Eat more fibre.
Cannot forget about unpleasant punctuation at end of stay on planet.
Add potassium to diet.
Realizes has caused pain to others in the past and is entirely likely to cause more in the future.
Cut back on saturated fats.
Feels incapable of changing self in any truly major and positive way.
Increase intake of Vitamin C.
R. Chast

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

belief that he had come there to meet a white girl.

In each of the three cases there were convictions; complaints about whether the sentences were just often varied with the race of the complainer. For some, the name Yusuf has become a symbol of the belief that the criminal-justice system does not work. At Revolution Books, just west of Union Square, buttons saying "Justice for Yusuf" are available, as are buttons reading "New World Order—Same Old Lies." Of course, New Yorkers, in what some would also call arrogance, do tend to elevate local concerns to international levels. A poster plastered on mailboxes and construction fences in lower Manhattan which denounced the June 10th welcome to the troops as a "celebration of a massacre" was illustrated with a photograph labelled "Thousands of Iraqi Children Murdered by U.S. Bombs" next to one labelled "Thousands of New York City Workers Laid Off by Budget Cuts."



The dramatic incidents of racial violence in the city in the last several years profoundly—and profitably—affected the career of Spike Lee, who in recent weeks has been, hands down, the city's most highly publicized filmmaker. It was after the confrontation in Howard Beach that Lee made "Do the Right Thing," set not in Queens but in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of his native Brooklyn. That the whites in the film were Italian-Americans from Bensonhurst was accidentally prophetic. It was after the murder of Yusuf Hawkins that he began work on "Jungle Fever," which opened June 7th. The first shot is a photograph of Yusuf Hawkins, to whom the movie is dedicated.

No one knows yet, of course, whether the most recent headlined incidents of racial violence in the city will lead to a Spike Lee film. Late on the night of June 1st, after a party in Atlantic Beach, Long Island, a heavily white community just over the border from Queens, several young white men saw a seventeen-year-old black high-school football star named Jermaine Ewell talking to a white girl. One of them asked her, "Are you with that nigger?" A short while later, on the boardwalk, the young whites attacked Ewell with baseball bats, bashing his skull so badly that two weeks later he was still in a Queens hospital with critical head injuries. Atlantic Beach is not in the five boroughs, but this city is not likely to escape being linked to the beating: of five young men the police have arrested, four are from Queens. A week after the attack, Sharpton and about five hundred other protesters marched through Atlantic Beach, although its residents said they would prefer to try to work things out for themselves, adding, "This was no Howard Beach." Several of the marchers carried signs that read "JUSTICE FOR JERMAINE," and Sharpton promised that they would be back every weekend from then on.

Early on the morning of June 8th, two days before the local salute to the Persian Gulf troops, Alexis Welsh, a thirty-year-old financial analyst for the Ogilvy & Mather advertising agency and a former Rockette, who was white, left her apartment, on West Sixty-ninth Street, to walk her two cocker spaniels. She was attacked, a few steps from Central Park, by a young black man named Kevin McKiever, who tried to grab her bag, and then stabbed her six times with a butcher knife. She died a few hours later. McKiever was followed by some of her neighbors and arrested by the police. It was learned that he had stabbed another woman a year earlier, but had been sentenced to jail only on a charge of criminal trespass, and had been released after serving thirty days. The decision not to prosecute McKiever for attempted murder—which it could be, and was, argued allowed him to be out of jail and free to kill Alexis Welsh ("DANCER'S DEATH IS D.A.'S SHAME" was *Newsday's* banner headline)—was made at a bureaucratic level remote from the office of the governor of the state, as had also been true of Willie Horton's furlough. Still, the D.A. in the case was Robert Morgenthau, a Democrat whose family's Democratic connections go back generations. It is conceivable that if, in the second Presidential election in a row, a Democratic governor—in this instance, Mario Cuomo—were to run against George Bush the Republicans might once again try to turn a terrible crime to their candidate's advantage, especially since

PUT ON THE DOG

Now you can wear all the personality and wit of *The New Yorker.* This 100% cotton T-shirt featuring the irascible bull terrier created by New Yorker artist George Booth will suit the magazine's fans to a tee.

670323

Please send me the following Booth dog T-shirts:

___ Large (111013) @ $14.95 each = $_____

___ Extra Large (111021) @ $14.95 each = $_____

Include sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY = $_____

Shipping $2.50 per shirt = $_____

My check or money order for is enclosed = $_____

Send order to:

New Yorker Wear℠
P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336

Name _____

Address _____

UPS will not deliver to P.O. Box, please use street address.

City _____

State/Zip _____

Please allow 4–6 weeks delivery. U.S. and Canada only.

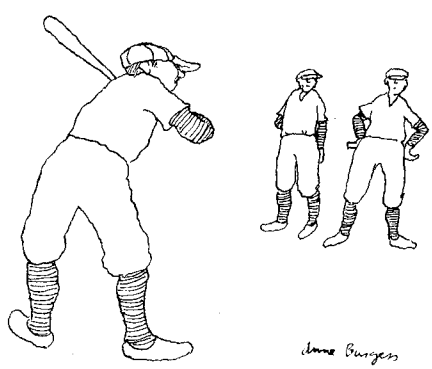
© 1990 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York has been publicly labelled "Willie Horton: scary."

ACCUSTOMED as this city is to parades and other extravaganzas, there was no question that the events of the extended June weekend when New York honored the victory of the United States and its allies in the hundred-hour ground war in the Persian Gulf were a big deal. In the culmination of the "Welcome Home" celebration, the June 10th march northward from the Battery was participated in or watched from the sidelines by what police estimated to be four million seven hundred thousand people, or nearly four times the population of Kuwait, in defense of whom the war was fought. It was said to be the largest crowd for any single event in the city's history. The participants included generals, admirals, television stars, and politicians (some of whom seemed to be vying for Purple Hearts in bruising skirmishes to get their pictures taken with generals who are also television stars), and the celebration ended that night with a spectacular fireworks display over the East River, whose dazzling highlight was a mock Patriot missile successfully destroying a mock Scud, or—as the *Daily News* banner headline put it the next day—"WOW!"

A *Times* editorial on the Friday leading into the big weekend noted that last year seven hundred and sixty-five permits for parades had been issued by the city. In the *panis et circenses* prescription the Romans favored for keeping the populace untroublesome, circuses (or parades) have always been particularly useful politically when bread is scarce. In recent months, of course, New Yorkers have been subjected to an almost constant drumbeat of predictions of punishing cutbacks in government jobs and services, such as turning out a quarter of the city's street lights, closing the Central Park Zoo, and laying off twenty-nine thousand city workers—none of which have been imposed so far. Something that may have escaped the attention of the Romans, however, who did not have to cope with collective bargaining by government employees, is that the cost of circuses may reduce the amount of bread available. The *Times* noted that cleaning up after even moderate-sized parades here may cost about thirty thousand dollars in Sanitation Department overtime, and that the cost of police overtime is far higher: sixty-seven thousand dollars for the Steuben Day Parade put on last September by the city's German-Americans, and four hundred and seventy-three thousand for this year's St. Patrick's Day Parade. The cost of the services of the city's Police, Sanitation, and Transportation Departments for the "Welcome Home" parade came to just over one and a half million dollars—a million of it for the police. The Sanitation Department's duties involved cleaning up, after what the *Times* called the "magnificent blizzard," eighty-seven tons of debris—mostly yellow ribbons (a million of them), confetti, and torn-up computer printouts, in this post-ticker-tape era—thrown from windows along lower Broadway between the skyscrapers of the financial district, the so-called Canyon of Heroes, which Mayor Dinkins, apparently on the theory that it would gratify his female constituents, kept referring to as "the Canyon of Heroes and She-roes." Dinkins, facing perilous financial problems (for some of which he has blamed his free-spending City Hall predecessor, Edward Koch), at first said that New York couldn't afford a big victory parade, but he embraced it warmly and hailed it as "the mother of all parades" after a commission headed by Joseph Flom, a prominent local lawyer, and Michael Duval, an investment banker, agreed to get the necessary money from private sources; they raised a little over five million dollars, about two-fifths of it in goods and services. The million-and-a-half-dollar cost of municipal services will be paid for from this fund. When the victory parades in Washington, D.C., and New York are compared—as they will be—the New York arrangement will presumably be contrasted favorably with that in the nation's capital, where the big show cost twelve million dollars, seven million of it paid from government funds.



In the spring of 1790, Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton, a resident of this city, made a deal with Thomas Jefferson, who mistrusted cities, to have the national government assume the debts incurred by the states during the Revolution—a responsibility that the national government had previously resisted. In return, Hamilton agreed to support legislation that would allow the nation's capital to be moved out of New York, which President George Washington disliked, and to settle, eventually, in a bucolic area across the Potomac from Mount Vernon, where some of Washington's friends owned considerable land. (One of the first rules for a political observer has always been to watch out for the real-estate angle in any legislation; politics may not have changed much over two centuries.) In August of 1790, the federal headquarters left this town. Now, two hundred and one years later, the two cities have been engaged rather comically in competitive celebrations of another war. Both parades had Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney and Generals Norman Schwarzkopf and Colin Powell, but Washington also had George Bush, who, like the only other George to have been elected President, is not particularly keen on this city. That he did not win here in 1988 was hardly a surprise: no Republican Presidential candidate has carried the city since Calvin Coolidge, in 1924. Unlike Ronald Reagan, Bush did not carry the state, either, thanks to Governor Cuomo, who directed the Dukakis campaign in the state.

It is another Presidential campaign that is now on the public mind, and three days before the big parade here Cuomo announced, in an interview with David Broder, that as soon as the state budget was finally passed—it was already ten weeks overdue—he would be making speeches around the nation, in no sense (of course) as a potential Presidential candidate but in an effort to shape the Democratic agenda for next year. What his party needed, he said—not sounding much like a non-candidate despite his usual disclaimer that he had no plans to run and no plans to make plans—was "Democratic ideas that are different from Republican ideas." The same week, he told Sam Roberts, of the *Times*, "I am very good with ideas."

A candidate would surely attend the Legislative Correspondents Association's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

annual musical lampoon of politicians, in Albany, but Cuomo passed on this, citing a "long-standing commitment" to a Sons of Italy dinner in the Catskills. Naturally, some Albany reporters assumed that he was happy not to have to spend time with one of the L.C.A.'s most notable guests this year—Roger Ailes, who ran Bush's 1988 Presidential campaign and (though he maintains he had no direct responsibility for the Willie Horton commercial) is already storing up Desert Storm clips for the 1992 venture. Cuomo was urged to come to the reporters' show to meet Ailes's wife, Norma. "Oh, my God, he has a wife," Cuomo said to the *Post* reporter Fredric Dicker. "That's almost enough to make me cancel everything, because we have a special concern for people in need—like someone married to Ailes." He also did not show for the "Welcome Home" parade, although it was surely not because the chief organizer of the Washington spectacle, Harry N. Walters, commented early this month that in New York parades were "a dime a dozen" and that misguided people were "comparing a community parade to a national victory celebration where the troops come home and march past their commander in chief." At the top of the front page of the *News* the morning after the Washington parade, which was held two days before the one here and drew a crowd of two hundred thousand, were the headlines "D.C. DRESS REHEARSAL" and, referring to the massive array of military armaments contributed by the Pentagon, "CAPITAL APPLAUDS HARDWARE; N.Y. SALUTES HEROES." Inside the *News*, the headline on the Washington-parade story was "BOYS & THEIR WAR TOYS TAKE THE HILL."

Of course, in this famously obstreperous city there were spoilsports, eager to dissent publicly from the huge demonstration that—for this day, at least—New York was in the political and philosophical mainstream after all. Quite a few carried signs that read "DOWN WITH THE PARADE OF SHAME." Twenty-five protesters were arrested. When some of the flag-wavers on the sidelines began mixing it up with the dissenters, and John Miller, a reporter for the local NBC station, and his camera crew tried to record the skirmish, the police—apparently in the spirit of keeping the city from looking bad—covered the lens of the camera and ordered him away. When Miller asked to talk to the officer in charge, Deputy Chief James McCabe had him arrested for disobeying a police order. Four days before the parade, in a strategy conference at Police Headquarters, Robert Johnston, the second man in the department, was asked by a reporter whether during the salute to the troops the police would impose the kind of censorship and control of the press that the Pentagon had exercised in the Gulf. Johnston said absolutely not. "This isn't Kuwait. You're in New York now." Along most of the parade route, the celebrity who got the loudest cheers was General Colin Powell, who was born in Harlem, grew up in the South Bronx, and graduated from City College here. "It's a great day to be an American," he said from the reviewing stand. "It's a great day to be a New Yorker." He did not refer to the recent revelation that until just a few days before the bombing of Iraq began he had opposed the use of force, preferring to rely on sanctions. Nor did Mayor Dinkins repeat during the celebration a statement he had made only a few days after the ceasefire: "We mourn the loss of American lives. We mourn the loss of Iraqi lives as well."

THE celebration for the troops was especially welcome here because daily developments had been increasingly ominous for the city and its mayor. For Dinkins it was enjoyable for another reason. There were four days of important ceremonies (counting Friday, June 7th, the first day that ten Navy ships were in New York for Fleet Week) at which the presence of the mayor of the city was de rigueur—and it is evident, seventeen months after his inauguration, that the ceremonial aspects are what he relishes most about being in charge of City Hall, along with the more luxurious perks of the office. On the day after the parade, the union of hospital and health-care workers held a rally in City Hall Park to announce that home-health-care workers were cutting short a two-day strike. The site of the rally was about five hundred yards south of City Hall. Dinkins walked there, shoulder to shoulder with Dennis Rivera, the head of the union, which was undoubtedly a pleasing sight to the mostly Hispanic and black union members, who had seen his election as representing a new day, when low-income New Yorkers would have a friend at City Hall. (Koch often stated that in his administration the middle class had a friend at City Hall.) The Mayor addressed the crowd for about two minutes. Although, as carpers have been known to point out, he seems to have plenty of energy for an hour and a half of tennis each morning, Dinkins got into his car, which was waiting nearby, and was driven the five hundred yards back to City Hall.

On Sunday, June 9th, there were two breaks in the string of "Welcome Home" events, neither of which went entirely to the Mayor's satisfaction. That morning, he, along with George Bush's chief of staff, John Sununu, received an honorary degree from New York Law School. Dinkins, speaking first, harshly criticized the Bush Administration for having abandoned America's cities and the nation's poor. Sununu's response was that Washington had not been ungenerous to the cities—the problem was that the people in charge of them weren't competent to use the money. (While Sununu was speaking, people outside were demonstrating against his own priorities, particularly his airline travel at taxpayers' expense, and chanting "Health care, not plane fare! Sununu kills!" When New Yorkers have a point to make, they don't fool around.) That afternoon, Dinkins marched in the Puerto Rican Day Parade, at which there were estimated to be half a million spectators, and although many of them cheered, there were quite a few boos as well. Some of those on hand, interviewed by Paul Schwartzman, of the *Post*, said they would not vote for Dinkins again—a distressing note, since it was his seventy per cent support in the Hispanic community, which had not previously joined with the black community in a mayoral election, that won Dinkins his very narrow 1989 victory.

One problem that many officeholders here and in Albany have with Dinkins is getting his attention and holding it. For instance, he goes out of town a lot. Late in May, at a time when there was a threat that the city might run out of cash to pay its bills, he was off on a four-day weekend at Bill Cosby's place in the Berkshires. Even when he is at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONKEY BRAIN SUSHI
EDITED BY ALFRED BIRNBAUM
Japanese fiction with a mind of its own.
"A lively mixture of gritty realism and comic or ironic fantasy."
— The Atlantic
"The authors in this collection...have wit and something to say about their society."
— The New York Times Book Review
KODANSHA INTERNATIONAL
At bookstores, or call 1-800-631-8571
Distributed by Farrar • Straus • Giroux

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF
CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS
BACCHIC DANCE • Found in 1776 on the site of ancient Gabii. From the National Museum, Naples. 26" × 27" $295.00 P.P. in terra cotta or green bronze finish.
GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

YOHO HEAD
Bucks Harbor, Maine
Downeast oceanfront community.
Resident caretaker. Protective covenants.
2 to 20 acre homesites from $35,000.
Brochure: Phone (207) 255-3516
Fax (207) 255-8565

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS Since 1958
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

City Hall, he does not always seem to grasp the fact that, so far as major judgments are concerned, he is not the Manhattan borough president, the post he held through 1989, but the mayor of the city. Early this month, Peter Vallone, the speaker of the City Council, referring to the Mayor's office, asked angrily, "Is there anybody home? Is there anybody listening?" A Gallup poll for *Newsday* published on June 9th showed that the Mayor had only a thirty-two-per-cent approval rating among New Yorkers, three points lower than his rating in March. Although Bill Lynch, Dinkins' deputy mayor in charge of political matters, has blamed "the present economic climate and the hard decisions the Mayor has had to make" for the low rating, a prime reason often given for regarding Dinkins negatively is the sense that he has made very few decisions, and has instead spent much of his time blaming others for not doing something. According to the poll, the sharpest drop in his popularity over the three months had come not among members of the well-off (mostly white) establishment, which Dinkins supporters in the local black press often blame for the Mayor's troubles, but in the lowest income group: among those New Yorkers making less than twenty thousand dollars a year, his disapproval rating had increased from thirty-seven per cent to fifty-two.

Like the big parade here, the L.C.A. lampoon two nights earlier, in Albany, was a welcome distraction from the Sturm und Drang of budget-crisis stories—and a far less expensive one. The show's title was not "Les Misérables" but "More Misérable." Popular sources for such takeoffs include "The Wizard of Oz," Gilbert and Sullivan, and "Faust"; "More Misérable" drew from all three. Cuomo, as portrayed by an Albany reporter, sang about not having a plan, to the tune of "If I Only Had a Brain," and explained that though he was always picking political fights, "I never take the blame." ("What, *never*? Well . . . No, never.") The central plot had him making a deal with the Devil: to burn forever in Hell in return for the assurance that he would go to the White House. "Hey, big spender—come spend eternity with me" is how the Devil put it. The Devil tried to renege on the deal in the second act, however, after he concluded that he could not face having to listen to an eternity of the Governor's convoluted public pronouncements. He then told Cuomo, to appropriate musical accompaniment, "I Never Promised You the Rose Garden."

Dinkins' problems were attended to in a skit called "New York City Blues," in which he was shown mournfully singing "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out"—a reference to his often fruitless trips to Albany in search of more state money. Some good news for the Mayor, of a sort, came after the show. Chosen to deliver the traditional Republican commentary was Rudolph Giuliani, who, as the G.O.P. mayoral candidate, nearly defeated Dinkins in the 1989 race, in which he often emphasized his record as a former federal prosecutor and also his relative youth: he had just turned forty-five. He has given some indication that he may try for City Hall again—that is, if he doesn't decide to take on a Democrat for some other office. Giuliani's opening one-liner—"I'm not going to make any jokes about people in New York politics who should be under indictment. . . . In that case, good night"—brought a big smile to Ailes's face. However, Giuliani then launched into such a long and dreary oration that some members of the audience pretended to speculate later that whoever provided the script must have been part of a Democratic plot to spoil his future political chances. At least one Democrat, Andrew Stein, the president of the City Council, who is forty-six, has said that he might run against the Mayor in 1993. It would not surprise anyone if in such a campaign Stein (and Giuliani) were to point out rather often that the Mayor's hair and mustache are noticeably whiter than they were when he was sworn in, and that surely the highly stressful job of mayor might be better filled by a younger man. To the issue of racism, now inescapable in local campaigns, would be added ageism. In some future political lampoon, a Dinkins character might sing not only "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out" but "Nobody wants you when you're old and gray"—which is from the song "There'll Be Some Changes Made."

—Andy Logan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Market Report

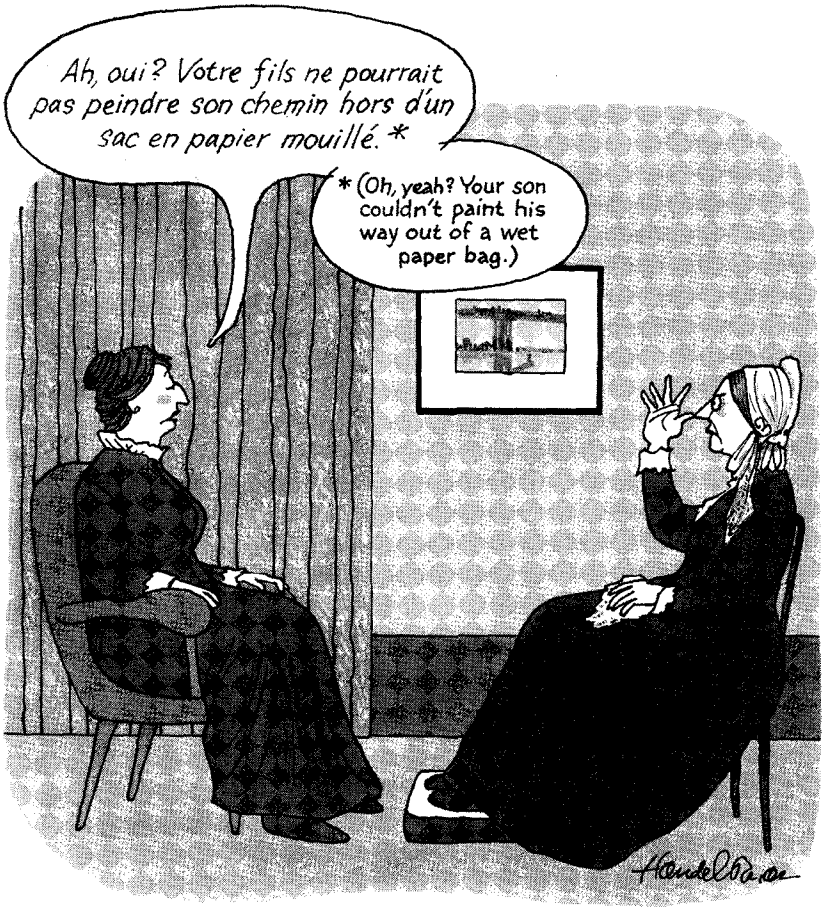
WHAT most people worry about only at three o'clock in the morning, or after a very bad day at the races, Don DeLillo's characters worry about all the time. DeLillo invents people who don't know the luxury of having a psychology: they can't repress anything. And it's not just that they fear death, or stare hopelessly into the hollow drum of selfhood, or dread the stupefying materiality of the universe. They also never stop talking about it. They must be the most purely self-conscious characters in fiction.

The leading character in DeLillo's new novel, "Mao II" (Viking; $19.95), is a famous writer who has fled publicity and the public for a remote outpost in upstate New York, where he is writing his "next book," a novel he has been working on for twenty-three years. His name is Bill Gray, and when the story begins he has decided to end his isolation—or to temper it, at least—by having a photographer come to his hideaway and take his picture. Her name is Brita Nilsson, and she is equipped with an obsession of her own: she travels the world taking photographs of writers—not for commercial purposes, or even artistic ones, but because she has, she says, "a disease called writers." When she meets Bill, they have several DeLilloesque conversations, in which they say things like "When a writer doesn't show his face, he becomes a local symptom of God's famous reluctance to appear" and "I'll never make it to sixty. I see something coming and I see it complete. Slow, wasting, horrible, deep in the body. It's something I've known for years."

So that Brita won't be able to reveal the location of Bill's house, she is driven to and from it at night; her driver is Scott, a young admirer of Bill's work who devoted part of his life to tracking Bill down and persuading him that he needed an assistant, and is devoting the rest of it to organizing Bill's existence and guarding his reputation. He is so committed to this task that he happily shares his girlfriend with Bill; her name is Karen, and she is a former Moonie who married a man she had known for fifteen minutes—and has not seen since—in a Unification Church wedding ceremony for sixty-five hundred couples at Yankee Stadium.

These four, with Bill at the center, are the principal characters in "Mao II." When I add that Bill's encounter with Brita precipitates his return to civilization (to New York City, and then to Cambridge, London, and Athens), where he becomes entangled in efforts to free a hostage held by a Maoist terrorist group in Beirut; that Karen goes to New York in search of Bill and spends most of her time in the squatters' village in Tompkins Square Park; and that news footage of the Tiananmen Square massacre and the funeral of Ayatollah Khomeini, a photograph of a mass trampling in a soccer stadium, and Andy Warhol's Mao silk screens make major thematic contributions to the novel (the book's title is borrowed from a Warhol drawing), it will be apparent to readers of DeLillo's work that all the familiar elements are here: fanaticism, obsession, and impending cataclysm.

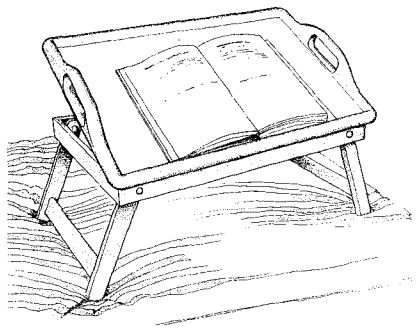
How DeLillo contrives to fashion interesting novels from material like this is always a puzzle, since he seems so indifferent to most of the textbook principles of storytelling—things like "character development," plots that reward expectations, verisimilitude to ordinary experience. His people are cartoonish, puppets of their fixations, but they are often hard to forget. His stories tend to fizzle out inconclusively, but they are suspenseful. He often relies on implausible dialogue (children utter stunning aperçus, thugs engage in penetrating reflection on the ethical ambiguities of thuggery) to advance his themes; it sometimes seems as though his characters have simply become mouthpieces for authorial meditations. But he tends to give us choices about how we are to understand him. And although his


Ah, oui? Votre fils ne pourrait pas peindre son chemin hors d'un sac en papier mouillé. *
* (Oh, yeah? Your son couldn't paint his way out of a wet paper bag.)

La Rencontre des Mères de Toulouse-Lautrec et Siffleur
(The Meeting of the Mothers of Toulouse-Lautrec and Whistler)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book & Breakfast



After breakfast in bed, why get up? Stay there and read a good book with the help of our exclusive Reader's Bedtray. It adjusts to six different angles including a very high angle so you can recline. The tray features light-colored, solid beechwood construction, and a washable, white melamine surface that measures 12" by 20". It folds flat for serving and storage. Enjoy the age-old luxury of reading in bed with a tray designed by readers, for readers.

Reader's Bedtray **$39.95** + **$5.75** shipping
Save **$10** on two **$69.90** + **$5.75** shipping
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYBT4, Delray, FL 33445

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

Camden, Maine
A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Family operated, since 1901.
Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, ME 04843 (207) 236-3391

world is not round or variegated or shaded, it has a certain unmistakable palpability: it's our world as it appears, perhaps, to someone who is not quite like us.

He does have several distinctive storytelling gifts. He is (as most admirers of his work have noticed) a close observer of detail and a precisionist with language. When he's not loading up his characters' speech with metaphysical speculation, he can be an uncanny mimic; every reader of "Libra" remembers Marguerite Oswald and Jack Ruby for their perfectly rendered colloquial voices. And he can be very funny, too, in a deadpan, Nabokovian fashion. Here is an example, from "White Noise" (1985)—something a character observes out of the corner of his eye while chatting with a friend in a supermarket:

> A woman fell into a rack of paperback books at the front of the store. A heavyset man emerged from the raised cubicle in the far corner and moved warily toward her, head tilted to get a cleaner sightline. A checkout girl said, "Leon, parsley," and he answered as he approached the fallen woman, "Seventy-nine." His breast pocket was crammed with felt-tip pens.

Another writer might have ended the paragraph a sentence sooner, but DeLillo doesn't want us to miss the pathos of the breast pocket: the heart that finds a meaning in the sacred mysteries of supermarket pricing.

This sort of balance between doom and daffiness is not easy to sustain; if it went on too long, in fact, it would seem frivolous, as though horrors were being evoked simply in order to play straight men to the silly interchanges of ordinary life. Of DeLillo's recent novels, "White Noise" takes the greatest risks in this direction: its hero is a professor of Hitler studies at a small liberal-arts college—a conception that runs a little close to cuteness and kitsch. But much of "White Noise" succeeds as a dark suburban comedy about an ordinary American family that, through some unexplained accident of fate, has lost its faith in the consoling powers of the culture of plenty—supermarkets, shopping malls, tabloids, and television—and become possessed by an unshakable fear of death. (This is why supermarkets figure as religious places in DeLillo's novels: the frozen-food aisle is for him a *memento mori*.)

For DeLillo, though, such matters are not, finally, comic, and he has a tendency to press his points a little grimly, and to lose his balance slightly, as his novels draw to an end. In "White Noise" he doesn't need to insist quite so sternly that American consumer culture is only a whited sepulchre, or a flimsy distraction from the void. And in "Libra" he doesn't need to require us to think that the underground conspiracy he invents, which leads to the assassination of John F. Kennedy, is only the mirror image of the establishment it tries to overthrow. But he clearly wants us to think these things.

These strong views have made DeLillo a controversial writer among critics who hold strong views themselves. (This counts as a distinction on its own, since there are few enough novelists these days who provoke much controversy.) When "Libra" was published, in 1988, the columnist George Will and the Washington *Post* critic Jonathan Yardley complained that the novel was an anti-American political tract—"the evanescent craft of pamphleteering rather than the durable art of fiction," as Yardley put it. Partly, it seems, in response to this attack, Frank Lentricchia, a professor of English at Duke, has edited a collection of essays, "Introducing Don DeLillo" (Duke; $29.95), by critics sympathetic to what they understand to be DeLillo's take on American life. The volume makes, as advertised, a useful introduction: it includes an interview with DeLillo (who rarely submits to interviews); a chapter from an early novel, "Ratner's Star," published in 1976; some lively appreciative essays by Lentricchia, Charles Molesworth, and Daniel Aaron, among others; and a few essays that struggle to extract a coherent politics from DeLillo's novels. The efforts of this last group of essays meet with little success, for although DeLillo certainly has a take on contemporary life, it is much too unrelenting to sponsor a politics. He is not a writer who imagines that there is a handy exit from our condition. "I don't have a political theory or doctrine that I'm espousing," he remarks in the interview. "I follow characters where they take me and I don't know what I can say beyond that." It's a passage some of the contributors seem to have missed.

Where DeLillo's characters take him is a function of the sort of characters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he creates, of course, and one of the objections to "Libra" by critics who didn't like the book was that by choosing to write about Lee Harvey Oswald, DeLillo was suggesting that there was something representatively American about him—that he was making Oswald stand for "us." (This was also, naturally, one of the things that some of the critics who did like the book chose to praise.) But this is like saying that Mailer is suggesting we are all like Gary Gilmore, or that Camus is suggesting we are all like Meursault, or that Flaubert thinks we are all like Emma Bovary.

A novelist who wants to take the measure of the quality of contemporary life needs a character who, for whatever demonic reasons, isn't able to block out impulses in the interests of surviving as comfortably as possible, the way the rest of us do. From the perspective of ordinary life, these characters are overreactors, transients, flakes. They approach the world with demands that are too serious; they are too easily affected by tiny changes in the cultural weather; they register deeply impressions that everyone else deflects. And their disappointment sometimes has violent or tragic consequences. In nineteenth-century novels, this character is often a woman who cannot subdue her nature to the requirements of domestic life. In twentieth-century novels, it is sometimes a criminal. In DeLillo's novels, it is usually a paranoid.

All the characters in "Mao II" are paranoids, but the chief paranoid is Bill. He has hidden his face for more than two decades to protect it from his fans, and he reënters the world out of the conviction that his struggle to preserve his individuality has become so ritualized that he has ended up imitating those paragons of self-effacement the Moonies. ("Once you choose this life, you understand what it's like to exist in a state of constant religious observance," he tells Brita.) He's a dinosaur, one of those old-fashioned writers who drink their dinner from a bottle of Irish whiskey and insist on using a manual typewriter. He says things like (to his editor): "Remember literature, Charlie? It involved getting drunk and getting laid." It's clear that his years of isolation are meant to confer a special authority: he hasn't become inured to contemporary culture yet, so he can

From the author of *The Embarrassment of Riches* and *Citizens*

Simon Schama

An extraordinary experiment in historical narration

DEAD CERTAINTIES

(UNWARRANTED SPECULATIONS)

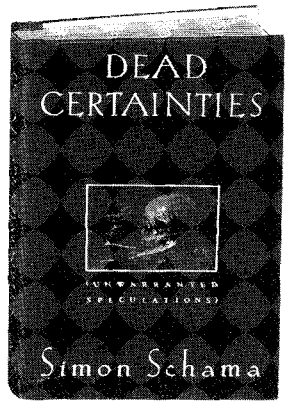
"An infinitely beguiling book ...A mind-teasing delight

...It proposes to look into 'the teasing gap separating a lived event and its subsequent narration'."
—R.W.B. LEWIS, New York Times Book Review

"In Schama's hands the past loses its remoteness

and takes on the noise and clutter of experience...
Simon Schama has become one of the very few contemporary historians who are read as much for themselves as for their subjects." —ANDREW DELBANCO, New Republic

***Dead Certainties* consists of two true "tales."** Each involves a violent death; each is linked to a great, tragic Boston Brahmin dynasty. The first is about General James Wolfe, killed in the Battle of Quebec in 1759. The second, about a Bostonian for whose murder in 1849 a Harvard professor of chemistry was tried. The two together use fact and fiction, document and imaginative reconstruction, to ponder how history is made.



Size: 4 5/8 x 7 5/8. With 20 black-and-white illustrations and a full-color fold-out reproduction of Benjamin West's painting of *The Death of General Wolfe*.

Just published by Knopf

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see how badly the rest of us have degenerated.

Bill also holds the old-fashioned conviction that the novel was once "the great secular transcendence"; but now, he believes, it has lost its cultural authority and been displaced by "the new culture, the system of world terror." When he learns, during a visit to his editor, that a poet has been taken hostage in Beirut, this seems to him a perfect confirmation (it may seem to us a *too* perfect confirmation) of his deepest anxiety. "What terrorists gain, novelists lose," he explains to a representative of the terrorist group late in the story. "The degree to which they influence mass consciousness is the extent of our decline as shapers of sensibility and thought. The danger they represent equals our own failure to be dangerous." (This is, one feels, a little too obviously DeLillo speaking.)

The enemy of the word, which is worn and wrinkled by use, is the image, whose authority (as DeLillo sees it) seems absolute, as though it flowed from something not merely human—from something outside history. Karen, the Moonie, is a child of the image world: she watches disasters on the news with the sound turned off, defenseless against pictures of people swept up in inhuman frenzies, their individuality obliterated. And this effacement by the image is the tactic of the terrorist sect in Beirut: its members wear hoods to erase their own faces, but each of them has a picture of their leader pinned to his uniform.

The conjunction of terrorism with reflections on words and images recalls DeLillo's "The Names," which appeared in 1982—the story of a "risk analyst" stationed in Athens who becomes fascinated with a cult that roams the Middle East selecting murder victims on the basis of alphabetic coincidences. (They kill people whose initials match the initials of the name of the place they are in.) DeLillo's theme in "The Names" is not easy to summarize (the essay on the novel in "Introducing Don DeLillo" gets hopelessly ensnarled), because two notions about language keep switching places in the book: the notion that language has been corrupted in the contemporary world, and that its purity has to be relearned and respected; and the notion that too much respect for purity leads to fanaticism and murder, and that corruption is language's natural state.

DeLillo performs the same appealing trick of complication in "Mao II." Karen is a woman of the image, but then so is Brita, who photographs people not to efface them but to particularize them. Bill is a man of words, but so is Scott, who maniacally hoards Bill's writing and tries to control his life. Bill is the arch-individualist, who turns his back on other people; Karen is a human chameleon, whose empathy is boundless. And so forth.

This tension among possibilities is novelistic, but it does not, by itself, make a novel. It is only the outline of a novel, and most readers of "Mao II" are likely to feel that the scheme is too naked, that it lies too heavily on the story—something that is not true of "The Names," which is more thickly populated and richer with incident. "The Names" is also a lot longer. Although it's probably unwise these days to complain that a book is too short, "Mao II" has the spare quality of a parable or a cautionary tale. It isn't dense enough, and it therefore leaves us feeling uncomfortably exposed to the heat of DeLillo's own obsessions.

One of those obsessions, though it is never mentioned explicitly, is obviously the persecution of Salman Rushdie, and this accounts, I think, for the didactic tone. "Mao II" is a statement in defense of the writer against absolutism; and statements, even when they are presented in the guise of fiction, do not admit very much ambiguity.

The gesture toward Rushdie gives the novel's urgency a focus. DeLillo's other obsessions in the book, though, seem somehow dated—an odd effect in the work of a novelist so riveted on the contemporary. It's not only the Lebanese terrorists and their hostages, the Warhol silk screens, and the Unification Church that don't have the resonance they once did—that seem to belong to the pathology of a slightly earlier era. It's also the idea, emphasized repeatedly in the novel, that culture has become a huge machine for turning reality into a marketable image. "There's the life and there's the consumer event," says Bill to Brita. "Nothing happens until it's consumed. Or put it this way. Nature has given way to aura. A man cuts himself shaving and someone is signed up to write the biography of the cut." And Brita, later on, muses about the way that "everything that came into her mind lately and developed as a perception seemed at once to enter the culture, become a painting or photograph or hairstyle or slogan."

This notion of the voracious transformation of everything into a simulacrum of itself—this fixation on the bottomlessness of contemporary culture—is what Warhol's art was all about, of course. (It's fitting, given this theme, that the title of the book doesn't simply allude to a Warhol title but reproduces it.) "Nothing is authentic!" is the despairing, traditionalist version of this idea. "Everything is only a representation of a representation!" is the enthusiastic, "postmodernist" version. In either version, it is the sort of stock that sells best in a bull market, when the economy is in full gear, everyone is racing to keep up, and the culture is wearing out styles as quickly as they can be invented. This is perhaps why Warhol's two moments came nearly twenty years apart: in the go-go years of the sixties, and again at the end of the eighties.

Things are more bearish today. Our feet feel more mundanely planted on the ground, and the idea that our souls are being sucked from us by the image-makers—that, as a dramatic sentence in DeLillo's novel puts it, "the future belongs to crowds"—is less persuasive than it might have seemed just a few years ago. This is, as our century goes, a fairly prosaic moment, and DeLillo is not a novelist of prosaic emotions.

—Louis Menand

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

William D. Powers, chairman of the New York State Republican Party, reported that he had already whittled away $300,000 from the $1.4 million deficit he inherited in January. He said he had lowered dues for the Empire Club, to include $500 and $1,000 donors as well as $2,000 contributors, and had started a contest to encourage party committee members to enroll Republican voters: first prize is a week in the Caribbean and second prize is an invitation to a dinner with President Bush.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Believe The Difference Between An Airline And A Great Airline Is Its People.

Long after the meal has been served, long after the baggage carousel stops turning, the thing you remember most about an airline is its people.

That's why at Continental, we operate under a simple philosophy: If you have a problem, it's our problem.

We're putting every one of our 25,000 customer contact people through our Quality Service Institute — an industry renowned training program developed with SAS, Scandinavian Airlines, to offer you the highest standards of service in the world.

As a result, they have the unique ability to identify and solve problems on the spot. Whether it's in the air or on the ground.

They'll keep going that extra mile for you until you're completely satisfied.

And then they'll go a little further.

Luckily, the one thing we don't have to teach them is how to be nice. They just come to us that way.

Continental is making a difference in how you feel about flying.

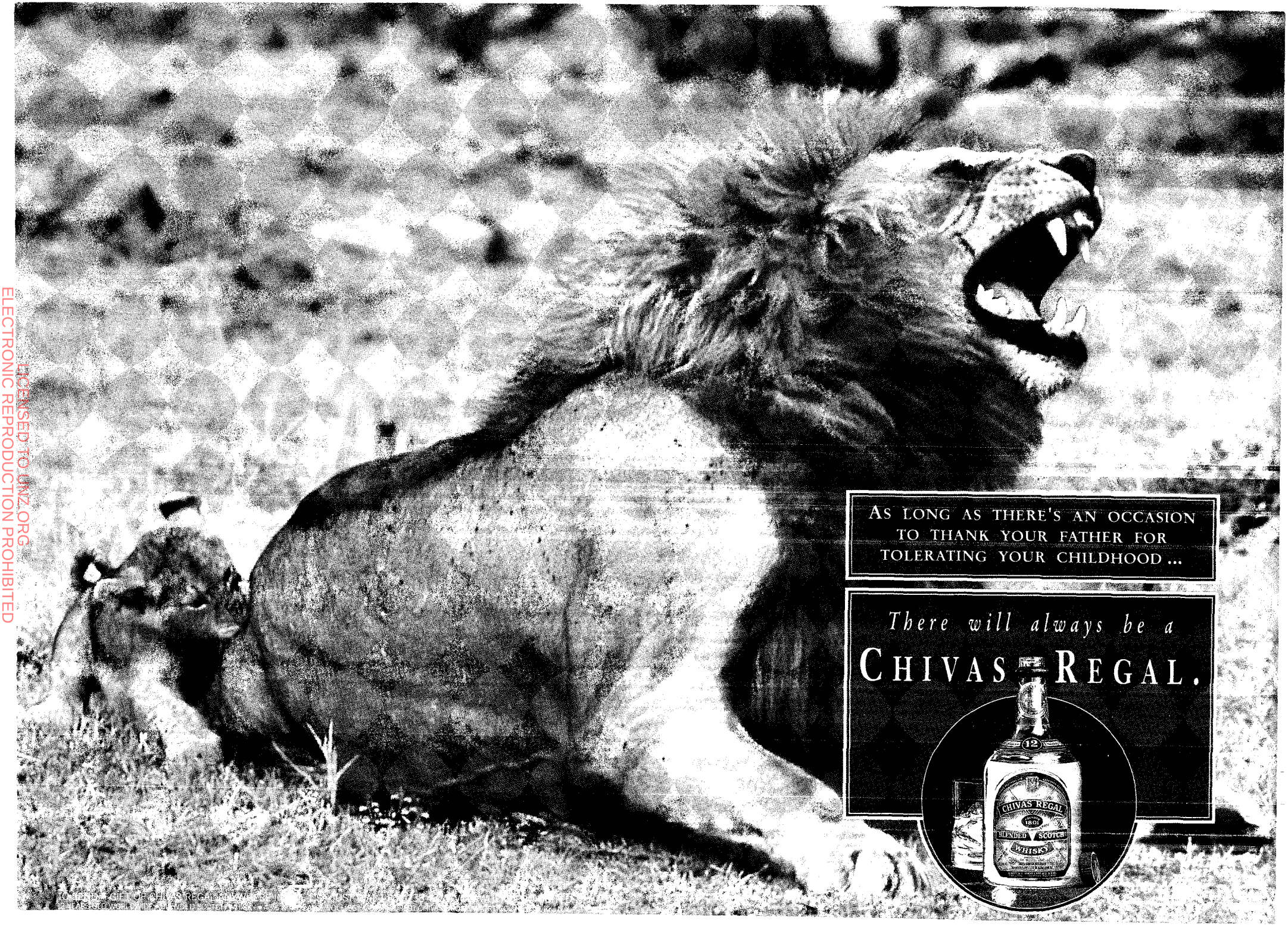
And it all starts with our people.

© 1991 Continental Airlines, Inc.

Continental

One Airline Can Make A Difference.℠

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED